

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XIX. — APRIL, 1867. — NO. CXIV.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

CHAPTER X.

MR. CLEMENT LINDSAY FINISHES HIS
LETTER. — WHAT CAME OF IT.

THE first thing Clement Lindsay did, when he was fairly himself again, was to finish his letter to Susan Posey. He took it up where it left off, "with an affection which" — and drew a long dash, as above. It was with great effort he wrote the lines which follow, for he had got an ugly blow on the forehead, and his eyes were "in mourning," as the gentlemen of the ring say, with unbecoming levity.

"An adventure! Just as I was writing these last words, I heard the cry of a young person, as it sounded, for help. I ran to the river and jumped in, and had the pleasure of saving a life. I got some bruises which have laid me up for a day or two; but I am getting over them very well now, and you need not worry about me at all. I will write again soon; so pray do not fret yourself, for I have had no hurt that will trouble me for any time."

Of course, poor Susan Posey burst out crying, and cried as if her heart would break. O dear! O dear! what

should she do! He was almost killed, she knew he was, or he had broken some of his bones. O dear! O dear! She would go and see him, there! — she must and would. He would die, she knew he would, — and so on.

It was a singular testimony to the evident presence of a human element in Mr. Byles Gridley that the poor girl, in her extreme trouble, should think of him as a counsellor. But the wonderful relenting kind of look on his grave features as he watched the little twins tumbling about his great books, and certain marks of real sympathy he had sometimes shown for her in her lesser woes, encouraged her, and she went straight to his study, letter in hand. She gave a timid knock at the door of that awful sanctuary.

"Come in, Susan Posey," was its answer, in a pleasant tone. The old master knew her light step and the maidenly touch of her small hand on the panel.

What a sight! There were Sossy and Minthy intrenched in a Sebastopol which must have cost a good half-hour's engineering, and the terrible Byles Gridley besieging the fortress

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office
of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

with hostile manifestations of the most singular character. He was actually discharging a large sugar-plum at the postern gate, which having been left unclosed the missile would certainly have reached one of the garrison, when he paused as the door opened, and the great round spectacles and four wide, staring infants' eyes were levelled at Miss Susan Posey.

She almost forgot her errand, grave as it was, in astonishment at this manifestation. The old man had emptied his shelves of half their folios to build up the fort, in the midst of which he had seated the two delighted and uproarious babes. There was his Cave's "*Historia Literaria*," and Sir Walter Raleigh's "*History of the World*," and a whole array of Christian Fathers, and Plato, and Aristotle, and Stanley's book of Philosophers, with Effigies, and the Junta Galen, and the Hippocrates of Foesus, and Walton's Polyglot, supported by Father Sanchez on one side and Fox's "*Acts and Monuments*" on the other, — an odd collection, as folios from lower shelves are apt to be.

The besieger discharged his sugar-plum, which was so well aimed that it fell directly into the lap of Minthy, who acted with it as if the garrison had been on short rations for some time.

He saw at once, on looking up, that there was trouble. "What now, Susan Posey, my dear?"

"O Mr. Gridley, I am in such trouble! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

She turned back the name and the bottom of the letter in such a way that Mr. Gridley could read nothing but the few lines relating the "adventure."

"So Mr. Clement Lindsay has been saving a life, has he, and got some hard knocks doing it, hey, Susan Posey? Well, well, Clement Lindsay is a brave fellow, and there is no need of hiding his name, my child. Let me take the letter again a moment, Susan Posey. What is the date of it? June 16th. Yes, — yes, — yes!"

He read the paragraph over again,

and the signature too, if he wanted to; for poor Susan had found that her secret was hardly opaque to those round spectacles and the eyes behind them, and, with a not unbecoming blush, opened the fold of the letter before she handed it back.

"No, no, Susan Posey. He will come all right. His writing is steady, and if he had broken any bones he would have mentioned it. It's a thing his wife will be proud of, if he is ever married, Susan Posey," (blushes,) "and his children too," (more blushes, running up to her back hair,) "and there's nothing to be worried about. But I'll tell you what, my dear. I've got a little business that calls me down the river to-morrow, and I should n't mind stopping an hour at Alderbank and seeing how our young friend Clement Lindsay is; and then, if he was going to have a long time of it, why we could manage it somehow that any friend who had any special interest in him could visit him, just to while away the tiresomeness of being sick. That's it, exactly. I'll stop at Alderbank, Susan Posey. Just clear up these two children for me, will you, my dear? Isosceles, come now, — that's a good child. Helminthia, carry these sugar-plums down stairs for me, and take good care of them, mind!"

It was a case of gross bribery and corruption, for the fortress was immediately evacuated on the receipt of a large paper of red and white comfits, and the garrison marched down stairs much like conquerors, under the lead of the young lady, who was greatly eased in mind by the kind words and the promise of Mr. Byles Gridley.

But he, in the mean time, was busy with thoughts she did not suspect. "A young *person*," he said to himself, — "why a young *person*? Why not say a *boy*, if it was a boy? What if this should be our handsome truant? — '*June 16th, Thursday morning!*' — About time to get to Alderbank by the river. I should think. None of the boats missing? What then? She may have made a raft, or picked up some stray skiff.

Who knows? And then got shipwrecked, very likely. There are rapids and falls further along the river. It will do no harm to go down there and look about, at any rate."

On Saturday morning, therefore, Mr. Byles Gridley set forth to procure a conveyance to make a visit, as he said, down the river, and perhaps be gone a day or two. He went to a stable in the village, and asked if they could let him have a horse.

The man looked at him with that air of native superiority which the companionship of the generous steed confers on all his associates, down to the lightest weight among the jockeys.

"Wal, I hain't got nothin' in the shape of a *hoss*, Mr. Gridley. I 've got a *mare* I s'pose I could let y' have."

"O, very well," said the old master, with a twinkle in his eye as sly as the other's wink, — he had parried a few jokes in his time, — "they charge half-price for mares always, I believe."

That was a new view of the subject. It rather took the wind out of the stable-keeper, and set a most ammoniacal fellow, who stood playing with a currycomb, grinning at his expense. But he rallied presently.

"Wal, I b'lieve they do for *some* mares, when they let 'em to *some* folks; but this here ain't one o' them mares, and you ain't one o' them folks. All my cattle 's out but this critter, 'n' I don't jestly want to have nobody drive her that ain't pretty car'ful, — she 's faäst, I tell ye, — don't want no whip. — How fur d'd y' want t' go?"

Mr. Gridley was quite serious now, and let the man know that he wanted the mare and a light covered wagon, at once, to be gone for one or two days, and would waive the question of sex in the matter of payment.

Alderbank was about twenty miles down the river by the road. On arriving there, he inquired for the house where a Mr. Lindsay lived. There was only one Lindsay family in town, — he must mean Dr. William Lindsay. His house was up there a little way above

the village, lying a few rods back from the river.

He found the house without difficulty, and knocked at the door. A motherly-looking woman opened it immediately, and held her hand up as if to ask him to speak and move softly.

"Does Mr. Clement Lindsay live here?"

"He is staying here for the present. He is a nephew of ours. He is in his bed from an injury."

"Nothing very serious, I hope?"

"A bruise on his head, — not very bad, — but the doctor was afraid of erysipelas. Seems to be doing well enough now."

"Is there a young person here, a stranger?"

"There is such a young person here. Do you come with any authority to make inquiries?"

"I do. A young friend of mine is missing, and I thought it possible I might learn something here about it. Can I see this young person?"

The matron came nearer to Byles Gridley, and said: "This person is a young woman disguised as a boy. She was rescued by my nephew at the risk of his life, and she has been delirious ever since she has recovered her consciousness. She was almost too far gone to be resuscitated, but Clement put his mouth to hers and kept her breathing until her own breath returned, and she gradually came to."

"Is she violent in her delirium?"

"Not now. No; she is quiet enough, but wandering, — wants to know where she is, and whose the strange faces are, — mine and my husband's, — that 's Dr. Lindsay, — and one of my daughters, who has watched with her."

"If that is so, I think I had better see her. If she is the person I suspect her to be, she will know me; and a familiar face may bring back her recollections and put a stop to her wanderings. If she does not know me, I will not stay talking with her. I think she will, if she is the one I am seeking after. There is no harm in trying."

Mrs. Lindsay took a good long look at

the old man. There was no mistaking his grave, honest, sturdy, wrinkled, scholarly face. His voice was assured and sincere in its tones. His decent black coat was just what a scholar's should be,—old, not untidy, a little shiny at the elbows with much leaning on his study-table, but neatly bound at the cuffs, where worthy Mrs. Hopkins had detected signs of fatigue and come to the rescue. His very hat looked honest as it lay on the table. It had moulded itself to a broad, noble head, that held nothing but what was true and fair, with a few harmless crotchets just to fill in with, and it seemed to know it.

The good woman gave him her confidence at once. "Is the person you are seeking a niece or other relative of yours?"

(Why did not she ask if the girl was *his daughter*? What is that look of paternity and of maternity which observing and experienced mothers and old nurses know so well in men and in women?)

"No, she is not a relative. But I am acting for those who are."

"Wait a moment and I will go and see that the room is all right."

She returned presently. "Follow me softly, if you please. She is asleep,—so beautiful,—so innocent!"

Byles Gridley, Master of Arts, retired professor, more than sixty years old, childless, loveless, stranded in a lonely study strewn with wrecks of the world's thought, his work in life finished, his one literary venture gone down with all it held, with nobody to care for him but accidental acquaintances, moved gently to the side of the bed and looked upon the pallid, still features of Myrtle Hazard. He strove hard against a strange feeling that was taking hold of him, that was making his face act rebelliously, and troubling his eyes with sudden films. He made a brief stand against this invasion. "A weakness,—a weakness!" he said to himself. "What does all this mean? Never such a thing for these twenty years! Poor child! poor child!—Excuse me, madam," he said, after a little

interval, but for what offence he did not mention. A great deal might be forgiven, even to a man as old as Byles Gridley, looking upon such a face,—so lovely, yet so marked with the traces of recent suffering, and even now showing by its changes that she was struggling in some fearful dream. Her forehead contracted, she started with a slight convulsive movement, and then her lips parted, and the cry escaped from them,—how heart-breaking when there is none to answer it,—*"Mother!"*

Gone back again through all the weary, chilling years of her girlhood to that hardly remembered morning of her life when the cry she uttered was answered by the light of loving eyes, the kiss of clinging lips, the embrace of caressing arms!

"It is better to wake her," Mrs. Lindsay said; "she is having a troubled dream. Wake up, my child, here is a friend waiting to see you."

She laid her hand very gently on Myrtle's forehead. Myrtle opened her eyes, but they were vacant as yet.

"Are we dead?" she said. "Where am I? This is n't heaven—there are no angels—O, no, no, no! don't send me to the other place—fifteen years,—only fifteen years old—no father, no mother—nobody loved me. *Was it wicked in me to live?*" Her whole theological training was condensed in that last brief question.

The old man took her hand and looked her in the face, with a wonderful tenderness in his squared features. "Wicked to live, my dear? No indeed! Here! look at me, Myrtle Hazard; don't you know your old friend, Byles Gridley?"

She was awake now. The sight of a familiar countenance brought back a natural train of thought. But her recollection passed over everything that had happened since Thursday morning.

"Where is the boat I was in?" she said. "I have just been in the water, and I was dreaming that I was drowned. O Mr. Gridley, is that you? Did you pull me out of the water?"

"No, my dear, but you are out of it,

and safe and sound: that is the main point. How do you feel now you are awake?"

She yawned, and stretched her arms and looked round, but did not answer at first. This was all natural, and a sign that she was coming right. She looked down at her dress. It was not inappropriate to her sex, being a loose gown that belonged to one of the girls in the house.

"I feel pretty well," she answered, "but a little confused. My boat will be gone, if you don't run and stop it now. How did you get me into dry clothes so quick?"

Master Byles Gridley found himself suddenly possessed by a large and luminous idea of the state of things, and made up his mind in a moment as to what he must do. There was no time to be lost. Every day, every hour, of Myrtle's absence was not only a source of anxiety and a cause of useless searching, but it gave room for inventive fancies to imagine evil. It was better to run some risk of health than to have her absence prolonged another day.

"Has this adventure been told about in the village, Mrs. Lindsay?"

"No, we thought it best to wait until she could tell her own story, expecting her return to consciousness every hour, and thinking there might be some reason for her disguise which it would be kinder to keep quiet about."

"You know nothing about her, then?"

"Not a word. It was a great question whether to tell the story and make inquiries; but she was safe, and could hardly bear disturbance, and, my dear sir, it seemed too probable that there was some sad story behind this escape in disguise, and that the poor child might need shelter and retirement. We meant to do as well as we could for her."

"All right, Mrs. Lindsay. You do not know who she is, then?"

"No, sir, except that I heard you call her name. I don't know any people by the name of Hazard about here."

"Very good, madam,—just as it

should be. And your family,—have they all been as discreet as yourself?"

"Not one word of the whole story has been told by any one of us. That was agreed upon among us."

"Now then, madam. My name, as you heard me say, is Byles Gridley. Your husband will know it, perhaps; at any rate I will wait until he comes back. This child is of good family and of good name. I know her well, and mean, with your kind help, to save her from the consequences which her foolish adventure might have brought upon her. Before the bells ring for meeting to-morrow morning this girl must be in her bed at her home, at Oxbow village, and we must keep her story to ourselves as far as may be. It will all blow over, if we do. The gossips will only know that she was upset in the river and cared for by some good people,—good people and sensible people too, Mrs. Lindsay. And now I want to see the young man that rescued my friend here,—Clement Lindsay,—I have heard his name before.

Clement was not a beauty for the moment, but Master Gridley saw well enough that he was a young man of the right kind. He knew them at sight,—fellows with lime enough in their bones and iron enough in their blood to begin with,—shapely, large-nerved, firm-fibred and fine-fibred, with well-spread bases to their heads for the ground-floor of the faculties, and well-vaulted arches for the upper range of apprehensions and combinations. "Plenty of basements," he used to say, "without attics and skylights. Plenty of skylights without rooms enough and space enough below." But here was "a three-story brain," he said to himself as he looked at it, and this was the youth who was to find his complement in our pretty little Susan Posey! His judgment may seem to have been hasty, but he took the measure of men of twenty at sight from long and sagacious observation, as Nurse Byloe knew the "heft" of a baby the moment she fixed her old eyes on it.

Clement was well acquainted with

Byles Gridley, though he had never seen him, for Susan's letters had had a good deal to say about him of late. It was agreed between them that the story should be kept as quiet as possible, and that Myrtle Hazard should not know the name of her deliverer, — it might save awkward complications. It was not likely that she would be disposed to talk of her adventure, which had ended so disastrously, and thus the whole story would soon die out.

The effect of the violent shock she had experienced was to change the whole nature of Myrtle for the time. Her mind was unsettled: she could hardly recall anything except the plunge over the fall. She was perfectly docile and plastic, — was ready to go anywhere Mr. Gridley wanted her to go, without any sign of reluctance. And so it was agreed that he should carry her back in his covered wagon that very night. All possible arrangements were made to render her journey comfortable. The fast mare had to trot very gently, and the old master would stop and adjust the pillows from time to time, and administer the restoratives which the physician had got ready, all as naturally and easily as if he had been bred a nurse, vastly to his own surprise, and with not a little gain to his self-appreciation. He was a serviceable kind of body on occasion, after all, was he not, hey, Mr. Byles Gridley? he said to himself.

At half past four o'clock on Sunday morning the shepherd brought the stray lamb into the paved yard at The Poplars, and roused the slumbering household to receive back the wanderer.

It was the Irishwoman, Kitty Fagan, huddled together in such amorphous guise, that she looked as if she had been fitted in a tempest of petticoats and a whirlwind of old shawls, who presented herself at the door.

But there was a very warm heart somewhere in that queer-looking bundle of clothes, and it was not one of those that can throb or break in silence. When she saw the long covered wagon, and the grave face of the old master, she thought it was all over with the poor

girl she loved, and that this was the undertaker's wagon bringing back only what had once been Myrtle Hazard. She screamed aloud, — so wildly that Myrtle lifted her head from the pillow against which she had rested it, and started forward.

The Irishwoman looked at her for a moment to assure herself that it was the girl she loved, and not her ghost. Then it all came over her, — she had been stolen by thieves, who had carried her off by night, and been rescued by the brave old man who had brought her back. What crying and kisses and prayers and blessings were poured forth, in a confusion of which her bodily costume was a fitting type, those who know the vocabulary and the enthusiasm of her eloquent race may imagine better than we could describe it.

The welcome of the two other women was far less demonstrative. There were awful questions to be answered before the kind of reception she was to have could be settled. What they were, it is needless to suggest; but while Miss Silence was weeping, first with joy that her "responsibility" was removed, then with a fair share of pity and kindness, and other lukewarm emotions, — while Miss Badlam waited for an explanation before giving way to her feelings, — Mr. Gridley put the essential facts before them in a few words. She had gone down the river some miles in her boat, which was upset by a rush of the current, and she had come very near being drowned. She was got out, however, by a person living near by, and cared for by some kind women in a house near the river, where he had been fortunate enough to discover her. — Who cut her hair off? Perhaps those good people, — she had been out of her head. She was alive and unharmed, at any rate, wanting only a few days' rest. They might be very thankful to get her back, and leave her to tell the rest of her story when she had got her strength and memory, for she was not quite herself yet, and might not be for some days.

And so there she was at last laid in her own bed, listening again to the

ripple of the waters beneath her, Miss Silence sitting on one side looking as sympathetic as her insufficient nature allowed her to look; the Irishwoman uncertain between delight at Myrtle's return, and sorrow for her condition; and Miss Cynthia Badlam occupying herself about house-matters, not unwilling to avoid the necessity of displaying her conflicting emotions.

Before he left the house, Mr. Gridley repeated the statement in the most precise manner,—some miles down the river—upset and nearly drowned—rescued almost dead—brought to and cared for by kind women in the house where he, Byles Gridley, found her. These were the facts, and nothing more than this was to be told at present. They had better be made known at once, and the shortest and best way would be to have it announced by the minister at meeting that forenoon. With their permission, he would himself write the note for Mr. Stoker to read, and tell the other ministers that they might announce it to their people.

The bells rang for meeting, but the little household at The Poplars did not add to the congregation that day. In the mean time Kitty Fagan had gone down with Mr. Byles Gridley's note, to carry it to the Rev. Mr. Stoker. But, on her way, she stopped at the house of one Mrs. Finegan, a particular friend of hers; and the great event of the morning furnishing matter for large discourse and various social allurements adding to the fascination of having a story to tell, Kitty Fagan forgot her note until meeting had begun and the minister had read the text of his sermon. 'Bless my soul! and sure I've forgot ahl about the letter!' she cried all at once, and away she tramped for the meeting-house. The sexton took the note, which was folded, and said he would hand it up to the pulpit after the sermon,—it would not do to interrupt the preacher.

The Rev. Mr. Stoker had, as was said, a somewhat remarkable gift in prayer,—an endowment by no means confined to profoundly spiritual per-

sons,—in fact, not rarely owing much of its force to a strong animal nature underlying the higher attributes. The sweet singer of Israel would never have written such petitions and such hymns if his manhood had been less complete; the flavor of remembered sin could not help giving a character to his most devout exercises, or they would not have come quite home to our common humanity. But there is no gift more dangerous to the humility and sincerity of a minister. While his spirit ought to be on its knees before the throne of grace, it is too apt to be on tiptoe, following with admiring look the flight of its own rhetoric. The essentially intellectual character of an extemporaneous composition spoken to the Creator with the consciousness that many of his creatures are listening to criticise or to admire, is the great argument for set forms of prayer.

The congregation on this particular Sunday was made up chiefly of women and old men. The young men were hunting after Myrtle Hazard. Mr. Byles Gridley was in his place, wondering why the minister did not read his notice before the prayer. This prayer was never reported, as is the questionable custom with regard to some of these performances, but it was wrought up with a good deal of rasping force and broad pathos. When he came to pray for "our youthful sister, missing from her pious home, perhaps nevermore to return to her afflicted relatives," and the women and old men began crying, Byles Gridley was on the very point of getting up and cutting short the whole matter by stating the simple fact that she had got back, all right, and suggesting that he had better pray for some of the older and tougher sinners before him. But on the whole it would be more decorous to wait, and perhaps he was willing to hear what the object of his favorite antipathy had to say about it. So he waited through the prayer. He waited through the hymn, "Life is the time." He waited to hear the sermon.

The minister gave out his text from the Book of Esther, second chapter, sev-

enth verse: "*For she had neither father nor mother, and the maid was fair and beautiful.*" It was to be expected that the reverend gentleman, who loved to produce a sensation, would avail himself of the excitable state of his audience to sweep the key-board of their emotions, while, as we may say, all the stops were drawn out. His sermon was from notes; for, though absolutely extemporaneous composition may be acceptable to one's Maker, it is not considered quite the thing in speaking to one's fellow-mortals. He discoursed for a time on the loss of parents, and on the dangers to which the unfortunate orphan is exposed. Then he spoke of the peculiar risks of the tender female child, left without its natural guardians. Warming with his subject, he dilated with wonderful unction on the temptations springing from personal attractions. He pictured the "fair and beautiful" women of Holy Writ, lingering over their names with lover-like devotion. He brought Esther before his audience, bathed and perfumed for the royal presence of Ahasuerus. He showed them the sweet young Ruth, lying down in her innocence at the feet of the lord of the manor. He dwelt with special luxury on the charms which seduced the royal psalmist, — the soldier's wife for whom he broke the commands of the decalogue, and the maiden for whose attentions, in his cooler years, he violated the dictates of prudence and propriety. All this time Byles Gridley had his stern eyes on him. And while he kindled into passionate eloquence on these inspiring themes, poor Bathsheba, whom her mother had sent to church that she might get a little respite from her home duties, felt her blood growing cold in her veins, as the pallid image of the invalid wife, lying on her bed of suffering, rose in the midst of the glowing pictures which borrowed such warmth from her husband's imagination.

The sermon, with its hinted application to the event of the past week, was over at last. The shoulders of the nervous women were twitching with sobs. The old men were crying in their vacant

way. But all the while the face of Byles Gridley, firm as a rock in the midst of this lachrymal inundation, was kept steadily on the preacher, who had often felt the look that came through the two round glasses searching into the very marrow of his bones.

As the sermon was finished, the sexton marched up through the broad aisle and handed the note over the door of the pulpit to the clergyman, who was wiping his face after the exertion of delivering his discourse. Mr. Stoker looked at it, started, changed color, — his vision of "The Dangers of Beauty, a Sermon printed by Request," had vanished, — and passed the note to Father Pemberton, who sat by him in the pulpit. With much pains he deciphered its contents, for his eyes were dim with years, and, having read it, bowed his head upon his hands in silent thanksgiving. Then he rose in the beauty of his tranquil and noble old age, so touched with the message he had to proclaim to his people, that the three deep furrows on his forehead, which some said he owed to the three dogmas of original sin, predestination, and endless torment, seemed smoothed for the moment, and his face was as that of an angel while he spoke.

"Sisters and Brethren, — Rejoice with us, for we have found our lamb which had strayed from the fold. This our daughter was dead and is alive again; she was lost and is found. Myrtle Hazard, rescued from great peril of the waters, and cared for by good Samaritans, is now in her home. Thou, O Lord, who didst let the water-flood overflow her, didst not let the deep swallow her up, nor the pit shut its mouth upon her. Let us return our thanks to the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob, who is our God and Father, and who hath wrought this great deliverance."

After his prayer, which it tried him sorely to utter in unbroken tones, he gave out the hymn,

"Lord, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescued from the grave";

but it was hardly begun when the lead-

ing female voice trembled and stopped, — and another, — and then a third, — and Father Pemberton, seeing that they were all overcome, arose and stretched out his arms, and breathed over them his holy benediction.

The village was soon alive with the news. The sexton forgot the solemnity of the Sabbath, and the bell acted as if it was crazy, tumbling heels over head at such a rate, and with such a clamor, that a good many thought there was a fire, and, rushing out from every quarter, instantly caught the great news with which the air was ablaze.

A few of the young men who had come back went even further in their demonstrations. They got a small cannon in readiness, and, without waiting for the going down of the sun, began firing rapidly, upon which the Reverend Mr. Stoker sallied forth to put a stop to this violation of the Sabbath. But in the mean time it was heard on all the hills, far and near. Some said they were firing in the hope of raising the corpse; but many who heard the bells ringing their crazy peals guessed what had happened. Before night the parties were all in, one detachment bearing the body of the bob-tailed catamount swung over a pole, like the mighty cluster of grapes from Eshcol, and another conveying with wise precaution that monstrous snapping-turtle which those of our friends who wish to see will find among the specimens marked *Chelydra serpentina* in the great collection at Cambridge.

CHAPTER XI.

VEXED WITH A DEVIL.

It was necessary at once to summon a physician to advise as to the treatment of Myrtle, who had received a shock, bodily and mental, not lightly to be got rid of, and very probably to be followed by serious and varied disturbances. Her very tranquillity was suspicious, for there must be something of exhaustion in it, and the reaction must come sooner or later.

Old Dr. Lemuel Hurlbut, at the age of ninety-two, very deaf, very nearly blind, very feeble, liable to odd lapses of memory, was yet a wise counsellor in doubtful and difficult cases, and on rare occasions was still called upon to exercise his ancient skill. Here was a case in which a few words from him might soothe the patient and give confidence to all who were interested in her. Miss Silence Withers went herself to see him.

"Miss Withers, father, wants to talk with you about her grand-niece, Miss Hazard," said Dr. Fordyce Hurlbut.

"Miss Withers, Miss Withers? — O, Silence Withers, — lives up at The Poplars. How's the Deacon, Miss Withers?" [Ob. 1810.]

"My father is not living, Dr. Hurlbut," she screamed into his ear.

"Dead, is he? Well, it is n't long since he was with us; and they come and go, — they come and go. I remember his father, Major Gideon Withers. He had a great red feather on training-days, — that was what made me remember him. Who did you say was sick and wanted to see me, Fordyce?"

"Myrtle Hazard, father, — she has had a narrow escape from drowning, and it has left her in a rather nervous state. They would like to have you go up to The Poplars and take a look at her. You remember Myrtle Hazard? She is the great-granddaughter of your old friend the Deacon."

He had to wait a minute before his thoughts would come to order; with a little time, the proper answer would be evolved by the slow automatic movement of the rusted mental machinery.

After the silent moment: "Myrtle Hazard, Myrtle Hazard, — yes, yes, to be sure! The old Withers stock — good constitutions — a little apt to be nervous, one or two of 'em. I've given 'em a good deal of valerian and assafetida, — not quite so much since the new blood came in. There is n't the change in folks people think, — same thing over and over again. I've seen six fingers on a child that had a six-fingered great-uncle, and I've seen that child's grand-

child born with six fingers. Does this girl like to have her own way pretty well, like the rest of the family?"

"A little too well, I suspect, father. You will remember all about her when you come to see her and talk with her. She would like to talk with you, and her aunt wants to see you too; they think there's nobody like the 'old Doctor.'"

He was not too old to be pleased with this preference, and said he was willing to go when they were ready. With no small labor of preparation he was at last got to the house, and crept with his son's aid up to the little room over the water, where his patient was still lying.

There was a little too much color in Myrtle's cheeks, and a glistening lustre in her eyes that told of unnatural excitement. It gave a strange brilliancy to her beauty, and might have deceived an unpractised observer. The old man looked at her long and curiously, his imperfect sight excusing the closeness of his scrutiny. He laid his trembling hand upon her forehead, and then felt her pulse with his shrivelled fingers. He asked her various questions about herself, which she answered with a tone not quite so calm as natural, but willingly and intelligently. They thought she seemed to the old Doctor to be doing very well, for he spoke cheerfully to her, and treated her in such a way that neither she nor any of those around her could be alarmed. The younger physician was disposed to think she was only suffering from temporary excitement, and that it would soon pass off.

They left the room to talk it over.

"It does not amount to much, I suppose, father," said Dr. Fordyce Hurlbut. "You made the pulse about ninety, — a little hard, — did n't you, as I did? Rest, and low diet for a day or two, and all will be right, won't it?"

Was it the feeling of sympathy, or was it the pride of superior sagacity, that changed the look of the old man's wrinkled features? "Not so fast, — not so fast, Fordyce," he said. "I've seen that look on another face of the

same blood, — it's a great many years ago, and she was dead before you were born, my boy, — but I've seen that look, and it meant trouble then, and I'm afraid it means trouble now. I see some danger of a brain fever. And if she does n't have that, then look out for some hysteric fits that will make mischief. Take that handkerchief off of her head, and cut her hair close, and keep her temples cool, and put some drawing plasters to the soles of her feet, and give her some of my *pilula composita*, and follow them with some doses of *sal polychrest*. I've been through it all before in that same house. Live folks are only dead folks warmed over. I can see 'em all in that girl's face, — Handsome Judith, to begin with. And that queer woman, the Deacon's mother, — there's where she gets that hysteric look. Yes, and the black-eyed woman with the Indian blood in her, — look out for that, — look out for that. And — and — my son, do you remember Major Gideon Withers?" [Ob. 1780.]

"Why, no, father, I can't say that I remember the Major; but I know the picture very well. Does she remind you of him?"

He paused again, until the thoughts came slowly straggling up to the point where the question left him. He shook his head solemnly, and turned his dim eyes on his son's face.

"Four generations — four generations, man and wife, — yes, five generations, for old Selah Withers took me in his arms when I was a child, and called me 'little gal,' for I was in girl's clothes, — five generations before this Hazard child I've looked on with these old eyes. And it seems to me that I can see something of almost every one of 'em in this child's face, — it's the forehead of this one, and it's the eyes of that one, and it's that other's mouth, and the look that I remember in another, and when she speaks, why, I've heard that same voice before — yes, yes — as long ago as when I was first married; for I remember Rachel used to think I praised Handsome Judith's voice more than it deserved, — and her face too, for that mat-

ter. You remember Rachel, my first wife, — don't you, Fordyce?"

"No, father, I don't remember her, but I know her portrait." (As he was the son of the old Doctor's second wife, he could hardly be expected to remember her predecessor.)

The old Doctor's sagacity was not in fault about the somewhat threatening aspect of Myrtle's condition. His directions were followed implicitly; for with the exception of the fact of sluggishness rather than loss of memory, and of that confusion of dates which in slighter degrees is often felt as early as middle-life, and increases in most persons from year to year, his mind was still penetrating, and his advice almost as trustworthy, as in his best days.

It was very fortunate that the old Doctor ordered Myrtle's hair to be cut, and Miss Silence took the scissors and trimmed it at once. So, whenever she got well and was seen about, there would be no mystery about the loss of her locks, — the Doctor had been afraid of brain fever, and ordered them to cut her hair.

Many things are uncertain in this world, and among them the effect of a large proportion of the remedies prescribed by physicians. Whether it was by the use of the means ordered by the old Doctor, or by the efforts of nature, or by both together, at any rate the first danger was averted, and the immediate risk from brain fever soon passed over. But the impression upon her mind and body had been too profound to be dissipated by a few days' rest. The hysteric state which the wise old man had apprehended began to manifest itself by its usual signs, if anything can be called usual in a condition the natural order of which is disorder and anomaly.

And now the reader, if such there be, who believes in the absolute independence and self-determination of the will, and the consequent total responsibility of every human being for every irregular nervous action and ill-governed muscular contraction, may as well lay down this narrative, or he may lose all faith

in poor Myrtle Hazard, and all patience with the writer who tells her story.

The mental excitement so long sustained, followed by a violent shock to the system, coming just at the period of rapid development, gave rise to that morbid condition, accompanied with a series of mental and moral perversions, which in ignorant ages and communities is attributed to the influence of evil spirits, but for the better-instructed is the malady which they call hysteria. Few households have ripened a growth of womanhood without witnessing some of its manifestations, and its phenomena are largely traded in by scientific pretenders and religious fanatics. Into this cloud, with all its risks and all its humiliations, Myrtle Hazard is about to enter. Will she pass through it unharmed, or wander from her path, and fall over one of those fearful precipices which lie before her?

After the ancient physician had settled the general plan of treatment, its details and practical application were left to the care of his son. Dr. Fordyce Hurlbut was a widower, not yet forty years old, a man of a fine masculine aspect and a vigorous nature. He was a favorite with his female patients, — perhaps many of them would have said because he was good-looking and pleasant in his manners, but some thought in virtue of a special magnetic power to which certain temperaments were impressible, though there was no explaining it. But he himself never claimed any such personal gift, and never attempted any of the exploits which some thought were in his power if he chose to exercise his faculty in that direction. This girl was, as it were, a child to him, for he had seen her grow up from infancy, and had often held her on his knee in her early years. The first thing he did was to get her a nurse, for he saw that neither of the two women about her exercised a quieting influence upon her nerves. So he got her old friend, Nurse Byloe, to come and take care of her.

The old nurse looked calm enough at one or two of his first visits, but the next morning her face showed that

something had been going wrong. "Well, what has been the trouble, Nurse?" the Doctor said, as soon as he could get her out of the room.

"She's been attackted, Doctor, sence you been here, dreadful. It's them high stirricks, Doctor, 'n' I never seen 'em higher, nor more of 'em. Laughin' as ef she would bust. Cryin' as ef she 'd lost all her friends, 'n' was a follerin' their corpse to their graves. And spas-sums — sech spassums! And ketchin' at her throat, 'n' sayin' there was a great ball a risin' into it from her stomnick. One time she had a kind o' lockjaw like. And one time she stretched herself out 'n' laid jest as stiff as ef she was dead. And she says now that her head feels as ef a nail had been driv' into it, — into the left temple, she says, and that's what makes her look so distressed now."

The Doctor came once more to her bedside. He saw that her forehead was contracted, and that she was evidently suffering from severe pain somewhere.

"Where is your uneasiness, Myrtle?" he asked.

She moved her hand very slowly, and pressed it on her left temple. He laid his hand upon the same spot, kept it there a moment, and then removed it. She took it gently with her own, and placed it on her temple again. As he sat watching her, he saw that her features were growing easier, and in a short time her deep, even breathing showed that she was asleep.

"It beats all," the old Nurse said. "Why, she's been a complainin' ever sence daylight, and she hain't slep' not a wink afore, sence twelve o'clock las' night! It's jes' like them magnetizers, — I never heerd you was one o' them kind, Dr. Hulburt."

"I can't say how it is, Nurse, — I have heard people say my hand was magnetic, but I never thought of its quieting her so quickly. No sleep sence twelve o'clock last night, you say?"

"Not a wink, 'n' actin' as ef she was possessed a good deal o' the time. You read your Bible, Doctor, don't you?"

You're pious? Do you remember about that woman in Scriptur' out of whom the Lord cast seven devils? Well, I should ha' thought there was seventy devils in that gal last night, from the way she carr'd on. And now she lays there jest as peaceful as a new-born babe, — that is, accordin' to the sayin' about 'em; for as to peaceful new-born babes, I never see one that come t' anything, that did n't screech as ef the haouse was afire 'n' it wanted to call all the fire-inges within ten mild."

The Doctor smiled, but he became thoughtful in a moment. Did he possess a hitherto unexercised personal power, which put the key of this young girl's nervous system into his hands? The remarkable tranquillizing effect of the contact of his hand with her forehead looked like an immediate physical action. It might have been a mere coincidence, however. He would not form an opinion until his next visit.

At that next visit it did seem as if some of Nurse Byloe's seventy devils had possession of her. All the strange spasmodic movements, the chokings, the odd sounds, the wild talk, the laughing and crying, were in full blast. All the remedies which had been ordered seemed to have been of no avail. The Doctor could hardly refuse trying his *quasi* magnetic influence, and placed the tips of his fingers on her forehead. The result was the same that had followed the similar proceeding the day before, — the storm was soon calmed, and after a little time she fell into a quiet sleep, as in the first instance.

Here was an awkward affair for the physician, to be sure! He held this power in his hands, which no remedy and no other person seemed to possess. How long would he be chained to her, and she to him, and what would be the consequence of the mysterious relation which must necessarily spring up between a man like him, in the plenitude of vital force, of strongly attractive personality, and a young girl organized for victory over the calmest blood and the steadiest resistance?

Every day after this made matters

worse. There was something almost partaking of the miraculous in the influence he was acquiring over her. His "Peace, be still!" was obeyed by the stormy elements of this young soul, as if it had been a supernatural command. How could he resist the dictate of humanity which called him to make his visits more frequent, that her intervals of rest might be more numerous? How could he refuse to sit at her bedside for a while in the evening, that she might be quieted, instead of beginning the night sleepless and agitated?

The Doctor was a man of refined feeling as well as of principle, and he had besides a sacred memory in the deepest heart of his affections. It was the common belief in the village that he would never marry again, but that his first and only love was buried in the grave of the wife of his youth. It did not easily occur to him to suspect himself of any weakness with regard to this patient of his, little more than a child in years. It did not at once suggest itself to him that she, in her strange, excited condition, might fasten her wandering thoughts upon him, too far removed by his age, as it seemed, to strike the fancy of a young girl under almost any conceivable conditions.

Thus it was that many of those beautiful summer evenings found him sitting by his patient, the river rippling and singing beneath them, the moon shining over them, sweet odors from the thickets on the banks of the stream stealing in on the soft air that came through the open window, and every time they were thus together, the subtle influence which bound them to each other bringing them more and more into inexplicable harmonies and almost spiritual identity.

But all this did not hinder the development of new and strange conditions in Myrtle Hazard. Her will was losing its power. "I cannot help it"—the hysteric motto—was her constant reply. It is not pleasant to confess the truth, but she was rapidly undergoing a singular change of her moral nature. She had been a truthful child. If she had

kept her secret about what she found in the garret, she thought she was exercising her rights, and she had never been obliged to tell any lies about it.

But now she seemed to have lost the healthy instincts for veracity and honesty. She feigned all sorts of odd symptoms, and showed a wonderful degree of cunning in giving an appearance of truth to them. It became next to impossible to tell what was real and what was simulated. At one time she could not be touched ever so lightly without shrinking and crying out. At another time she would squint, and again she would be half paralyzed for a time. She would pretend to fast for days, living on food she had concealed and took secretly in the night.

The nurse was getting worn out. Kitty Fagan would have had the priest come to the house and sprinkle it with holy water. The two women were beginning to get nervous themselves. The Rev. Mr. Stoker said in confidence to Miss Silence, that there was reason to fear she might have been given over for a time to the buffetings of Satan, and that perhaps his (Mr. Stoker's) personal attentions might be useful in that case. And so it appeared that the "young doctor" was the only being left with whom she had any complete relations and absolute sympathy. She had become so passive in his hands that it seemed as if her only healthy life was, as it were, transmitted through him, and that she depended on the transfer of his nervous power, as the plant upon the light for its essential living processes.

The two young men who had met in so unexpected a manner on board the ship *Swordfish* had been reasonably discreet in relating their adventures. Myrtle Hazard may or may not have had the plan they attributed to her; however that was, they had looked rather foolish when they met, and had not thought it worth while to be very communicative about the matter when they returned. It had at least given them a chance to become a little better acquainted with each other, and it was

an opportunity which the elder and more artful of the two meant to turn to advantage.

Of all Myrtle's few friends only one was in the habit of seeing her often during this period, namely, Olive Eveleth, a girl so quiet and sensible that she, if anybody, could be trusted with her. But Myrtle's whole character seemed to have changed, and Olive soon found that she was in some mystic way absorbed into another nature. Except when the physician's will was exerted upon her, she was drifting without any self-directing power, and then any one of those manifold impulses which would in some former ages have been counted as separate manifestations on the part of distinct demoniacal beings might take possession of her. Olive did little, therefore, but visit Myrtle from time to time to learn if any change had occurred in her condition. All this she reported to Cyprian, and all this was got out of him by Mr. William Murray Bradshaw.

That gentleman was far from being pleased with the look of things as they were represented. What if the Doctor, who was after all in the prime of life and younger-looking than some who were born half a dozen years after him, should get a hold on this young woman, — girl now, if you will, but in a very few years certain to come within possible, nay, not very improbable, matrimonial range of him? That would be pleasant, would n't it. It had happened sometimes, as he knew, that these magnetizing tricks had led to infatuation on the part of the subjects of the wonderful influence. So he concluded to be ill and consult the younger Dr. Hurlbut, and incidentally find out how the land lay.

The next question was, what to be ill with. Some not ungentlemanly malady, not hereditary, not incurable, not requiring any obvious change in habits of life. Dyspepsia would answer the purpose well enough; so Mr. Murray Bradshaw picked up a medical book and read ten minutes or more for that complaint. At the end of this time he was an accomplished dyspeptic; for

lawyers half learn a thing quicker than the members of any other profession.

He presented himself with a somewhat forlorn countenance to Dr. Fordyce Hurlbut, as suffering from some of the less formidable symptoms of that affection. He got into a very interesting conversation with him, especially about some nervous feelings which had accompanied his attack of indigestion. Thence to nervous complaints in general. Thence to the case of the young lady at The Poplars whom he was attending. The Doctor talked with a certain reserve, as became his professional relations with his patient; but it was plain enough that, if this kind of intercourse went on much longer, it would be liable to end in some emotional explosion or other, and there was no saying how it would at last turn out.

Murray Bradshaw was afraid to meddle directly. He knew a great deal more about the history of Myrtle's adventure than any of his neighbors, and, among other things, that it had given Mr. Byles Gridley a peculiar interest in her, of which he could take advantage. He therefore artfully hinted his fears to the old man, and left his hint to work itself out.

However suspicious Master Gridley was of him and his motives, he thought it worth while to call up at The Poplars and inquire for himself of the nurse what was this new relation growing up between the physician and his young patient.

She imparted her opinion to him in a private conversation with great freedom. "Sech doin's! sech doin's! The gal 's jest as much bewitched as ever any gal was sence them that was possessed in Scriptur'. And every day it 's wus and wus. Ef that Doctor don't stop comin', she won't breathe without his helpin' her to before long. And, Mr. Gridley, — I don't like to say so, — but I can't help thinkin' he 's gettin' a little bewitched too. I don't believe he means to take no kind of advantage of her; but, Mr. Gridley, you 've seen them millers fly round and round a candle, and you know how it ginerally comes

out. Men is men and gals is gals. I would n't trust no man, not ef he was much under a hundud year old,—and as for a gal—!”

“*Mulieri ne mortuæ quidem credendum est*,” said Mr. Gridley. “You would n't trust a woman even if she was dead, hey, Nurse?”

“Not till she was buried, 'n' the grass growin' a foot high over her,” said Nurse Byloe, “unless I 'd know'd her sence she was a baby. I 've know'd this one sence she was two or three year old; but this gal ain't Myrtle Hazard no longer,—she 's bewitched into somethin' different. I 'll tell ye what, Mr. Gridley; you get old Dr. Hurlbut to come and see her once a day for a week, and get the young doctor to stay away. I 'll resk it. She 'll have some dreadful tantrums at fust, but she 'll come to it in two or three days.”

Master Byles Gridley groaned in spirit. He had come to this village to end his days in peace, and here he was just going to make a martyr of himself for the sake of a young person to whom he was under no obligation, except that he had saved her from the consequences of her own foolish act, at the expense of a great overturn of all his domestic habits. There was no help for it. The nurse was right, and he must perform the disagreeable duty of letting the Doctor know that he was getting into a track which might very probably lead to mischief, and that he must back out as fast as he could.

At 2 P. M. Gifted Hopkins presented the following note at the Doctor's door:—

“Mr. Byles Gridley would be much obliged to Dr. Fordyce Hurlbut if he would call at his study this evening.”

“Odd, is n't it, father, the old man's asking me to come and see him? Those old stub-twist constitutions never want patching.”

“Old man! old man! Who 's that you call old,—not Byles Gridley, hey? Old! old! Sixty year, more or less! How old was Floyer when he died, Fordyce? Ninety-odd, was n't it? Had the asthma though, or he 'd have lived to be

as old as Dr. Holyoke,—a hundred year and over. That 's old. But men live to be a good deal more than that sometimes. What does Byles Gridley want of you, did you say?”

“I 'm sure I can't tell, father; I 'll go and find out.” So he went over to Mrs. Hopkins's in the evening, and was shown up into the study.

Master Gridley treated the Doctor to a cup of such tea as bachelors sometimes keep hid away in mysterious caddies. He presently began asking certain questions about the grand climacteric, which eventful period of life he was fast approaching. Then he discoursed of medicine, ancient and modern, tasking the Doctor's knowledge not a little, and evincing a good deal of acquaintance with old doctrines and authors. He had a few curious old medical books in his library, which he said he should like to show Dr. Hurlbut.

“There, now! What do you say to this copy of Joannes de Ketam, Venice, 1522? Look at these woodcuts,—the first anatomical pictures ever printed, Doctor, unless these others of Berengarius de Carpi are older! See this scene of the plague-patient, the doctor smelling at his pouncet-box, the old nurse standing square at the bedside, the young nurse with the bowl, holding back and turning her head away, and the old burial-hag behind her, shoving her forward,—a very curious book, Doctor, and has the first phrenological picture in it ever made. Take a look, too, at my Vesalius,—not the Leyden edition, Doctor, but the one with the grand old original figures,—so good that they laid them to Titian. And look here, Doctor, I could n't help getting this great folio Albinus, 1747,—and the nineteenth century can't touch it, Doctor,—can't touch it for completeness and magnificence,—so all the learned professors tell me! Brave old fellows, Doctor, and put their lives into their books as you gentlemen don't pretend to do now-a-days. And *good* old fellows, Doctor,—high-minded, scrupulous, conscientious, punctilious,—remembered their duties to man and to

woman, and felt all the responsibilities of their confidential relation to families. Did you ever read the oldest of medical documents, — the Oath of Hippocrates ? ”

The Doctor thought he had read it, but did not remember much about it.

“ It ’s worth reading, Doctor, — it ’s worth remembering ; and, old as it is, it is just as good to-day as it was when it was laid down as a rule of conduct four hundred years before the Sermon on the Mount was delivered. Let me read it to you, Dr. Hurlbut.”

There was something in Master Gridley’s look that made the Doctor feel a little nervous ; he did not know just what was coming.

Master Gridley took out his great Hippocrates, the edition of Foësius, and opened to the place. He turned so as to face the Doctor, and read the famous Oath aloud, Englishing it as he went along. When he came to these words which follow, he pronounced them very slowly and with special emphasis.

“ My life shall be pure and holy.”

“ Into whatever house I enter, I will go for the good of the patient : I will abstain from inflicting any voluntary injury, and from leading away any, whether man or woman, bond or free.”

The Doctor changed color as he listened, and the moisture broke out on his forehead.

Master Gridley saw it, and followed up his advantage. “ Dr. Fordyce Hurlbut, are you not in danger of violating the sanctities of your honorable calling, and leading astray a young person committed to your sacred keeping ? ”

While saying these words, Master Gridley looked full upon him, with a face so charged with grave meaning, so impressed with the gravity of his warning accents, that the Doctor felt as if he were before some dread tribunal, and remained silent. He was a member of the Rev. Mr. Stoker’s church, and the words he had just listened to were those of a sinful old heathen who had never heard a sermon in his life ; but they stung him, for all that, as the parable of the prophet stung the royal transgressor.

He spoke at length, for the plain honest words had touched the right spring of consciousness at the right moment ; not too early, for he now saw whither he was tending, — not too late, for he was not yet in the inner spirals of the passion which whirls men and women to their doom in ever-narrowing coils, that will not unwind at the command of God or man.

He spoke as one who is humbled by self-accusation, yet in a manly way, as became his honorable and truthful character.

“ Master Gridley,” he said, “ I stand convicted before you. I know too well what you are thinking of. It is true, — I cannot continue my attendance on Myrtle — on Miss Hazard, for you mean her — without peril to both of us. She is not herself. God forbid that I should cease to be myself ! I have been thinking of a summer tour, and I will at once set out upon it, and leave this patient in my father’s hands. I think he will find strength to visit her under the circumstances.”

The Doctor went off the next morning without saying a word to Myrtle Hazard, and his father made the customary visit in his place.

That night the spirit tare her, as may well be supposed, and so the second night. But there was no help for it : her doctor was gone, and the old physician, with great effort, came instead, sat by her, spoke kindly to her, left wise directions to her attendants, and above all assured them that, if they would have a little patience, they would see all this storm blow over.

On the third night after his visit, the spirit rent her sore, and came out of her, or, in the phrase of to-day, she had a fierce paroxysm, after which the violence of the conflict ceased, and she might be called convalescent so far as that was concerned.

But all this series of nervous disturbances left her in a very impressible and excitable condition. This was just the state to invite the spiritual manipulations of one of those theological practitioners who consider that the treat-

ment of all morbid states of mind short of raving madness belongs to them and not to the doctors. This same condition was equally favorable for the operations of any professional experimenter who would use the flame of religious excitement to light the torch of an earthly passion. So many fingers that begin on

the black keys stray to the white ones before the tune is played out !

If Myrtle Hazard was in charge of any angelic guardian, the time was at hand when she would need all celestial influences ; for the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker was about to take a deep interest in her spiritual welfare.

THE RESTLESS.

A SEA-BORN captain came,
A constant winter in his beard ;
None knew what skies had harbored him, —
What shoals his heart had cleared.

He looked a very king ;
You might have set him on a throne,
And king to king would nod and swear,
“ He is bone of our bone.”

“ I need a ship,” he said ;
“ Not a crank jade to start and cringe,
Though tempests unreluctant strike,
And the quick lightnings singe ; —

“ A clipper, class A 1 ;
Not for your tricky cotton bales,
But one to make my purpose hers,
With seldom idle sails.”

The eager shipwrights eyed
A mighty oak, the sea-mark there,
And felled it ; with unuttered fear,
They laid its gray heart bare.

One withered bough had borne
A woman ; hoary elders said,
Her art had turned to seeming stone
Their sacramental bread.

The gaunt oak shrank beneath
The snap of ever-angry steel ;
In every thought the witch's curse,
They hewed a lusty keel.

And often while they built,
A phantom navy held the coast ;
It stayed the labor-prompted song, —
The master's ready boast.

And in an under breath
'T was said that other workmen wrought,
At night, beneath the captain's eye,
With clearer will and thought.

As one before a loom,
Of every touch secure and proud,
Sees not the shadow, Fate, who weaves
Or wedding-robe or shroud ;

So the chief builder stood
Before his handiwork ; he knew
'T is ill when hidden hammers fall,
And silent axes hew.

The troubled builder built,
The captain queried left and right ;
The ship, apparelled now, bird-like,
Shook in her dreams of flight.

To meet the sea's desire,
She fled one wild November day,
And after her the spectral fleet
Ran down the shuddering bay.

Each year the four winds brought
A fisherman from Labrador,
A merchantman from tropic seas,
Or sullen man-of-war.

And each sea-record said :
"A sail went flying by to-night,
With not a breath of wind, and left
A wake of branching light.

"We caught the hurried words,
'Report the Restless at St. Ann,
Report the Restless anywhere,'
The final order ran."

Men slowly came to know
The doom her tired pennons trailed,
While second childhood crooned this curse,
Upon the oak entailed :—

"Who builds it in a ship
May only look for her return
When tides refuse to go and come,
And stars forget to burn.

"Though she may long for land,
And grope for it with weary keel,
No harbor-light shall comfort her,
With my will at the wheel."

PIONEERING.

IT was a bright November morning when I went out alone from Mr. Herndon's house in Springfield, and walked quickly towards the Capitol. I wanted to stand within the walls which had thrilled so often to Abraham Lincoln's voice, to stand in the spot where his body had received the heart-felt honors of an uncrowned crowd. No one followed me into the semicircular room, as plain as unpainted deals can make it, which is the hall of the House of Representatives for the State of Illinois; yet I did not fail of my purpose. I had heard two Englishmen—one of them a Professor at Oxford, another a member of Parliament struggling for popular rights—express in strong terms their sense of the service done for mankind within these walls. "I have known most of the great men of my time," said the latter,—"the great men of Europe, Asia, and America,—but I know of no speeches like these." As I stood there, the walls seemed to throw back the dead words, and some of the stir and tumult of 1839 passed into my veins. Half unconsciously I watched the old janitor, a man who loved to prate about the dead President, as he turned the key in the sacred lock, and then stopped before the door of the State Library, that he might show me, as he expressed it, "a power of books." As I entered the half-lighted hall, I did indeed start back, awed, but not by the power of *books*! The library had been temporarily turned into a studio for the artist who had just finished a magnificent portrait of Lincoln. As I entered, half a dozen finished portraits of Illinois men seemed to start from the canvas, and group themselves as in life. Some I had seen, and recognized at once, but without comprehending what subtle change had now emphasized their natural power. As I stood before them, the words, "And there were giants in those days," flitted across my mind; but the stalwart

or keenly strung frame of each tall man was balanced on the canvas by a brain ponderous in proportion. The liberty the artist had taken had spent itself on the tint of the skin; he had given to each of these men the wholesome, ruddy tint which it is to be hoped will belong to their grandchildren. "And these are the men who are to reign over us," I said to myself, seeing something quite other than New England acuteness in that grand group, and recognizing for the first time that, when Abraham Lincoln took his seat in the White House, it was not so much himself as *his race* that entered there. I tried to remember where I had seen frames like these, and I recalled the Houses of Congress, twenty-five years ago, with the sturdy shoulders of Southern men looming far above those of their Eastern brothers, and the counterfeit Duke of Sonora offering an arm which seemed on a natural level with the crown of a woman's head! Then I recalled Professor Gould's statement at the meeting of the National Academy, when he told us that the slaves of certain Southern States were taller and stronger than our free colored men, but added also that the same thing was true of the *white* citizens of the same States.

"Be a little patient, men of Southern blood," I thought as I sat there, "and you shall have back, in full measure, pressed down and running over, the power for which you pine. But it will not come to the men whom you have delighted to honor. The 'poor white trash' of your proud States, carrying such portion of your best blood as you gave them in hours of lawless indulgence, or haughty contempt, driven out of your borders by your denial of human rights, having had a hand-to-hand fight with nature and circumstance, having developed moral perceptions before they knew a moral life, having taken in the idea of God and justice

before they could master that of man and purity,—these men shall come back to reign over you,—to defeat, with the hot blood of your own hearts, with the strong muscles you strapped across their bones, the very purpose of your restless, ambitious lives.”

And here in Springfield two men had met, prepared, it would seem, by the Divine Hand, and held apart till the right moment, who were to wield such an influence over each other and over mankind,—who were to love each other with such passion, trust each other with such implicit faith,—as had hardly been since the days of the Paladins. These men, too, were to represent the two orders of poor whites;—the one born of good blood, but impoverished in his ancestry by a law of primogeniture, which the State of Virginia refused to repeal, yet born under the shelter of all legal helps and certainties, in a family which made a home, with a mother tender, devoted, and dignified, who honored God and freedom; the other born of that “poor white trash” which could not dare look back,—a race desperate, peculiar, undescribed, careless of legal restraints, scarce conscious of family centres, emigrating in hordes, kind-hearted, but with their hand against every man, as every man’s was against them.

Yet it was this stone, which any cunning builder of us all would have rejected, which was already bearing the Divine signet, marked “Head of the Corner!”

The history of William Henry Herndon cannot be indifferent to a nation which honors Abraham Lincoln, for these two men for twenty-five years complemented each other; and if the passionate idealism of the one had not leavened the plodding, conscientious intellectual processes of the other, we might never have had the Proclamation of Emancipation.

William Herndon was the grandson, on both sides, of men who had fought in the war of the Revolution. In 1781, his grandfather, Colonel Day, “desiring that no man should ever again call

him master,” emancipated his slaves in Western Virginia, and emigrated into Kentucky. He had received his small patrimony while the law of primogeniture was still in force; and when he parted with his slaves, he was compelled to work. One of his brothers had married the youngest sister of Patrick Henry, and the two families went together. “I was too young,” said old Mrs. Herndon, when she told me the story, “to remember much of the first hardship we encountered; but I know that we were comfortable then, compared to what I was afterwards in Illinois. We had to work, but not roughly, for there were slaves in the neighborhood who could be hired; and, wild as our life was, I grew up, like other Southern girls, without much care. When my husband asked me to come to Illinois, I consented, of course. I thought all places were alike.”

And what was Illinois in 1826, when the Herndons first came to it? I will tell you, in the very language of a pioneer; for it is fit that we should see it, if we can, with his eyes.

“We had no need of Agassiz out here to tell us what things meant,” began my friend. “It was written plain on the face of the prairie. Anybody who could run could read it. There was once a great lake stretching from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, and drenching all the land south of the Laurentian Hills. At last this sea broke bounds, and between the tall bluffs in Missouri and Kentucky, opposite St. Louis, it poured itself out. Three great ‘sucks,’ as we call them here,—the Ohio, the Missouri, and the Mississippi,—drained out the land; but at the best, the southern half of Indiana and Illinois was a great bog. Such a looking land as that water left! You laughed when I told you that this mud is twenty-five feet deep; but it is true. Underneath is a clay bed without a crack. The moisture can’t drain away. Either the sun will drink it, or *we* must. ‘Suckers’ we are and must be; for, till the water is out of the soil, it is a struggle with death. The coal-fields

all lie at the same depth. The bog which made the prairie was the very bottom of that sea,—its last rich fat mud. The glaciers, starting far above the Laurentian Hills, not only melted from their moorings and floated south; they were ‘sucked’ into the great lines of drainage, and dropped their burdens of boulder, drift, and gravel, in almost parallel ridges, up and down the land. The rich mud settled upon, fattened, and drained away from these rocks. The retreating wave naturally left its heaviest seed, the acorns or beech-mast, on these summits; so the oak openings came at last to bless the land. Beside this, the smaller ‘sucks,’ or rivers, which remained after the great sea had hurried to the ocean, brought down their share of gravel, and piled it right and left. These ridges are like gigantic furrows thrown upon the face of the soil. The summits crumble down, and build by crumbling a sort of descent into the dreary bog. These ridges were the salvation of the country,—not that we could ever have settled it without the ‘gopher,’ but farms had to be in the timber or on its edge. Neither men nor cattle could stand the undrained muck. On it the grass grew so high that one spark of household fire might at any moment have swept destruction over a whole township. In the cold weather the unbroken prairie-wind was too sharp for man or beast; in the hot, flies destroyed the cattle, and gallinippers drove desperate the men.”

“What are gallinippers?” I asked.

“Mosquitoes,” he replied, “with stings three quarters of an inch long.”

“But I thought those were mythical mosquitoes, invented on purpose to torment the womanly credulity of Ida Pfeiffer.”

“No, indeed,” said Mr. Herndon, “they were substantial facts. We looked abroad over the face of the land. Skeletons of elk and deer, of extinct creatures,—many of them now in the Museum at St. Louis,—and great herds of buffalo, stranded on the soil, were nuisances almost as great as the heaps of stone you take out of your ‘strong

land’ at the East. We settled first on the Sangamon. My father took the ferry; in his first ploughing he turned up horns of the elk that would have arched in a doorway. I have seen their curves meet over the head of a man seven feet high. There, too, I once fled at night from the Indians. I saw the savage lift my mother’s long hair and threaten to scalp her. I was but five years old, yet I shall never forget that. Make mother tell you.”

“We were none of us likely to forget it,” said the dignified Virginian, from her invalid’s seat by the fire. “We had to go ninety miles to mill at first, and thought ourselves fortunate when it came to be only forty. It was a cool October evening. My husband had been gone since daybreak, and there had been rumors of Indian slaughter not far off. At nightfall I saw the red men coming. I had to think quick. ‘Where is your man?’ said the foremost as he came up to me. ‘In the woodland,’ I answered. Some folks,” continued Mrs. Herndon, speaking with great deliberation, and in a musing mood,—“some folks say they never told a lie. I told a lie that night. ‘Go after him,’ replied the man. I turned back to the house to get my baby, and he thought I meant to cheat him. In a moment he had drawn out my comb, and, lifting my long hair, made a quick, warning sign with his scalping-knife. I heard William scream; his eye had caught the gleaming steel. I ran back to the house, put him through some open boards at the back, and told him to run to the wood for his life. I seized my shawl, and, hiding my baby under it, started after him. The Indians watched me, till the trees hid my retreating figure. Then they began to suspect. They mimicked my husband’s voice,—a baby’s cry,—the voices of the neighbors. Still I kept on. I had found William in the wood. I had only a mile and a half to go to our next neighbor’s; but, what with him and the baby, it was late at night when I got there. They were all in bed, but sleeping with one eye open

for fear. I cried out, and asked if they would take me in. 'Yes,' they said; 'but they could not open the door; no one could tell how near the red men were. I must crawl up over the logs.' In those days, we used to barricade doors and windows, and set our guns in the crevices of the logs, but leave an open hole in the roof, near the chimney. So I climbed the low roof, let my baby down through the hole, handed Will to my neighbor, and dropped in myself."

"We only stayed a few years at the Sangamon," resumed William Herndon; "and I well remember how we moved up to the ridge where Springfield now is. I have told you about the 'gopher.' The little animal always has the sense to make his hummocks higher than the winter rains will rise. The whole way was clear bog; father made a small board cart, into which he threw the chickens, the little pigs, and the young children. He and I and mother walked beside the cart, which had two wheels. We skipped from hill to hill; and when the wheels of the cart stuck or floundered, we lifted them out of the mud and balanced them somehow on one of the hummocks."

The "gopher," which ought to be borne on the shield of Illinois, is really a marmot, — a little squirrel with long hind legs, sitting like a watch-dog at the door of its lodge, and skipping over the ground like a tiny kangaroo. The name is given in Canada, not only to the prairie-dog, but to a long-legged rat, which naturalists decline to class with the marmots.

"We reached Springfield at last," said Mr. Herndon; "and a most unlikely place it was. We had to build our log cabin on the edge of a ridge, while we labored to subdue the muck. The marks of bears' claws were deep in the trees right round us. Ten years later I have killed a hundred snakes in the three quarters of a mile between my own house and my father's, so you may guess what it was then. There they all were, — rattlesnakes, vipers, adders, and copperheads."

"And what sort of a snake is the copperhead?" I asked.

"A mean thing. A rattlesnake rattles, a viper hisses, an adder spits, a black snake whistles, a water-snake blows, but a copperhead just sneaks! At nightfall we laid green logs in parallel rows, set them on fire, and drove the cattle between. Then whichever way the wind blew, we could keep off the mosquitoes and relieve the creatures. The dumb beasts knew what it meant, and we never had to drive them again. They went in of themselves. Words cannot make you understand this life. The prairies of Illinois are watered with the tears, and enriched by the graves, of her women. The first generation — have you any dim, glimmering sense of what men they must have been who turned this sea into dry land? — the first generation lived on mush and pork. Fencing was too costly to be obtained. No gardens could stand the herds of cattle, a thousand strong, which might come swooping over at any minute. Just as our corn was ripe, the bears would strip the ears; just as the pumpkins grew golden, herds of deer would hollow out the gourds. As we got more land, there was no transportation to carry away the crops. Butter was five cents a pound, eggs were three cents a dozen; corn was six cents a bushel, wheat twenty-five cents. A cow was worth five dollars, and a man's labor fifty cents a day. Do you wonder we clamored for railroads, lied for them, went in debt for them, — did anything till we got them?"

I remembered the thronging lines of railroad that I had often seen steering to some tiny depot in the vast prairie, and saw afresh that these lines were built for freight, not travel. The latter was an *accident*, happy or unhappy, as the case might be.

"And now we come to the saddest point," I said. "I want to understand the people born of this contest with the soil, the first white race born on it. Standing in a log cabin on the edge of a prairie, the other day, and looking over the half-drained surface, I said,

almost unconsciously, 'I am sure this land was settled before the Lord was willing.'

"I am thankful to hear you say so," said a woman at the wash-tub near me. "I have thought so ever since I came here; and that," she added with a sigh, "is nigh on thirty year."

"New England people, travelling through your large towns, rarely see any of this great controlling population of pioneers. How can I give them any idea of the race of men among which you and Abraham Lincoln grew up? It is easy to understand the low, stupid type of man represented by the dwellers in Lacustrian towns, who were set to conquer nature for the whole race; but to understand the pioneers, you must know, first, how civilization had wronged them as poor whites; next, how nature gradually restored what civilization took. Of the rude virtues, bravery, honesty, and generosity, it is easy to get some idea. The man at the corner refused to take any pay yesterday for six sheets of brown paper; the money was not worth speaking of, he said. In Chicago, where the Southern element has made itself felt, in a way, I must not as a guest pay for my postage, my omnibus fare, my telegrams; but no sooner had I passed into the Yankee atmosphere of Milwaukee, than I felt the change like a sudden chill. There, it was quite evident, the laws of thrift prevailed, and I must pay my own way, as at home. Nor am I quite sure that the terrible preponderance of vice in Chicago bears any real relation to the morals of the prairies. It may be only the natural proportion of a city which is so placed as to be a great thoroughfare for the lower classes of many nations. It may not be an exponent of this State. We know at the East something of your lawless classes; but I believe we think they all perished a century ago; we have no idea of what this lawlessness involves, nor have we dreamed, as yet, that *among* them and *of* them — sharing, for a time at least, all that we shrink from in

them, except drunkenness — Abraham Lincoln grew up."

"What would you have?" said my friend, rising in his excitement, and pacing rapidly back and forth. "To do the work which I have shown you must be done, an enormous, an abnormal vitality was required. Such a vitality could not exhaust itself on the soil. No social excitement, no lecture, theatre, book, or friendly talk, offered itself to the tired laborer when he came home at night. To drink, to indulge his passions, was the only change life offered him. For the women, — God forgive the men who brought them here! — if they sought stimulants or anodynes, how could they be to blame? And Dr. Holland said, that the pioneers were an inefficient set, who wandered from State to State, from pure shiftlessness! I tell you, that since the days of the Anakim God never made such men as the men who redeemed the State of Illinois. Whatever else you do, don't call us *shiftless*!"

And because my own testimony would hardly be sufficient, I copy from the lecture on Ann Rutledge what Mr. Herndon himself has said of these men. Speaking of the people of New Salem, where Mr. Lincoln came, partly as shopkeeper and partly as surveyor, just as he attained his majority, the lecturer says: —

"Here it was that every new-comer was initiated, quickly, sharply, and rudely, into the lights and mysteries of Western civilization. The stranger was compelled, if he assumed the appearance of a man, to *walk through* the strength and courage of naturally great men. They were men of no college culture, but they had many and broad, well-tested experiences. They had good sense and sound judgment, and, if the stranger bore himself well, he became a brother of the clan forever. If he failed, quickly, amid their mocking jeers, he sank out of sight. *He existed, if at all, to be an enemy, to be killed at first sight by any of the clan, or to be scorched in a social hell forevermore.* This is not a fancy pic-

ture. The ordeal existed as I have described it, and *Lincoln had to pass it*. He did it nobly, and held unlimited sway over the clan thenceforward. 'If you *must* have a fight, *prepare*,' he said. They had seen him in the old mill, with a strap about his waist, lift in a box a thousand pounds! But in the midst of these rough men, manly honesty, womanly tenderness, valor, strength, and great natural capacity went hand in hand. . . . Wild, hardy, genial, these men were a mixture of the rowdy and the roisterer. They have no thrift, yet thousands of them grow rich. It is impossible to outwit or whip them. . . . The type of the pioneer is a trusting, tolerant, and generous man, hospitable in his tent, thoroughly acquainted with the stars by which he travels, with all the dangers of his route, with horse flesh and human flesh. This pioneer is a long, tall, lean, lank man, cadaverous, sallow, sun-burnt, shaggy-haired. His face is exceeding angular, the nose long, pointed, keen. His eyes are sunken, sharp, and questioning, looking to the very background of things. He is obstinate; his muscles and nerves dance an uneasy jerking dance in the presence of civilization. He is dangerous from his ignorance of the social world. A man of deeds, not words, stern, secretive, speaking words of one syllable. . . .

"These men were always true to women, their fast, tried friends and defenders. Scarce any men on this globe hold women so dear. And so their lives went on: they were either creating or destroying, praying or fighting, shooting or getting shot."

These are the words of one who has grown up among them, spoken to an audience who knew them well, through which the tall forms of their sons were thinly scattered. But a stranger sees other things, which are perhaps as well worth stating. The complexion of the pioneer is not yellow or cadaverous, but *green* or *greenish* gray. In the first generation his joints are loosely hung, — too loose, it would seem, for strength. In the next generation, the complexion

mellows a little, and the lean muscles fill out. These men will treat an Axminster carpet as if it were the sanded floor of a bar-room,—they will spit on it, and throw the ashes of their pipe upon it; but they will pick up a handkerchief for a washerwoman, and the manners of brothers and sisters towards each other in the log cabins have a grace and courtesy beyond our Eastern dreaming. They will wear velvet and broadcloth when the time comes; but if the ceiling crumbles,—falling perhaps on dainty bed-linen and embroidered covers,—it will never occur to them to have it repaired. We are accustomed to say that extremes meet, but hardly realize that the vices engendered of idleness and luxury in large cities may be engendered in the prairie of overwork, mental destitution, and the unsatisfied longing for the ideal. The broad sky, the infinite expanse of soil, the contact with nature, make *idealists* of these men, but cannot make them *moralists*. As I looked into the moral condition out of which many of them are just emerging, the traces of which control public opinion, and stamp the lives of the rising generation,—a condition from which neither church nor school has ever stood ready to save them,—I groaned in spirit to think a republican government should anywhere exist which did not know it to be a government duty to provide instruction for its people.

Those who have known the actual condition of the poor whites at the South in by-gone years will know what to expect of the race when it becomes a race of pioneers. What was church, or school, or marriage, to them, under the awful shadow of the "first families" and the "auction block"? What lives did the young women lead, in the close neighborhood of young men who asserted the old feudal claim to the possession of even their married slaves? If there was, as I know, a noble element in some of this lowest class, which sent them away in search of a life where better things were possible, hard labor soon checked aspiration, habits were

not easily changed, and they waited, believing that the better time would dawn, as it is dawning, on their children. A good deal of liberal Western legislation may be attributed not so much to an advance of thought as to a total want of moral perception. A public man, in Illinois, defined his duties once in this fashion: "I owe a duty to God, to mankind, to individuals";—and the order is significant. A New-Englander would have been likely to say, "I owe a duty to my family, to mankind, and to God,"—the concrete, organized obligations of life taking *first*, if not *chief*, hold of his mind. But the boundless prairie suggests liberty, power, wealth,—the sharp, long tug with the relentless earth develops acuteness, perseverance, muscle, and brain; but for the order of society, for purity between man and woman, for impressing the infinite value of one woman's relation to one man, the worse than worthlessness of any such relation with many women, it would seem as if the Divine voice must make its revelation through some deeper channel. And the best proof that this channel is possible lies in the extreme candor of the class of which we speak. These men do not deny their misdeeds: they discuss them with you, they philosophize over them. A lie seems as impossible to them as it was to Lincoln. Nor are these words at variance with those I have quoted from Mr. Herndon. When he says that the pioneers were the fast friends of women, he does not mean to claim chastity for either class, only to indicate what tender, chivalrous feeling toward the whole sex their common suffering, in the severe life he spoke of, had developed. I have seen this chivalrous feeling. To an Eastern woman it is simply something marvellous. There is no need to dwell on this state of things further than to make it comprehended. If any one would find corroborative evidence, let him seek the oldest men in Kentucky and Tennessee, and ask what manner of life was led by the poor white class in those States from 1800 to 1830. The

answer will indicate what is to be told of Indiana and Illinois, and will be truer than if inquiries were made into a later time. "There are no accidents in the providence of God," wrote Charles Sumner, in the first line of his grand Eulogy on Lincoln. If not, then there is precious significance in all this. Had the best classes of the old civilization settled these States, I am afraid it would have kept the world back some centuries. A class which had never recognized the most imperative obligations of society might well begin to build it anew.

We left Herndon killing snakes, hunting bears, and smoking cattle in the bog at Springfield. There he waited, from his thirteenth to his fifteenth year, for the coming of Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln, born in the class of poorest emigrants, was trained to a far different life, in his early home, from that which the books describe. I do not think that it was upon slavery that Thomas Lincoln turned his back when he went to Indiana. It was upon a brawling, reckless neighborhood, that made life unendurable. The pious care of good, poor parents, so touchingly described in our books, only to be ridiculed in Illinois, Abraham certainly never had. His step-mother—a woman far superior to any whom Thomas Lincoln could have hoped to win in any state of society but one which made a man a necessary protector to every woman—seems to have been his first and best friend. To her he was always grateful, and to the last stood between her and trouble. Among the most touching relics which I saw at Springfield was an old copy-book, in which, at the age of fourteen, Lincoln had taught himself to write and cipher. Scratched in his boyish hand on the first page were these lines:—

"T is Abraham Lincoln holds the pen,
He *will* be good, but *God knows when!*"

I am not ashamed of the tears that started as I read, with instructed eyes, that half-despairing prayer. He never carried from home the "laughing face" which Charles Sumner once ascribed to

him. His life had been sad ; there was nothing pleasant to remember in anything connected with the past, — many things he would have given the world to forget. "I must make a name for myself," he began to think ; and, turning his back on the home which he had no desire to see again, he went to New Salem, and opened his life as a shopkeeper and surveyor. Here he met a woman more cultivated and refined than could have been expected among the people I have described. Once — about the time of his arrival there — he was wrestling, in Illinois fashion, with his sister Sarah and some neighbor's girls. He threw one of the latter roughly, and his sister turned upon him with sharp words. "What do you ever expect to be," she asked, "if you treat women like that?" A sort of shadow settled over him ; the exhilaration of the gymnast disappeared, and, putting a hand on each of her shoulders, he answered seriously, "I am to be a great man, Sarah, and to have a sad destiny," then turned and left her. Whether this "great, sad destiny" encompassed him even then, — whether those dark, sad eyes told his story without words, — or whether, as was natural, Mr. Lincoln told to the only girl he ever loved a tale of sorrow such as he afterwards admitted to his best friends among men, we shall never know. It is enough that the hearts of Ann Rutledge and Abraham Lincoln drew together, and that the key to his whole life will one day be shown to lie in the facts of this love, and those facts of his history which transpired before his own birth.

Ann Rutledge was a lady, — one of the very few that had penetrated to Illinois as early as 1833. Of a family educated and aristocratic, but broken down, she was betrothed, before Mr. Lincoln ever saw her, to a Scotch merchant. In those days Illinois was as far from New York as Kamtchatka now is. They were soon to be married, when the Scotchman went for business purposes to that city. For months nothing was heard of him. It was supposed that he was

dead, or had wickedly deserted Ann. The truth was, that he lay ill of delirious fever, at a small wayside town. In this state of things, while Ann's mind was tortured by suspense and disappointment, Mr. Lincoln went to her father's house to board. Here he first learned to read Shakespeare and Burns. Can we doubt whose memory made their poems precious during those last few months of his life, in which he was once heard to say, "My heart lies buried in the grave of that girl"? In time a sort of provisional engagement ensued. There were circumstances in both lives which depressed and pained. They learned to hold each other very dear. Upon this state of things broke the rumor of the recovered Scotchman's return, after an absence of more than two years. The delicate nature of the woman sank under it. Betrothed to two, both of whom she had loved, she had no choice but to die. Under the conflict of feeling, Mr. Lincoln's own reason gave way. He pleaded in his despair for one last interview, which, long refused, was at last granted, before she died, in August, 1835. That the shock given to his powerful mind was a severe one, his subsequent life was to show. Twice, in crises of great suffering, the unreasoning despair returned, and from that moment he lost his moral poise for years. All the resources of the neighborhood were exhausted to restore him to himself. How he who had been absent loved Ann, let the sequel show. He bought the farm for her sake, and lives there still a bachelor. His quivering hand pointed out, not long ago, the very spot where she died.

Mr. Lincoln's tastes were quiet and domestic. Had he married Ann Rutledge, it is not likely he would have continued in political life. He would have tasted the cup of happiness, and it would have been enough. "The love and death of this girl," said Mr. Herndon, "shattered Lincoln's purpose and tendencies. He threw off his infinite sorrow only by leaping wildly into the political arena." "He need-

ed," said another, "whip and spur to save him from despair."

For myself I go farther and deeper. Up to this period, his habits had been simple and pure. But this trial unhinged him, made his own life a matter of indifference to him, — made him for years reckless, despairing, and atheistic. His strength and his weakness came to him in this hour; for the death of this girl was, as Charles Sumner said, 'no accident.' Through it he learned to understand himself, and then to understand others. It was very gradually that he came to conquer the revolt of his own soul. It was that work, well done, which finally fitted him to conquer other men. It was in 1824 that he had said he *would be good*. Now, in 1835, he left New Salem, and determined, with an evident personal ambition that I have never seen ascribed to him, that he *would be great*; but in essential and absolute respects, goodness, though dropped out of sight, was the necessary law of his mind. It was from his associating his favorite poem, "O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" with the life and death of Ann Rutledge, that it kept its power over him.

At that time Springfield was little better than a bog, with about thirty log cabins, on the edge of the oak openings. Here he had probably begun to study law with A. T. Stewart before Ann's death, for he was elected as a Whig to the Legislature of Illinois in 1834. It was then, in the boggy streets of Springfield, while his election was still pending, that he first met William Herndon, a lad not fifteen years old. It has been customary to ascribe to Mr. Lincoln a *native* conviction on the subject of slavery; but, although his personal trials and position may be said to have been the indirect result of that institution, there was nothing in his mother's house to draw his attention to the fact, nor is there any reason to think that at this time it had ever crossed his mind. In his weaknesses, Mr. Lincoln was one of the people among whom he was

born; in his greatness he far transcended them; and it was his moral integrity, sustained by a rare personal honesty, which made him a Whig. It was Democratic corruption, *not* American slavery, which determined his political position in 1834, and inspired his most ardent philippics in 1839. When words ran high concerning the proposed election, there was one lad who, true to the traditions of his ancestry, knowing little enough of corruption, but hating, with all his soul, the pro-slavery tendencies and professions of the Democratic party, mounted daily the stump, in the streets of Springfield, contending against the whole boyish population in behalf of Abraham Lincoln's election. "Who are you?" said that moody man, one day, unbending to the child, — "who are you, that you are not against me, like all the rest of the boys?" "I am Colonel Day's grandson," was in substance the proud answer; and from that time, Abraham Lincoln never lost sight of Herndon. He talked with him about all political matters; and when he opened an office with Logan, he put Herndon into it to read law. From this moment, the relation between these men, one of whom was twelve years older than the other, was not so much a business' relation as one of tenderness and confidence.

To explain this, it must be understood, first, that Lincoln had in no wise outgrown the moodiness and coldness which settled on him at New Salem, — a moodiness which constantly interfered to prevent his forming any marriage connection that could have made his life happy. "I thought," said one good woman, in breaking off from him, — "I thought that his extraordinary indifference to the comfort of others grew out of selfishness or abstraction. If it was selfishness, I did not want to marry him; if it was abstraction, it was clear that he did not want to marry me!" All the lawyers who knew him at the period speak of his coldness and his entire indifference to society; but, once attracted closely, he clung to the friend,

were it man or woman, with his whole strength.

When Herndon was very young, — probably before Mr. Lincoln made his first protest in the Legislature of his State in behalf of liberty, — Lincoln once said to him: "I cannot see what makes your convictions so decided as regards the future of slavery. What tells you the thing must be rooted out?"

"I feel it in my *bones*," was Herndon's emphatic answer. "This continent is not broad enough to endure the contest between freedom and slavery!"

It was almost in these very words that Mr. Lincoln afterwards opened the great contest between Douglas and himself. From this time forward he submitted all public questions to what he called "the test of Bill Herndon's *bone philosophy*," and their arguments were close and protracted. By and by, there came a time when both he and Judge Logan were candidates for the same office, and it seemed fit that the partnership between them should be dissolved.

In spite of their close friendship, Mr. Herndon could not understand it, when Lincoln one day darted up the office stairs, and said, "Herndon, should you like to be my partner?"

"Don't laugh at me, Mr. Lincoln," was the poor fellow's sole response.

Persistent repetition of the question could hardly gain a hearing; but at last Mr. Herndon said: "Mr. Lincoln, you know I am too young, and I have no standing and no money; but if you are in earnest, there is nothing in this world that would make me so happy."

Nothing more was said till the papers were brought to Herndon to sign.

I have said that these men were very different. Herndon was poetic, ideal, speculative. He read Carlyle, Theodore Parker, Ruskin, and Emerson, and he was persistently putting these books into Lincoln's hands; but Lincoln did not like them. Herndon has also the deep, sad eyes of the pioneer, and is in his nature sensitive and perceptive like a woman. There was noth-

ing perceptive in Mr. Lincoln. He knew very little of individual men, took them at their own estimate, was not warned till he was cheated. As they grew older, he depended more and more on his partner in such matters. He did not like to study; so he would tell Herndon beforehand what authorities and illustrations he should want for his speeches, and Herndon would do the reading up.

"When I began business," said Mr. Herndon, "I saw no reason why I should not gain a true point on a false plea; but Lincoln never would have it, — he put an end to it at once. I never knew him do a mean thing or a dirty trick. During all our intercourse, we never had a word nor a quarrel. We never kept any books nor separate accounts against each other. We held each other's money constantly; but I, at least, was never wronged out of a single cent. He was the truest friend I ever had, next to my mother. When he did attach himself, he was intensely wrapt in his friend. Nothing but a demonstration of *dishonesty* would wean him: ordinary vice would not. Neither directly nor indirectly did he ever give one cent to influence an election. I have heard him refuse over and over!"

And yet, in a republican land, *he* rose to the highest office! What a rebuke to politics and politicians! Well may Illinois be proud of the "honestest man in all the West"!

An incident which occurred while I was in Mr. Lincoln's office will throw a little light on Western habits and character. I took up carelessly, as I stood thinking, a handsome octavo volume on the business table. It opened so persistently at one place, as I played with it, that I looked to see what it was, and found that somebody had thoroughly thumbed the pages of "Don Juan." Now I confess to the conviction that the world would be no worse for the entire loss of this poem. I knew Mr. Herndon was not a man to dwell on it, and it darted through my mind, with a quick sense of pain, that perhaps it had been a favorite with Mr. Lincoln.

"Did Mr. Lincoln ever read this book?" I said, hurriedly.

"That book?" said Herndon, looking up from his writing, with the utmost innocence, and taking it out of my hand. "O, yes! he read it often. It is the *office copy*!"

What would Eastern lawyers say, I wonder, to an *office copy* of Byron's poems? Or is it only that I am ignorant of them and their ways?

"Did Mr. Lincoln *never* do an unfair thing?" I once interrupted Herndon to ask; for I heard stories in Illinois that made me think it was possible that even *he* had not been immaculate, — some rumor of an ex-governor guilty of enormous frauds upon the revenue, whose retainer he had accepted.

"I cannot say he *never* did," replied Herndon, "for I remember one or two rare instances. One morning a gentleman came here and asked him to use his legal influence in a certain quarter, where Lincoln again and again assured him he had no power. I heard him refuse the five hundred dollars offered over and over again. I went out and left them together. I suppose Lincoln got tired of refusing, for he finally took the money; but he never offered any of it to me; and it was noticeable that, whenever he took money in that way, he never seemed to consider it his own or mine. In this case, he gave the money to the Germans in the town, who wanted to buy themselves a press. A few days after, he said to me, in the coolest way, 'Herndon, I gave the Germans two hundred and fifty dollars of yours the other day.' 'I am glad you did, Mr. Lincoln,' I answered. Of course I could not say I was glad he took it."

This partnership, while it developed in Herndon an intense love for Abraham Lincoln, must have had its pains as well as its pleasures. The periods of suffering, when no man could comfort him, his friend well knew how to shelter; but I am sure there must also have been times when, to excuse him, it was necessary to remember that he was unhappy. Mr. Lincoln was not a man to

make a confidant of set purpose; but in the long, lonely circuit rides, his whole heart came out to his younger friend. Herndon had married early an excellent woman, and a happy home sheltered him from all the worst temptations of his people. He was a silent, receptive person. His simplicity and personal purity invited confidence. Yet there were those jealous of his influence and character. A powerful effort was once made, on the ground of indiscretions growing out of political excitement, to separate Mr. Lincoln from him.

"By what I can hear," said the pioneer who told me this story, — "by what I can hear, Mr. Lincoln *rose ten feet tall* when they spoke to him, and, turning sharply, answered, 'Gentlemen, the man you talk of is worth you all put together. He has gone into danger for my sake.'"

The men to whom he spoke went straight from his presence into Herndon's, and it is not likely that the young man loved him any less for this outburst.

In 1854, Mr. Lincoln had a long political conversation with Mr. Herndon in reference to slavery, after which Herndon was left free to commit him to extreme ground upon the subject, or what was at that time thought extreme ground, whenever in his judgment the time was ripe for action. Directly after, in a speech at Peoria, Lincoln expressed himself against the monstrous injustice with more than his usual decision. During his absence on this very tour, I believe, Herndon drew up a call for a convention at Bloomington, "summoning together all those who wished to see the government conducted on the principles of Washington and Jefferson"; and when it appeared, the name of Abraham Lincoln was in its right place, — it led those of the prominent men of Illinois!

After breakfast, A. T. Stewart walked into the office. "Is Lincoln here?" he asked of Herndon.

"No."

"Did he see that letter, or sign it?"

"No."

"Then you've got him into a devil of a scrape," said the retreating barrister.

But Herndon, though his heart might beat quick; did not believe it. No sooner had the door closed than he sat down and wrote a long letter, explaining his motives. Mr. Lincoln was at Pekin, sixty miles north of Springfield; but on the next day's electric wire flashed back to him the words, "Billy, you've done just right!"

"Never did a man change," said Herndon, "as Lincoln did from that hour. No sooner had he planted himself right on the slavery question, than his whole soul seemed burning. He blossomed right out. Then, too, other spiritual things grew more real to him. He took hold of God as never before. The convention met at Bloomington on the 29th of May, 1856.*"

His mind, however, was long in recovering from the unbelieving position into which his early trials had forced it; and he was slow to use the language of devout faith.

I had seen a letter in Quincy, ad-

* The interest which attaches to anything connected with Mr. Lincoln's name made me very anxious to decide precisely every period of his anti-slavery development. If I have not done so, I shall be excused when I say that no one in New England, not even Governor Andrew, could definitely fix the date of the Bloomington Convention; and it was because of the failure of every attempt to get positive information in Illinois, that I at first left the matter vague. Since this article went to press, however, some details have come into my possession.

Mr. Herndon knew that Lincoln's mind was constituted judicially; he knew him to be an extremely timid man, but one who would be sure to see the right, if he were forced into a position to defend it. This timidity, or caution, was shown in a curious manner when he became a candidate for Congress in 1847. He was very anxious about his own district. I suppose there must have been fifteen towns in Sangamon County, for he had fifteen lettered blank-books distributed throughout the district, that the votes of each town might be privately registered and returned to him. He kept the Springfield register himself, writing every name and checking each one off, as the disposition of each became known to him.

In Congress his votes were, as Sumner said, "constant against slavery," but no extreme action was required. Meanwhile, the radical anti-slavery people of Illinois were half afraid to trust him. They knew Herndon well. He was not only the grandson of a practical Abolitionist, but had been with them heart and soul from the beginning. After the call for the Bloomington Convention was issued,

dressed to one of Mr. Lincoln's friends there, thanking this person for assisting him to restore the freedom of a colored man imprisoned in New Orleans. It struck me, when I read it, as a noble contrast to that letter of Washington in which *he* had thanked some Portsmouth man for trying to return a fugitive slave to Mrs. Washington. I now asked for some explanation of this letter.

"I remember it very well," said Herndon. "A man named Hinckels had brought here from Kentucky an old woman named Polly Mack. Her son, a free negro, going down to New Orleans on a steamer, had been fined and imprisoned, and was finally advertised for sale. Polly came to Mr. Lincoln with her trouble, and Lincoln wrote to Alexander P. Field, begging him to get the poor fellow off, and promising money for costs and services. There were, of course, a good many difficulties, and one day Lincoln sent me to Governor Bissell to ask his interposition. The Governor answered, that he did n't think he had any authority in the case.

to be held on the 29th of May, 1856, the following card was drawn up to secure the election of delegates:—

"We, the undersigned, citizens of Sangamon County, who are opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the present administration, and who are in favor of restoring to the general government the policy of Washington and Jefferson, would suggest the propriety of a County Convention to be held in the city of Springfield, on Saturday, the 24th day of May, at two o'clock, p. m., to appoint delegates to the Bloomington Convention.

"A. LINCOLN,

"W. H. HERNDON," and others.

Under this call Mr. Lincoln was elected a delegate, and that established him in his radical position.

"I forged his name, if you like," Mr. Herndon would say, with a queer smile: "but I knew what I was about. He stood square."

For the same reason I have desired, but in vain, to ascertain precisely what number of pioneers still exist, of pure Southern blood, in the first and second generations. All the statistics I can get mix in the Yankee element, which is quite a different thing.

A member of the Senate of Illinois writes me, that, if you take the census of his State to-day, the first generation may be found as one in 10,000, which would give about 2700 in all; and the second generation as one in 2,000, which would give about 15,000 more. I believe this number to be too small; but their early possession of the soil gave the Southern pioneers an influence which their present relation to the population does not suggest.

'By God!' said Lincoln, starting up, 'before I've done, I'll make the road so hot that he shall find authority!'"

It does not belong to me to trace the gradual development of Lincoln's character, nor to offer proof here of many things I dare to indicate. That belongs to one who loved him like a brother, and can sustain with evidence, as well as conviction, every word that he shall write. The world will wait eagerly for what he shall offer; but I must say for myself, that I find it hard to forgive those who, in their folly or their falsehood, have fabricated so much that had no foundation concerning Abraham Lincoln. Many things attributed to him as virtues were, if true, not virtues *in him*, as a close inspection of his life betrays, but were born of prudence imposed by bitter circumstance. Many other things, such as the story of his offering only *water* to the committee who came to him from Chicago when he was first nominated to the Presidency, it is hard to give up, having once accepted them; but, as is very well known in Springfield, Abraham Lincoln's parlor was on that day what any other Western parlor would have been on the like occasion. Not that he—a temperate, but not a *temperance* man—provided liquor for the townspeople; but he would have been a very different man from what the facts must represent him had he forbidden his friends to provide it.

A great change for the better had been going on in him from 1854 to 1860. But the work was slow and painful. It would have been easier had his mind had less of the judicial quality. He could not help knowing what was fair and what was unfair; and, seeing what private griefs pressed upon him at the hour of his election, any man might marvel that he kept his sweetness. He had been led by a hard, dark way; he had expiated in his own person, not only his own sins, but those of all his ancestry, as he was hereafter to expiate those of his nation. Why should he, alone of all the world, have bent under such a yoke?

When I was at Oberlin, President

Finney spoke of the extreme slowness with which Lincoln seemed to take in the Providential character of the war. "It would seem," he said, "as if any man living soberly through the first two years must have felt the Divine Presence very near. Lincoln did not, and it troubled me so that, when he gave notice that, certain conditions failing, he should publish on the 1st of January a Proclamation of Emancipation, I wrote him a letter, and begged him to treat the subject as if it were the Lord's business he was about. I don't know whether my letter did any good, or whether the Lord did it in *his own way*; but when the paper was published, I found the words I wanted. That was the first time."

Those who know Charles Finney well will understand his right to address the President, and will not think the anecdote out of place.

Meanwhile the eyes whose sadness had been born of childish pain, of lonely scepticism, took a deeper charm from a new consciousness budding in him of the relation of a man's private carriage to his public walk. He began to regret many things, and it was this inward growth going on in his own soul which made it easy for him to do in Washington pure, unselfish work.

A little before his nomination, while making political speeches in New York and Connecticut, he had received from a committee in New York a small sum of money. He took it, supposing it to be a common thing; and after his nomination it began to be told against him. Thereupon he wrote a minute account of the whole matter to political friends in Illinois. "I tell this to *you*," he said, "because I want you to know that there is no stain on my garment; but don't undertake to explain it to the enemy. If you do not answer them, their railing will soon come to an end. If you do, *they will have the best of it!*"

When he was about to leave for Washington, he went to the dingy little law office which had sheltered his saddest hours. He sat down on the couch. "Billy," said he, "you and I have

been together more than twenty years, and have never 'passed a word.' Will you let my name stay on the old sign till I come back from Washington?" The tears started to Mr. Herndon's eyes. He put out his hand. "Mr. Lincoln," said he, "I will never have any other partner while you live";—and to the day of the assassination, all the doings of the firm were in the name of Lincoln and Herndon.

It will be seen that I think this nation owes to Herndon a great debt; for it was he who first bent Mr. Lincoln's mind to the subject of slavery. Utterly refusing office at the President's hands, he kept the friend's moral power to the very last. When he went to Washington, Mr. Lincoln's face brightened. "I like to see a man who will ask me for nothing," he said cheerily. "In Springfield," said Mr. Herndon, "Lincoln has been called ungrateful, because he never gave me an office; but I wanted nothing, and *he* knew it. Once he telegraphed me from Washington, and asked if I would take a cotton judgeship in one of the South-western States. I knew what was due to him better than to refuse the President of the United States by telegraph. I responded that 'I would gladly fill any station for which he thought I was fit.' But that night I sat down and

wrote him. I told him I loved my home better than gold or cotton, and he knew it!"

When at last the fatal shot was fired, it was the "neighbors and loving friends" of Abraham Lincoln who assembled in Springfield to do his lifeless body honor. Were the words ever before used, I wonder, to summon men to the funeral of a chief magistrate? The wilderness had educated him; the wilderness had pronounced upon him; now, at last, into its broad bosom the wilderness should receive him.

The cemetery is on one of the wooded prairie ridges intersected by narrow ravines,—little used as yet, but a place of surpassing beauty. Its loneliness and breezy woodland suit the man whom they have laid here. Could he speak, he would say, "Well done!" A gradually ascending path brings us to the hillside where the body lies. A brick arch is there, capped with limestone. The red wall recedes in terraces to support vases, filled in summer-time with flowers. How convey the thoughts and emotions which throng upon one who stands before it? When the cold earth fell over him, and Mother Nature wove for him the soft coverlet of the spring grass, no heart that knew his life to the core but must give thanks in silence.

THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.

FORT SUMTER surrendered on the 13th of April. The next day was Sunday. The people of Charleston sang *Te Deum*. The people of the North made their first preparation for the five years' war.

I first saw the war as I came into Boston on Wednesday, returning to town from a journey northward. I passed up Washington Street as the Fourth Massachusetts filed out from

Boylston Hall on their way to the Fall River train, which took them towards Fort Monroe. The throng of people in the street pressed up to bid good-bye to the men, not only with cheers, but with words of personal greeting. So that the first words I heard addressed to any soldier in that conflict were the words of a parting salutation,— "Take care of yourself, George."

I have thought of it a thousand times

since. It illustrated so simply and so pleasantly the relation between the citizen who stayed at home, and the soldier who went away! There was nothing pusillanimous in it. To both those men, probably, the idea of war was that crude and original one which supposed that that whole regiment was to stand on one side of an open plain, confronting a Southern regiment at no great distance on the other, and that both regiments were to load and discharge their muskets at each other, as rapidly as possible, until all the Southern regiment were killed, and the few survivors of the other closed up their ranks and marched forward for another similar encounter. The man who stayed at home had no idea of advising the other to avoid that privilege; but, on the other hand, he wanted him to be ready for it. He wanted him to "take care of himself," so that, when this eventful day should come, he should not lose his chance to participate because he was laid up with rheumatism or malaria.

Before that week was over, the whole country was engaged in the double service which is typified in this anecdote. Everybody who had a country was either marching for its defence, or was "taking care" of those who were so marching. Women were crowding the vestries of their churches, that, as they said, the soldiers might be clothed by better work than would come out of the slop-shops. Women of the type that cannot sew were imploring Governors to find places for them for service somewhere. "For God's sake, send me somewhere. I can ride a hundred miles a day. I can keep a secret. They shall tear me to pieces, but I won't tell." "What would you sell your horse for?" said an officer to some one in Bristol County. "You are going into the service," was the reply; "the horse is yours." Any one who, as the day passed, succeeded in doing anything for the army, though he only carried a note from one doctor to another which should secure a few quills of vaccine virus for Washington, tri-

umphed over his companions in the evening. It was such a blessing to do something, and not to be told forever to stand and wait! There was intensity and vividness in those first months, such as the unfortunate Americans who were away from home will never well conceive. The agonies of parting and all the cruelty of long suspense were well compensated by the constancy, the generosity, and the faith of every hour.

"This was," says the cynic, "the passion of a beginning, and of course it faded out before the certainties of war, — before such stern realities and such hard stupidities as are in bloody defeats, or in Offices of Circumlocution, or in the intrigues of commanders, or in hope deferred." No, Mr. Sceptic, that fire never burned out till the end. Perhaps it grew more quiet as it grew more hot. In the certain glow of its white heat there was not so much snapping and crackling as when the match was first put to the dry kindling; but it was a steady fire, right through. For this war was not made by a government; it was made by a people. From the beginning, the administration had to be held up, not to say driven up, by the people, till at last it learned the blessed lesson that, with such a people in earnest, it was easier to go on than to stand still. The army was kept full, because there was a people behind resolved that the army should be kept full. What was more, the army was always alive with the people's life, inspired with the people's inspiration, and determined with the people's determination. The croakers undertook to tell us at one time that the army was fighting for the Union, and not for emancipation; but it proved that, just as soon as the people had determined on emancipation, the army had determined on it as well. They used to tell us sometimes that the army would only serve under General Harmodius or General Aristogeiton; but it always proved that if, right or wrong, the people chose to remove these officers, the army chose to have them removed. The army was

the people in one of its organizations ; just as the literary class of America is the people, so far forth as the people can read and write, so was the army of America the people, in so far forth as the people could march, encamp, load, and fire. A certain brazen criticism, mixed of coppery prejudice and leaden dullness, chooses to tell us sometimes that the literary class in America should oppose itself to the determination of the people. Critics, with that same tone, told us in the war that the army would oppose itself to the people. The whole of this is moonshine : the army was the people, — bone of its bone, blood of its blood, and brain of its brain ; and the people cared for the army from the beginning, as, from the beginning, the army cared for the people, — as the right arm cares for the left in the nobler application of Menenius Agrippa's parable, — as the eye cares for the hand in that noblest application of it made by St. Paul. "When a free people makes a great war," all those old superstitions and analogies may be dropped out of memory, which are founded on what happens when great sovereigns make little wars. George III. exhausted the resources of England in sending less than five thousand men a year to America, and at the end of seven years had worn out the enthusiasm which had given his ministry unanimous support in the beginning. That is what happens when kings make little wars. But when a free people makes a great war, its persistency gains as it gains in experience. It avoids the blunders of the beginning ; it presses the right agents into the right places ; it tramples down the incompetent ones, and makes of them pavement and causeway, over which it marches in the prosecution of its purpose. When the sovereign takes the field in person, we expect Austerlitz and Solferino, if only he be a real sovereign, — one who holds, to the weakest sinew, all the resources of his land. We have a right to expect so much, if only he has had time and occasion to learn the science of war.

Now that it is all over, it is very easy

to lie on a sofa and say this, or even to sit at a desk and write it. But when the war began, there needed prescience and inspiration, to arrange all the means by which the people should reinforce the army by its spirit, and the army encourage the people by its information. To make sure that by no accident and by no purpose should the army be parted from the people, or the people from the army, was the central necessity. In Cromwell's time, the people got tired of the army, and so the army was not true to the people. Even in Washington's time, the army was discontented with the people, and the people were often unfair to the army. In our time, the necessity was to save the inspiration of the beginning, its enthusiasm and its generosity, that no official indifference might cool it, nor any discouragement or failure, — that the people might all along work with the army and for the army, and, from the beginning to the end, regard it as its own child, as its own brother, as itself in arms.

Easy to say this, now the whole is over. The men who foresaw what we see, and who set in order the methods by which popular enthusiasm steadily displayed itself in a current, always enlarging till the war was done, were the founders of the *United States Sanitary Commission*. When they began, they had nobody to help them and everybody to thwart them. Before they had done, they had imitators without number, eager to do their work, and glad to take their name. But this was one of those fortunate causes where rivals cannot hurt, where every workman can take hold. The more the merrier and the better. To the systems of popular enthusiasm thus organized and made efficient was the constantly increasing popularity of the war largely due. If, as might well have happened, every local endeavor of ignorant patriotism had, at its birth, been strangled by official red-tape, or knocked in the head by official arrogance, it is easy to see that, from a hundred thousand separate discouragements, there

might have sprung sad, and even angry jealousy, which might perhaps have parted the people from the people's cause. Nothing is so dangerous to popular enthusiasm as to tell excited men and women, eager to help, that they can do nothing but to suffer and be strong. Everything was gained by the American people when the men and women at home were taught how they might go to work, or when they saw with their own eyes that their work was systematic and cumulative, and made a contribution distinct and considerable to the great single end.

All this is called to mind to-day, because we have now the first volume of the official history of the Sanitary Commission. This volume, a general history, is written by Mr. Stillé, the author of that celebrated pamphlet, "How a Free People conduct a Great War," to which I have already alluded. There are to be two more distinct parts of this history, namely, a narrative of the Commission's special-relief service, and an account of the practical working of its supply-system. There will be other publications of the valuable statistics which it has collected, in addition to those which are in print already. For any future war, and, more than that, for any proper understanding of this, all these volumes will be of service second only to the service which the Commission has rendered the country already; and looking back on the war, and looking forward on the peace, one cannot help wishing that there might be one copy of this book placed in each of the original centres of work and of prayers which are scattered over all the land. Here were thousands on thousands of branch societies, so many bubbling fountains of clear blessing, which was to flow in channels, growing wider and wider, till it enlarged the great river of a nation's benevolence. To each of these societies there came back letters from the camp, from each there went forth comfort and hope to the soldier. Mr. Stillé's book ought to be read in each of them, as eagerly as the camp letters were, or the bulletins of the dead and

wounded, if only as evidence that the comfort and hope were not sent in vain.

If anybody supposes that, because the Sanitary Commission is called a Commission, any branch of the government, of its own motion, commissioned these members for their great work, he is wholly mistaken. He will study with profit Mr. Stillé's painful, yet amusing chapter on the difficulty which the Commission found in getting born. Its founders, Dr. Bellows, Dr. Van Buren, Dr. Agnew, Dr. Harsen, and Dr. Harris, went to Washington in those early days of passionate, ignorant enthusiasm, officially representing certain societies in New York, really representing the deep-seated determination of the whole people to take care of the army. Now, in the best of times, Washington is the point in the United States most ignorant of the real spirit and purpose of the American people. Washington has a good deal to do in detail, always enjoys the presence of a large number of men of ability, is always interested in the affairs which it is transacting, and is always careless, in proportion, of what is going on outside its walls. This is probably true of all capitals. But where, as London or Paris or Peking, the capital itself contains almost all the leading men of the country, certainly all its real governors, the capital's ignorance of what is going on in the provinces is a matter of comparatively little consequence. At Washington, however, the capital consists simply of the Bureaux of Administration, superintended by the chief clerk, who is called the President, all elected by the governing power of a public opinion whose centres are hundreds of miles away. A placid ignorance in such a city as to the currents of that public opinion is inconvenient.

So the authors of the Sanitary Commission found it, when, early in May, 1861, they came to Washington. The Surgeon-General of the army was still under the impression that the very complicated machinery which had kept in admirable health fifteen thousand

men of the regular army, — with whom indeed the government had scarcely anything to do but to move them from one healthy post to another, as the state of their lungs, their digestion, or their spirits might require, — that this system would work just as well for an army of immense proportions, suddenly raised for the active operations of the field. They found every department of the government overwhelmed with work, feeling its way in the dark, in exigencies absolutely new, and sensitive, in proportion, to criticism and advice. It is as well to add, that this country suffered terribly in that crisis, as indeed it suffers chronically, from its habit of appointing officers of administration, not from any fitness for their service, but as compensation for services which they have rendered to the successful party in the Presidential election. Because a man made a series of good speeches in Shakomin County, he shall superintend the distribution of naval stores, or have it in his power to say that the pontoons shall not be at a certain river at a certain time. Yet again, these gentlemen from New York found the impression, which is very widely spread among second-rate people at Washington, that they did not want what they asked for, but had some selfish purpose concealed. One of the Secretaries — it is easy to guess who — frankly stated this to them. “The President himself,” says Mr. Stillé, “with all his humane instincts, could not understand the necessity for such an organization as they proposed, and regarded its establishment as adding a fifth wheel to the coach.” The highest officers of government thought the whole plan impracticable, and only appointed the Commission in deference to severe pressure, as a “Commission of Inquiry and Advice in Respect of the Sanitary Interests of the United States Forces,” limiting its offices as severely as they dared, and, in particular, confining its service, as far as possible, to the volunteers. They regarded the regular army as something too sacred for such interference. Perhaps it was in the long

hours of waiting in the anterooms of the great, in those indifferent days of 1861, that the Commission took the idea for one of its admirable after-arrangements, in which there is a touch of humor. For disabled soldiers waiting their turn at the paymaster’s office, the Commission, long afterwards, provided its own anterooms, in which breakfasts, dinners, and suppers were served for these unwilling courtiers, as they waited for their turn to come. Is not this the perfection of a service, which seeks to supplement the provisions of officials?

It should be understood, then, by all students of the war, that the Sanitary Commission never had any such official power as the English Sanitary Commission which was sent out to the Crimea, and from which it took its name. That Commission found the English army with a death-rate of sixty per cent per annum. There was need for something to correct that, and they had, virtually, absolute power given them to carry out their instructions. Mr. Stillé pronounces the result of their labors to be “perhaps the grandest contribution ever made by science to the practical art of preserving health among men required to live together in large masses.” Dr. Joseph Sargent of Worcester, in his valuable little paper, says that that death-rate of sixty per cent per annum was reduced to one and one seventh per cent. The United States Sanitary Commission had no such authority given to it. Its members did not want any such authority: no such dictatorship was ever needed. It occupied, from the very beginning, the nobler position of a board voluntarily representing the sympathy and determination of a people at work, from the beginning, to arrest in the very fountain the poisons which would else have carried death wherever they flowed. This service of prevention the Commission never abandoned. It is a service a thousand times more precious than a service of cure. We believe that even the statistics would show, beyond dispute, that this Commission arrested

disease with majesty and success such as even the English Commission would not claim. It had, providentially, all the stores of their experience to draw from. However this may be, it should be chiefly remembered for a higher honor,—that it nipped in the bud miseries which therefore never came to blossom, and have therefore, happily, left no record of themselves, either to be tabled in statistics or to be wired into the wreaths of the Commission's laurels.

This office of "the Sanitary" may be inferred all along from Mr. Stillé's book, which, however, does not profess to deal with this subject so largely as with its more active and visible operations. None the less is it the most important office of all, and probably the lack of official character in the Commission is by no means to be regretted, in considering the work of prevention in the case of such an army and such a people as ours. All of us stand advice from any one else more easily than from our servants; and we believe this country and the volunteer army, who, as we have said, were the country, took the advice given them by the Sanitary Commission more kindly than they would have taken it from any official medical bureau. However this may be, it is certain that no medical bureau would ever have taken hold of the offices of advice and instruction which the Commission attempted and discharged. For a single instance, it issued seventeen military, medical, and surgical essays, prepared, expressly for use in the service, by medical men,—army surgeons or others. Now there is no reason why a government, as a government, should not do this same thing. But, in point of fact, no government ever did do such a thing, and it will be long before any government ever will. It would be easy, again, for an accomplished army surgeon to say that he knew his business already, and did not want to be taught it by volunteers. Yet any medical man of true spirit would be glad to know what Dr. Mott would choose to write on hemorrhage under such an im-

pulse; or what, after long observation with armies, Dr. Hammond would write on scurvy; or any of the rest, from the list of whom we select these names. Certainly, to the surgeon or assistant-surgeon suddenly called from practice in civil life, be he as learned as you please, there is an advantage in such a camp library of monographs on special camp difficulties, which he may not choose to acknowledge, but which, whether he is conscious of it or not, everybody else will understand. What opportunity for studying gunshot wounds, for instance, had most physicians who went into the army from New England? or how much could they have seen, in familiar practice, of malaria, or even of scurvy?

If one may speak thus of the surgical staff of a large volunteer army, how much more may the same thing be said of other officers! When the war began, how few men understood that the first, second, and last duty of a military officer is to take care of his men! With perfect reverence, let it be said, that his report, on any day when his conscience calls him to judgment, should be like his Master's, "Those that thou gavest me have I kept." Yet this fundamental necessity in the science of war scarcely entered into the idea of the people when the war began. The theory seemed to be that every man could of course take care of himself, and, almost, that it was the officers' duty to throw the men's lives away. The suffering of the volunteer regiments for food, before they had left home twenty-four hours, showed how little their officers yet understood of the first duty they had toward the men.

In a very few months this ignorance of duty was greatly changed; and, till the war ended, the country understood what was expected of officers in this matter. Persons interested in the army were constantly discussing measures of prevention and of treatment. Even the press was discussing, with a good deal of intelligence, the details necessary for the proper care of the soldier. The reports, favorable or unfavorable, of particular movements or encampments,

devoted more and more consideration to that specific subject. The practical mind of the country seized on it, and wrought out every contrivance possible for securing results of value. The consequence was a steady improvement in the officers themselves, even before they went to the field, with a determination, on their part, that the complaints of the beginning should not be made regarding them. Even the men were more ready to avail themselves of sanitary regulation. The mere fact that the word "Sanitary" was brought into every hamlet, and played its part in all conversation, was a very important fact. The connection which the people had with the army was in a very large walk of experience, carried on through "Sanitary" agencies. To this hour, therefore, the "Sanitary" looms up in the eye of people at home as a bureau vastly larger than any other bureau of administration. Most people now would be disgusted and disappointed, if they were told that the money expenses of the "Sanitary" were not one thousandth part of the expenses of the war. This prominence given to a word gave, of necessity, prominence to an idea; and after this Commission was well at work, the American people held that idea steadily in mind,—that no sum was too large to spend, and no law too stringent to enforce, which would preserve the health of the soldier.

"The higher sphere of sanitary care has only just been entered." These are the words of Dr. Sargent, in the paper we have already alluded to. "An army, in its vital aspect, is in time of war an aggregate of healthy and effective men subject to unusual exposure. This is the theoretical condition, and should be the actual. The aggregation and the exposure are evils which we cannot avoid, but may modify. The management of these involves our *science of prevention*, and should be kept foremost, in spite of the superstitious folly of the people, who clamor for treatment, not recognizing that prevention should mostly supersede treatment,

making it unnecessary." Such cautions as this, addressed to people, officers, and everybody, as the war went on, worked their effect. And the American people no longer believes that an army in war is like an army at the theatre, which only rushes on the stage to fight, and may be forgotten as soon as the fight is over.

If no agent or inspector of the Sanitary Commission had ever gone to the camps or to the front, if the government had kept the officers of the Commission away from the army as sedulously as there is reason to believe some persons at Washington would have been glad to do at the beginning, still, the Commission could and would have wrought among the people at home all the preventive work which we have indicated, of which alone the results were beyond any calculation.

But, very fortunately, its hard-earned "Commission" gave it the privilege of inquiry and inspection; and it intrusted this privilege to a very competent set of officers, making very few mistakes in their appointment. Of course, the army had its own inspectors; the Medical Bureau, of course, made its inspections, and would have done so under any circumstances. But besides their "inspections," here was always a possible inspection to be made at any moment by another board. Now, officers of the army, military or medical, might affect to despise this volunteer inspection, or not. Despised or not, it was an inspection by officers of the people; and the people is the sovereign of this country. The fact that it was possible, therefore, had a constant effect. That effect, probably, was quite as large in districts, camps, or divisions where the "Sanitary" was not favorably regarded as where it was. Or perhaps it would be more safe to say that, because the American people was well aroused about the sanitary condition of the army, all grades of officers were determined that they would not be found asleep to that subject, and that they would be ready to face any inspection which might come along. Certain it is, that, to the very

close, there was more and more sanitary skill and precaution shown. Things were done which never would have been done, if there had not been at home this steady determination that the soldier should be cared for, expressing itself in a well-provided systematic organization. When, since war began, were the hospitals of an army steadily supplied with early green peas from a market a hundred and fifty miles away? That was done in this war, and done by the Medical Bureau, from government funds, without any help from volunteers. There is a legend,—resting on fact, I do not doubt,—that in the Department of the Gulf two thousand palm-leaf fans were bought at one time to keep flies off of men in hospital, and two thousand black boys hired to use the fans. Something of this sort, enough to found the legend on, was done by the government, without the agency of the “Sanitary.” But did any government ever go into such luxuries before? When, towards the end of the war, a spirited surgeon took you into his hospital-supply room, and showed you luxuries you never saw before, even in your grandmother’s pantry, and said, in triumph, “You see we do not need the ‘Sanitary’ here,” it was always fair to ask him in reply, if, on his conscience, he believed that he would have had all those stores, if the “Sanitary” had not been somewhere.

In point of fact, however, the Sanitary Commission was almost always on good terms with every branch of administration,—in general, on cordial terms with all. Officers of the army, including those of the medical staff, found out that nobody wanted to interfere in what was none of his business,—found out that there was a method of appeal to the people in those matters where popular feeling or popular charity was needed to supplement provisions made by statute.

The Commission’s practical work of inspection was set in order by the appointment of six permanent inspectors, just after the battle of Bull Run. They were thoroughly well chosen, were al-

most universally received with courtesy, and their suggestions listened to with interest and attention. The Commission was soon satisfied, however, that much more vigorous inspection than theirs would be needed for the reform of the sanitary condition of the volunteers; and to their persistent and systematic endeavor was due at last the act to reorganize the medical department of the army, which passed Congress, April 18, 1862. If the Commission had never done anything but insist on the measure of reform effected by this law, its work would have justified its organization. So far as the matter of inspection went, eight medical inspectors were provided for by the act; and Mr. Stillé says, that “far larger powers of remedying evils were supposed to have been conferred upon them by it, than they ever actually exercised in practice.” With this new organization of the Medical Bureau the most serious anxiety which thoughtful men felt as to the condition of the army was allayed. And although, to this hour, the reforms which the best officers on the medical staff would be glad to see have never been fully authorized by statute, yet the Medical Bureau is a very different institution, both for prevention and efficiency, from what it was when the war began.

The Commission, however, when this act passed, was only at the beginning of its successful career. Keeping always in view the health of the soldier, its business was always to supply any deficiency which might exist in the official administration relating to him. If the statute was insufficient, it was the business of the “Sanitary” to fill up all gaps till the statute could be changed. If the executive in any branch was lukewarm, it was the business of the Commission to fill up all gaps till the executive could be fired. How well it did this, all of us remember. We were all of us at home made to work and subscribe, now for one object and now for another. But as soon as the government could assume any subject, the activity and resolution of the people were directed into another channel, new

to the government. The certainty in people's minds, that, in their self-denial and exertion, they were at work for practical results, did everything towards maintaining to the last the first enthusiasm of the war, and keeping it from cooling.

Mr. Stillé cannot go into much detail in the narrative of the thousand agencies by which this success was attained. He has left the branches to tell their own stories, — stories which, in other times, would be called themselves the reports of immense charities. In nineteen different chapters, he speaks of almost as many different departments of activity and duty. For the detail we must look to such narratives as Mr. Reed's "Hospital Sketches," Miss Alcott's bright letters, or Miss Wormley's narrative; and we hope that the various memorial societies will give us many more. The Commission worked from the first with a promptness which was still systematic. Organized for inquiry and advice, it used the results of its inquiries with great readiness, and it gave its advice in some very distinctly practical forms. If everybody who offers good advice would go about it with as much real purpose as the "Sanitary" did, when it established refreshment lodges all along through the wilderness in the rear of the Army of the West, there would be much less grumbling about advice than there is. That was the "Sanitary's" way of "advising" the government that it was well to have some such posts for the relief and rest of stragglers.

The various methods of administration that opened as the war went on are grouped by Mr. Stillé under the general heads of "Inspection of Camps and Hospitals," "Hospital Transport Service," "Supplemental Hospital Supplies," "General Relief," "Battle-Field Relief," "Special Relief Service," "The Bureau of Vital Statistics," and the "Hospital Directory." It is very doubtful whether the community at large ever understood what system was made up by these various services, why it was necessary that the Sanitary Commis-

sion should undertake them, or indeed that the Sanitary Commission should undertake them at all. But there are a good many things which the community at large never understands; and in almost every village through the loyal States, there were two or three business-like women, and one or two business-like men, who did understand very thoroughly what the Commission was doing; and, from first to last, the public had a very firm confidence that the Commission knew what it was about, and was doing the right thing. The public, meanwhile, was swayed successively by a good many fantastic delusions about war. First was the lint fever; then there was the Havelock mania, which lasted well into the first summer. There was a chronic impression, not yet changed, that sweet jellies, packed in glass, were a specific against all diseases. There always was great ignorance as to the duties of hospital nurses. All these hallucinations had to be gently and kindly borne with and treated, while the determined spirit which appeared in all was guided into manifestations more valuable. For all that was done, however, in the effort to instruct people in such matters, it is probable now that the general impression is, that the Sanitary Commission was an organization engaged in distributing to the army such provisions as do not come within the soldier's ration, and such hospital stores and under-clothing as the government never provided.

It is true that the "Sanitary" did distribute a vast amount of such supplies. Because they were visible and cumbrous, people saw them, and took the impression that the "Sanitary" did little else. But the office of collecting and distributing such supplies was only a small part of its original plan, and, while always an indispensable accessory in all its movements, should always be remembered as accessory to such movements and forming a part of them. It is easy to conceive of the indignation of some medical officer in a foreign service, if he were simply told

that an immense popular movement, supplied simply by voluntary contributions, furnished the hospital stores of the American army. He would say, and say justly, that that must be a very wretched administration, not fit to live, which did not provide hospital stores in abundance for its own service. But if you asked such a man whether the best medical staff in the world, acting under the most absolute government, ever established depots far in the rear of the army simply for stragglers, recruits, furloughed men, or men discharged, to relieve their inevitable sufferings, and to help them backward or forward, he would say, "No." He would say that it was impossible. He would say that these men must take their chance of getting such relief as they could from the people. If then you asked him whether the people would not be wise in making accurate organization to secure such relief, he would instantly assent. He would see, in a word, that you were thus carrying out the central and vital principle of all public administration which deals with the relief of suffering. That principle is this, — that the state must furnish the funds, the most of the machinery, and the general system, with the regularity and certainty with which the planets move. But the state cannot deal with exceptions, and must not try to ; and the exceptional care, the personal tenderness, with all the blessings of sympathy and all spiritual help, will and must be added in any Christian country by the enthusiasm and by the ingenuity of volunteers.

To supplement the operations of the government, then, became from the first the object and determination of the Commission. To do this in a thoroughly systematic way, so as to command the respect of business men in the army and the navy, to retain its own respect and the respect of a keen-eyed community at the same time, was the first necessity. Its first victory was in attaining this necessity. It owed that victory largely to the admirable executive powers of its first general

secretary, Mr. Frederic Law Olmsted. He had engaged in the work with an enthusiasm of exactly the type of Winthrop's, or Shaw's, or any paladin's of them all, and he had the rare chance given to him, and the rarer power, to show that in the methods of office administration, in the instruction and inspiration of clerks and deputies and agents, in keeping up and alive all the varied branches of a wide system of administration, such enthusiasm may be expended just as fitly as in a charge at the head of a squadron. He was admirably seconded. Although the Sanitary Commission never stumbled into the blunder of relying on volunteer assistance for regular daily work which must be done, and, if wrong, must be criticised,—although it therefore always paid salaries to its regular officers,—yet in the higher grades of its service all these officers were in reality volunteers, as Mr. Olmsted was, and the members of the Commission. It is the universal remark of persons who were fortunate enough to serve under them or with them, that here was a very remarkable body of men, men of a high type, whether measured by the test of moral purpose, or by the tests of executive ability, or by the more convenient standard of success. From first to last, whether in collecting funds, in the details of office duty in devising practicable plans for others, or in the actual business of relieving the sick and the dying, the Sanitary Commission always had a marvellous faculty for getting things done. It owed this faculty, which in a finite world is a very valuable one, to the remarkable characteristics of the men who occupied its most important positions of administration.

I have no space in which to attempt any description in detail of the various lines of work done by these spirited people. In Mr. Stillé's book, the stories are very well told, and in Mr. Frank Moore's book of "Anecdotes of the War" are some of what Miss Cobbe would call the Broken Lights of the foreground. Such stories, coming just

on the outside of the mechanism of war, all alive with enthusiasm and self-devotion, will be wrought into ballads and dramas and novels and magazine stories for hundreds of years, and the victories of the "Sanitary," as recorded by Mr. Stillé, will stand out as pure gold, when a good deal of hay and stubble, which made much show in the special despatches of "our own correspondents" have been blown away or burnt away. Civilization takes a great step forward, Christianity asserts one more of its claims for practical respect, when a nation roused to enthusiasm by such victories as Grant's, and determined to show its gratitude to its heroes, sends them potatoes and lemons, rather than palms and laurels. Such was always the echo of every announcement either of victory or defeat. When Vicksburg fell, "Pittsburg sent forward five hundred barrels of potatoes, with other choice stores. Cleveland and Buffalo sent timely donations. The Cincinnati branch fitted out a fine steamer, with a full corps of surgeons and nurses, fully supplied. The New Albany branch forwarded supplies by the steamer Atlantic. The Upper Mississippi towns loaded the steamer Dunleith. The Kentucky branch chartered the finest boat on the river, the Jacob Strader; the committee placed on her sixteen surgeons and attendants; and the Kentucky and Chicago branch loaded her with ice, vegetables, fruits, garments, and other things adapted to promote the welfare of the sick and wounded." The Rebels used to taunt us with the assistance the gunboats gave our armies, — what dear old Abe called Uncle Sam's "web-feet." But one must have been a malignant rebel to grumble, when one of these hospital boats came up, before the smoke of battle had blown away, ready at the moment to take on board friend or foe, and to provide for them with arrangements which could really be scarcely improved upon, could one choose, the whole world over, the site of his hospital. A Mississippi boat, with its open ventilation and its space so near-

ly unlimited, has advantages for a hospital which many a distinguished European surgeon, shut up in some time-honored building of Paris or Vienna, might envy. Aladdin himself could hardly have done anything more wonderful than was the appearance of the Sanitary boats and those of the Western Commission at Shiloh, almost before the pursuit of the enemy was over. Think of taking your wounded to the rear, in the midst of a wilderness, and finding at the river-side these great hospital steamers, with their long rows of beds ready for your patients, — surgeons, nurses, and stores, all in place and order, as complete as if you were carrying a man with a broken leg to an old city hospital in Boston, in New York, or in London! When you once had your wounded man on one of these hospital boats, he was of course all ready to be carried to any one of the government's admirable hospitals, in the twenty States not molested by war, which we came to call "the rear." The experience of Shiloh led to a very thorough organization of hospital transport at the West. The difficulties which arose on the Chesapeake, after horrible suffering, brought about an improved system in the East, and the studies of Dr. Harris in the Commission resulted finally in the establishment of the system of hospital cars for the railways, on which, before the war was over, two hundred and twenty-five thousand sick and wounded soldiers were carried to the rear.

Has it ever happened to the reader to go twenty-four hours in active life without eating anything, and without drinking anything but water? If it has, he will understand why the column of English troops retreating from Cabul tumbled all to pieces at the end of a day when they had had no rations, and why something like that happens to all armies under similar conditions. Just imagine, then, the condition of stragglers, whether from a single regiment or from an army, who are left behind on a forced march, or perhaps arrive at a railway station too late for

the military train. If you miss your train in civil life, you go home for another day. Your wife and children are glad to see you, and you thank the kind destinies which have kept you twenty-four hours more from the miseries of travel. But, suppose you are in the 99th Minnesota, and that, when that regiment moved into Washington from camp, you were left standing sentry over four hundred and sixty-seven axe-handles, and directed to wait there, like another Casabianca, till the advance of the 11th "Varnished Rebels" relieved you. Suppose, after you were relieved, you hurried after the regiment, and arrived just in time to see the transport sweep down the Potomac as you came out on the Sixth Street Wharf. Suppose you had not been paid off for four months, and then had remitted all your pay to Mary Ann of South Stillwater, Minnesota. Suppose your relief from the axe-handles had come so late that it was now half past six in the evening, and you had had nothing to eat since five that morning; but had kept guard seven hours, and hurried after the regiment as well as you could in the remaining six. Were the world absolutely perfect, you would in that case walk up to the White House, ring the door-bell, and invite yourself to tea with Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, entertaining them with your story, and saying to Mrs. Lincoln that you would trouble her for a slice of cold beef, if there happened to be any in the pantry. You would spend the night in the blue chamber, and the next morning the President would give you a pass to Fort Monroe. But as a world in which we make wars is not yet absolutely perfect, the practical arrangement made for you, under any such circumstances, was that of the Sanitary Commission, and you would go, in any such case, not to the White House, but to the Soldiers' Home, instituted by Mr. Frederic Knapp, who afterwards succeeded Mr. Frederic Law Olmsted as secretary of the Commission.

As early as the 21st of June, 1861, the Commission called the attention of

the government to the necessity of providing for the exhausted men of regiments arriving at Washington. But nothing practical had been done when, on the 9th of August, Mr. Knapp found in the cars at the Washington station "thirty-six sick men of an Indiana regiment, apparently abandoned by their comrades, who had moved out to their camp. These men were so utterly unprovided for, that during twenty-four hours they had had nothing to eat but a few crackers. This large-hearted man, as quick in action as he was generous in impulse, procured from a boarding-house close by two pailfuls of tea, and soft bread and butter, with which he refreshed and made comfortable these exhausted men, until their surgeon, who, so far from abandoning them, had been absent many hours striving in vain to find some means of removing them to a hospital, returned. Thus began the Sanitary Commission's work of Special Relief, and thus were given the first of the four million five hundred thousand meals provided by it during the war, for sick and hungry soldiers." The Soldiers' Home was established at Washington, and forty different homes were established at various points over the field of operations of the Commission. Their duties were to provide with medicines, food, and care, sick men who did not need to go to a general hospital, and discharged soldiers; to act as agents and unpaid attorneys for discharged soldiers; to look into their condition when they assumed to have no means to go home; to see that they did go home; to make them reasonably comfortable and clean; to be prepared for the exigency of the arrival of sick men in large numbers; and to keep a watch on soldiers out of hospitals, yet not in service. Very carefully guarded, lest they should furnish excuses for straggling, the homes or lodges furnished four millions and a half of meals, provided a million of night's lodgings, and gave the soldier assistance in collecting from government nearly two millions and a half of his wages. This is only one of the

departments of the special relief service. In this paper, it is impossible to describe the feeding stations, the special relief at convalescent camps, the relief of men returning from Rebel prisons, that wonderful hospital directory, the pension bureau and war-claim agency of the Commission, and indeed many other of the services which were included under its Special Relief administration. They all showed ingenuity and the readiness of spirited men, governed by that strict system that the regular army itself did not surpass, which always regulated the work of the Commission.

Mr. Stillé's book is, properly speaking, a history of the Commission itself, — of the work, namely, directed by the eight or ten men who were the Sanitary Commission. He does not attempt to give the history of the work done by the thousands of branches, of every name and order. With one or two exceptions, he does not go into the history of the methods of raising funds for the service of the Commission. He is limited, of course, in the details which he can give of the service rendered. The book is the history of the work of the Commission in its chief departments. It is a complete answer, therefore, to the question of all the incredulous people, either of the type of Thomas or of the type of Judas, who used to ask, almost from hour to hour, "Where does all the money go to?" People of this type exist everywhere. "My husband is an excellent person," said one of the saints of this world; "but he never could tell what a woman wanted with a five-dollar bill." There were people, with such a passion for "husbanding," that they could never tell what the Sanitary wanted to do with five million dollars. In Mr. Stillé's book is the complete answer, treasurer's returns and all, for any who choose to get an answer to their question.

In one chapter — the most picturesque and vivid, perhaps, in the book — Dr. Bellows gives a narrative of the grand California contributions, which, with such exquisite poetical fitness,

came in with their solid weight of gold just when they were most needed. This is the chief exception, where in this book we get a bit of the romance, for it is nothing less, which, in this greatest of charities, attended the usually prosaic business of collecting the funds. Dr. Bellows is popularly and justly held to be the author of the Sanitary Commission. He may do what he pleases in other fields, but this is the title by which he will always be known, the country through. The work of a lifetime in the ministry of a large city, with special study of the prevention as well as the cure of social evil, was enough, apparently, to determine him from the beginning, that the army should never be left to the costly processes of cure, where an ounce of prevention could be served out so readily. His unflinching enthusiasm overwhelmed sticklers and doubters at Washington; or, as Olney says so well, "his tremendous emotional force carries him through brains and hearts alike." He has the reputation for a skill at organization, which is probably so far true, that he knows that it is best to get the best men you can, and then to trust them to carry out their own plans in the way in which they can best work in them. As working men of ability infallibly work on system, he is willing to trust the system or plan of the men with whom he works. But from all the elasticity of the "Sanitary's" work and processes, it is very evident that its president was never bigoted in clinging to his own particular methods, if only the thing itself were done. Like most men placed in responsible posts in a world which must be got forward somehow, he probably believes that, where no moral question is involved in the decision, it is generally better to do a thing than to refuse to do it. To this faith, which in practice is called energy, the activity and the triumph of the "Sanitary" are largely due.

California had won eternal blessings by sending to the "Sanitary," in the hour of its greatest need, first, one hundred thousand dollars, and in rapid

succession, three hundred and twenty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-five dollars more in the short space of thirteen months. There was a charming poem published at the time, in which the writer, with great feeling, said,—what we believe California felt heartily,—that because they might not give their iron, they would give their gold. A contribution so magnificent, of near half a million, would have been California's fair share, perhaps. But when the "Sanitary" for its largest work needed most money, it appealed to California again, and California pledged two hundred thousand more in monthly instalments. Our dear friend, Starr King, had proposed himself to canvass the State, county by county, to secure this result. He died. It was then that Dr. Bellows himself visited California, and by his own presence and influence assisted largely in the magnificent movement which he describes so well. Some of the funniest things that ever were done relieved with humor the uprising of the people of the Pacific coast, and some sacrifices of the most tender pathos gave solemnity to its history. The result of the

effort and enthusiasm was the contribution of one million four hundred and seventy-three thousand four hundred and seven dollars from the Americans of the Pacific coast and islands to the treasury of the Commission. Dr. Bellows's narrative, including the San Francisco report, furnishes one of the most suggestive, as it is one of the most entertaining, chapters of American history.

I have not said a word of the terrible details of battle-fields; nothing of the wonderful statistical work of the Commission; nothing of the ingenious, steady work of the local branches; nothing of the fairs, which, with all their flutter and filigree, netted two million seven hundred and thirty-six thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight dollars to the great cause. The history of each of these details will be a part of the history of the country, which no careful student of democratic government may neglect to study. Mr. Stillé's volume, which has been my chief authority, will make us all long to see more of the official history of what we already begin to call "THE DEAR OLD SANITARY."

THE HAUNTED WINDOW.

IT was always a mystery to me where Severance got his precise combination of qualities. His father was simply what is called a handsome man, with stately figure and curly black hair, not without a certain dignity of manner, but with a face so shallow that it did not even seem to ripple, and with a voice so prosy that, when he spoke of the sky, you wished there were no such thing. His mother was a fair, little, pallid creature,—wash-blond, as they say of lace,—patient, meek, and always fatigued and fatiguing. But Severance, as I first knew him, was the soul of activity. He had dark eyes, that

had a great deal of light in them, without corresponding depth; his hair was dark, straight, and very soft; his mouth expressed sweetness, without much strength; he talked well; and though he was apt to have a wandering look, as if his thoughts were laying a submarine cable to another continent, yet the young girls were always glad to have the semblance of conversation with him in this. To me he was in the last degree lovable. He had just enough of that subtle quality called genius, perhaps, to spoil first his companions, and then himself. His words had weight with you, though you might

know yourself wiser ; and if you went to give him the most reasonable advice, you were suddenly seized with a slight paralysis of the tongue. Thus it was, at any rate, with me. We were cemented therefore by the firmest ties, — a nominal seniority on my part, and a substantial supremacy on his.

We lodged one summer at an old house in that odd suburb of Oldport called "The Point." It is well known that Oldport needs nothing to complete its attractions, except that it should be taken up and removed to the seaside ; as "The Point" is the only part of that watering-place where it does not require a handsome income to keep within sight of the water. It is naturally, therefore, a sort of Artists' Quarter of the town, frequented by a class of summer visitors more addicted to sailing and sketching than to driving and bowing, — persons who do not object to simple fare, and can live, as one of them said, on potatoes and Point. Here Severance and I made our summer home, basking in the delicious sunshine of the lovely bay. The bare outlines around Oldport sometimes dismay the stranger, but soon fascinate. Nowhere does one feel bareness so little, because there is no sharpness of perspective ; everything shimmers in the moist atmosphere ; the islands are all glamour and mirage ; and the undulating hills of the horizon seem each like the soft arched back of some pet animal, and you long to caress them with your hand. At last your thoughts begin to swim also, and pass into vague fancies, which you also love to caress. Severance and I were constantly afloat, body and mind. He was a perfect sailor, and had that dreaminess in his nature which matches with nothing but the ripple of the waves. Still, I could not hide from myself that he was a changed man since that voyage in search of health from which he had just returned. His mother talked in her humdrum way about heart disease ; and his father, taking up the strain, bored us about organic lesions, till we almost wished he had a lesion himself.

Severance ridiculed all this ; but he grew more and more moody, and his eyes seemed to be laying more submarine cables than ever.

When we were not on the water, we both liked to mouse about the queer streets and quaint old houses of that region, and to chat with the fishermen and their grandmothers. There was one house, however, which was very attractive to me, — perhaps because nobody lived in it, and which, for that or some other reason, he never would approach. It was a great square building of rough gray stone, looking like those sombre houses which every one remembers in Montreal, but which are rare in "the States." It had been built many years before by some millionaire from New Orleans, and was left unfinished, nobody knew why, till the garden was a wilderness of bloom, and the windows of ivy. Oldport is the only place in New England where either ivy or traditions will grow ; there were, to be sure, no legends about this house that I could hear of, for the ghosts in those parts were feeble-minded and retrospective by reason of age, and perhaps scorned a mansion where nobody had ever lived ; but the ivy clustered round the projecting windows as densely as if it had the sins of a dozen generations to hide.

The house stood just above what were commonly called (from their slaty color) the Blue Rocks ; it seemed the topmost pebble left by some tide that had receded, — which perhaps it was. Nurses and children thronged daily to these rocks, during the visitors' season, and the fishermen found there a favorite lounging-place ; but nobody scaled the wall of the house save myself, and I went there very often. The gate was sometimes opened by Paul, the silent Bavarian gardener, who was master of the keys ; and there were also certain great cats that were always sunning themselves on the steps, and seemed to have grown old and gray in waiting for mice that had never come. They looked as if they knew the past and the future. If the owl is the bird of Mi-

nerva, the cat should be her beast: they have the same sleepy air of unfathomable wisdom. There was such a quiet and potent spell about the place, that one could almost fancy these constant animals to be the transformed bodies of human visitors who had stayed too long. Who knew what tales might be told by these tall, slender birches, clustering so closely by the sombre walls? — birches which were but whispering shrubs when the first gray stones were laid, and which now reared above the eaves their white stems and dark boughs, still whispering and waiting till a few more years should show them, across the roof, the topmost blossoms of other birches on the other side.

Before the great western doorway spread the outer harbor, whither the coasting vessels came to drop anchor at any approach of storm. These silent visitors, which arrived at dusk and went at dawn, and from which no boat landed, seemed fitting guests before the portals of the silent house. I was never tired of watching them from the piazza; but Severance always stayed outside the wall. It was a whim of his, he said; and once only I got out of him something about the resemblance of the house to some Portuguese mansion, — at Madeira, perhaps, or at Rio Janeiro, but he did not say, — with which he had no pleasant associations. Yet he afterwards seemed to wish to deny this remark, or to confuse my impressions of it, which naturally fixed it the better in my mind.

I remember well the morning when he was at last coaxed into approaching the house. It was late in September, and a day of perfect calm. As we looked from the broad piazza, there was a glassy smoothness over all the bay, and the hills were coated with a film, or rather a mere varnish, inconceivably thin, of haze more delicate than any other climate in America can show. Over the water there were white gulls flying, lazy and low; schools of young mackerel displayed their white sides above the surface; and it seemed as if even a butterfly might be seen for

miles over that calm expanse. The bay was covered with mackerel boats, and one man sculled indolently across the foreground a scarlet skiff. It was so still that every white sail-boat rested where its sail was first spread; and though the tide was at half-ebb, the anchored boats swung idly different ways from their moorings. Yet there was a continuous ripple in the broad sail (raised for the purpose of drying it) on some motionless schooner, and there was a constant melodious plash along the shore. From the mouth of the bay came up slowly the premonitory line of bluer water, and we knew that a breeze was near.

Severance seemed to rise in spirits as we approached the house, and I noticed no sign of shrinking, except an occasional lowering of the voice. Seeing this, I ventured to joke him a little on his previous reluctance, and he replied in the same strain. I seated myself at the corner, and began sketching old Fort Louis, while he strolled along the piazza, looking in at the large, vacant windows. As he approached the farther end, I suddenly heard him give a little cry of amazement or dismay, and, looking up, saw him leaning against the wall, with pale face and hands clenched.

A minute sometimes appears a long while; and though I sprang to him instantly, yet I remember that it seemed as if, during that instant, the whole face of things had changed. The breeze had come, the bay was rippled, the sail-boats careened to the wind, fishes and birds were gone, and a dark gray cloud had come between us and the sun. Such sudden changes are not, however, uncommon after an interval of calm; and my only conscious thought at the time was of wonder at the strange aspect of my companion.

"What was that?" asked Severance in a bewildered tone.

I looked about me, equally puzzled.

"Not there," he said. "In the window."

I looked in at the window, saw nothing, and said so. There was the great

empty drawing-room, across which one could see the opposite window, and through this the eastern piazza and the garden beyond. Nothing more was there. With some persuasion, Severance was induced to look in. He admitted that he saw nothing peculiar; but he refused all explanation, and we went home.

"Never let me go to that house again," he said abruptly, as we entered our own door.

I pointed out to him the absurdity of thus yielding to some nervous delusion, which was already in part conquered, and he finally promised to revisit the scene with me the next day. To clear all possible misgivings from my own mind, I got the key of the house from Paul, explored it thoroughly, and was satisfied that no improper visitor had recently entered the drawing-room at least, as the windows were strongly bolted on the inside, and a large cobweb, heavy with dust, hung across the doorway. This did no great credit to Paul's stewardship, but was, perhaps, a slight relief to me. Nor could I see a trace of anything uncanny outside the house. When Severance went with me, next day, the coast was equally clear, and I was glad to have cured him so easily.

Unfortunately, it did not last. A few days after, there was a brilliant sunset, after a storm, with gorgeous yellow light slanting everywhere, and the sun looking at us between bars of dark purple cloud, edged with gold where they touched the pale-blue sky; all this fading at last into a great whirl of gray to the northward, with a cold purple ground. At the height of the show, I climbed the wall to my favorite piazza, and was surprised to find Severance already there.

He sat facing the sunset, but with his head sunk between his hands. At my approach, he looked up, and rose to his feet. "Do not deceive me any more," he said, almost savagely, and pointed to the window.

I looked in, and must confess that, for a moment, I too was startled. There

was a perceptible moment of time during which it seemed as if no possible philosophy could explain what appeared in sight. Not that any object showed itself within the great drawing-room, but I distinctly saw — across the apartment, and through the opposite window — the dark figure of a man about my own size, who leaned against the long window, and gazed intently on me. Above him spread the yellow sunset light, around him the birch-boughs hung and the ivy-tendrils swayed, while behind him there appeared a glimmering water-surface, across which slowly drifted the tall masts of a schooner. It looked strangely like a view I had seen of some foreign harbor, — Sorrento, perhaps, — with a vine-clad balcony and a single human figure in the foreground. So real and startling was the sight, that at first it was not easy to resolve the whole scene into its component parts. Yet it was simply such a confused mixture of real and reflected images as one often sees from the window of a railway carriage, where the mirrored interior seems to glide beside the train, with the natural landscape for a background. In this case, also, the frame and foliage of the picture were real, and all else was reflected; the sunlit bay behind us was reproduced as in a camera, and the dark figure was but the full-length image of myself.

It was easy to explain all this to Severance, but he shook his head. "So cool a philosopher as yourself," he said, "should remember that this image is not always visible. At our last visit, we looked for it in vain. When we first saw it, it appeared and disappeared within ten minutes. On your mechanical theory it should be otherwise."

This staggered me for a moment. Then the ready solution occurred, that the reflection depended on the strength and direction of the light; and I proved to him that, in our case, it had appeared and disappeared with the sunshine. He was silenced, but evidently not convinced; yet time and common-sense, it seemed, would take care of that.

Soon after all this, I was called out of town for a week or two. If Severance would go with me, it would doubtless complete the cure, I thought; but this he obstinately declined. After my departure, my sister wrote, he seemed absolutely to haunt the empty house above the Blue Rocks. He undoubtedly went there to sketch, she thought. The house was in charge of a real-estate agent, — a retired landscape-painter, whose pictures did not sell so profitably as their originals; and her theory was, that this agent hoped to make our friend buy the place, and so allured him there under pretence of sketching. Moreover, she surmised, he was studying some effect of shadow, because, unlike most men, he appeared in decent spirits only on cloudy days. It is always so easy to fit a man out with a set of ready-made motives! But I drew my own conclusions, and was not surprised to hear, soon after, that Severance was seriously ill.

This brought me back at once, — sailing down from Providence in an open boat, I remember, one lovely moonlight night. Next day I saw Severance, who declared that he had suffered from nothing worse than a prolonged sick-headache. I soon got out of him all that had happened. He had seen the figure in the window every sunny day, he said. Of course he had, if he chose to look for it, and I could only smile, though it perhaps seemed unkind. But I stopped smiling when he went on to tell that, not satisfied with these observations, he had visited the house by moonlight also, and had then seen, as he averred, a second figure standing beside the first.

Of course, there was no defence against such a theory as this, except simply to laugh it down; but it made me very anxious, for it showed that he was growing thoroughly morbid. "Either it was pure fancy," I said, "or it was Paul the gardener."

But here he was prepared for me. It seemed that, on seeing the two figures, Severance had at once left the piazza, and, with an instinct of common-sense

that was surprising, had crossed the garden, scaled the wall, and looked in at the window of Paul's little cottage, where the man and his wife were quietly seated at supper, probably after a late fishing-trip. "There was another reason," he said; but here he stopped, and would give no description of the second figure, which he had, however, seen twice again, always by moonlight. He consented to let me accompany him the following night.

We accordingly went. It was still, superb weather, and the moon lay brightly on the bay. The distant shores looked low and filmy; a naval vessel was in the harbor, and there was a ball on board, with music and fireworks; some fishermen were singing in their boats, late as was the hour. Severance was absorbed in his own gloomy reveries; and when we had crossed the wall, the world seemed left outside, and the glamour of the place began to creep over me also. I seemed to see my companion relapsing into some phantom realm, myself being powerless to draw him forth. I talked, sang, whistled; but it was all rather hollow, and soon ceased. The great house looked gloomy and impenetrable, the moonlight appeared sick and sad, the birch-boughs nestled in a dreary way. We went up the steps in no jubilant mood.

I crossed the piazza at once, looked in at the farthest window, and saw there my own image, though far more faintly than in the sunlight. Severance then joined me, and his reflected shape stood by mine. Something of the first ghostly impression was renewed, I must confess, by this meeting of the two shadows; there was something rather awful in the way the bodiless things nodded and gesticulated at each other in silence. Still, there was nothing more than this, as Severance was compelled to own; and I was trying to turn the whole affair into ridicule, when suddenly, without sound or warning, I saw — as distinctly as I perceive the words I now write — yet another figure stand at the window, gaze steadfastly at us for a moment, and then disappear. It was,

as I fancied, that of a woman, but was totally enveloped in a very full cloak, reaching to the ground, with a peculiarly cut hood, that stood erect and seemed half as long as the body of the garment. I had a vague recollection of having seen some such costume in a picture.

Of course, I dashed round the corner of the house, threaded the birch-trees, and stood on the eastern piazza. No one was there. Without losing an instant, I ran to the garden wall and climbed it, as Severance had done, to look into Paul's cottage. That worthy was just getting into bed, in a state of complicated *déshabille*, his black-bearded head wrapped in an old scarlet handkerchief that made him look like a retired pirate in reduced circumstances. He being accounted for, I vainly traversed the shrubberies, returned to the western piazza, watched awhile uselessly, and went home with Severance, a good deal puzzled.

By daylight the whole thing seemed different. That I had seen the figure there was no doubt. It was not a reflected image, for we had no companion. It was, then, human. After all, thought I, it is a commonplace thing enough, this masquerading in a cloak and hood. Some one has observed Severance's nocturnal visits, and is amusing himself at his expense. The peculiarity was, that the thing was so well done, and the figure had such an air of dignity, that somehow it was not so easy to make light of it in talking with him.

I went into his room, next day. His sick-headache, or whatever it was, had come on again, and he was lying on his bed. Rutherford's strange old book on the Second Sight lay open before him. "Look there," he said; and I read the motto of a chapter:—

"In sunlight one,
In shadow none,
In moonlight two,
In thunder two,
Then comes Death."

I threw the book indignantly from me, and began to invent doggerel, par-

odying this precious incantation. But Severance did not seem to enjoy the joke, and it grows tiresome to enact one's own farce and do one's own applauding.

For several days after he was laid up in earnest; but instead of getting any mental rest from this, he lay poring over that preposterous book, and it really seemed as if his brain were a little touched. Meanwhile I watched the great house, day and night, sought for footsteps, and, by some odd fancy, took frequent observations on the gardener and his wife. Failing to get any clew, I waited one day for Paul's absence, and made a call upon the wife, under pretence of hunting up a missing handkerchief,—for she had been my laundress. I found the handsome, swarthy creature, with her six bronzed children around her, training up the Madeira vine that made a bower of the whole side of her little black gambrel-roofed cottage. On learning my errand, she became full of sympathy, and was soon emptying her bureau-drawers in pursuit of the lost handkerchief. As she opened the lowest drawer, I saw within it something which sent all the blood to my face for a moment. It was a black cloth cloak, with a stiff hood two feet long, of precisely the pattern worn by the unaccountable visitant at the window. I turned almost fiercely upon her; but she looked so innocent as she stood there, caressing and dusting with her fingers what was evidently a pet garment, that it was really impossible to denounce her.

"Is that a Bavarian cloak?" said I, trying to be cool and judicial.

Here broke in the eldest boy, named John, aged ten, a native American, and a sailor already, whom I had twice fished up from a capsized punt. "Mother ain't a Bavarian," quoth the young salt. "Father's a Bavarian; mother's a Portegeee. Portegees wear them hoods."

"I am a Portuguese, sir, from Fayal," said the woman, prolonging with sweet intonation the soft name of her birth-place. "This is my *capote*," she added,

taking up with pride the uncouth costume, while the children gathered round, as if its vast folds came rarely into sight.

"It has not been unfolded for a year," she said. As she spoke, she dropped it with a cry, and a little mouse sprang from the skirts, and whisked away into some corner. We found that the little animal had made its abode in the heavy woollen, of which three or four thicknesses had been eaten through, and then matted together into the softest of nests. This contained, moreover, a small family of mouselets, who certainly had not taken part in any midnight masquerade. The secret seemed more remote than ever, for I knew that there was no other Portuguese family in the town, and there was no confounding this peculiar local costume with any other.

Returning to Severance's chamber, I said nothing of all this. He was, by an odd coincidence, looking over a portfolio of Fayal sketches made by himself during his late voyage. Among them were a dozen studies of just such *capotes* as I had seen, — some in profile, completely screening the wearer, others disclosing women's faces, old or young. He seemed to wish to put them away, however, when I came in. Really, the plot seemed to thicken; and it was a little provoking to understand it no better, when all the materials seemed close to one's hands.

A day or two later, I was summoned to Boston. Returning thence by the stage-coach, we drove from Tiverton, the whole length of the island, under one of those wild and wonderful skies which give, better than anything in nature, the effect of a field of battle. The heavens were filled with ten thousand separate masses of cloud, varying in shade from palest gray to iron-black, borne rapidly to and fro by upper and lower currents of opposing wind. They seemed to be charging, retreating, breaking, recombining, with puffs of what seemed smoke, and a few wan sunbeams sometimes striking through for fire. Wherever the eye turned,

there appeared some flying fragment not seen before; and yet in an hour this noiseless Antietam grew still, and a settled leaden film overspread the sky, yielding only to some level lines of light where the sun went down. Perhaps our driver was looking towards the sky more than to his own affairs, for, just as all this ended, a wheel gave out, and we had to stop in Portsmouth for repairs. By the time we were again in motion, the changing wind had brought up a final thunder-storm, which broke upon us ere we reached our homes. It was rather an uncommon thing, so late in the season; for the lightning, like other brilliant visitors, usually appears in Oldport during only a month or two of every year.

The coach set me down at my own door, so soaked that I might have floated in. I peeped into Severance's room, however, on the way to my own. Strange to say, no one was there; yet the bed had evidently been occupied during the day, and on the pillow lay the old book on the Second Sight, open at the very page which had so bewitched him and vexed me. I glanced at it mechanically, and when I came to the meaningless jumble, "In thunder two," a flash flooded the chamber, and a sudden fear struck into my mind. Who knew what insane experiment might have come into that boy's head?

With sudden impulse, I went down stairs, and found the whole house empty, until a stupid old woman, coming in from the wood-house with her apron full of turnips, told me that Severance had been missing since nightfall, after being for a week in bed, dangerously ill, and sometimes slightly delirious. The family had become alarmed, and were out with lanterns, in search of him.

It was safe to say that none of them had more reason to be alarmed than I. It was something, however, to know where to seek him. Meeting two neighboring fishermen, I took them with me. As we approached the well-known wall, the blast blew out our lights, and we could scarcely speak. The lightning

had grown less frequent, yet sheets of flame seemed occasionally to break over the dark square sides of the house, and to send a flickering flame along the ridge-pole and eaves, like a surf of light. A surf of water broke also behind us on the Blue Rocks, sounding as if it pursued our very footsteps; and one of the men whispered hoarsely to me, that a Nantucket brig had parted her cable, and was drifting in shore.

As we entered the garden, lights gleamed in the shrubbery. To my surprise, it was Paul and his wife, with their two oldest children,—these last being quite delighted with the stir, and showing so much illumination, in the lee of the house, that it was quite a Feast of Lanterns. They seemed a little surprised at meeting us, too; but we might as well have talked from Point Judith to Beaver Tail, as to have attempted conversation there. I walked round the building; but a flash of lightning showed nothing on the western piazza save a birch-tree, which lay across, blown down by the storm. I therefore went inside, with Paul's household, leaving the fishermen without.

Never shall I forget that search. As we went from empty room to room, the thunder seemed rolling on the very roof, and the sharp flashes of lightning appeared to put out our lamps and then kindle them again. We traversed the upper regions, mounting by a ladder to the attic; then descended into the cellar and the wine-vault. The thorough bareness of the house, the fact that no bright-eyed mice peeped at us from their holes, no uncouth insects glided on the walls, no flies buzzed in the unwonted lamplight, scarcely a spider slid down his damp and trailing web,—all this seemed to enhance the mystery. The vacancy was more dreary than desertion: it was something old which had never been young. We found ourselves speaking in whispers; the children kept close to their parents; we seemed to be chasing some awful Silence from room to room; and the last apartment, the great drawing-room, we really seemed loath to enter. The

less the rest of the house had to show, the more, it seemed, must be concentrated there. Even as we entered, a blast of air from a broken pane extinguished our last light, and it seemed to take many minutes to relight it.

As it shone once more, a brilliant lightning-flash also swept through the window, and flickered and flickered, as if it would never have done. The eldest child suddenly screamed, and pointed with her finger, first to one great window and then to its opposite. My eyes instinctively followed the successive directions; and the double glance gave me all I came to seek, and more than all. Outside the western window lay Severance, his white face against the pane, his eyes gazing across and past us,—struck down doubtless by the fallen tree, which lay across the piazza, and had hid him from external view. Opposite him, outside the eastern window, stood, statue-like, the hooded figure, but with the great *capote* thrown back, showing a sad, eager, girlish face, with dark eyes, and a good deal of black hair,—one of those faces of peasant beauty, such as America never shows,—faces where ignorance is almost raised into refinement by its childlike look. Contrasted with Severance's wild gaze, the countenance wore an expression of pitying forgiveness, almost of calm; yet it told of wasting sorrow, and the wreck of a life. Gleaming lustrous beneath the lightning, it had a more mystic look when the long flash had ceased, and the single lantern burned before it, like an altar-lamp before a shrine.

"It is Aunt Emilia," exclaimed the little girl; and as she spoke, the father, turning angrily upon her, dashed the light to the ground, and groped his way out without a word of answer. I was too much alarmed about Severance to care for aught else, and quickly made my way to the western piazza, where I found him stunned by the fallen tree,—injured, I feared, internally,—still conscious, but unable to speak.

With the aid of my two companions I got him home, and he was ill for sev-

eral weeks before he died. During his illness he told me all he had to tell; and though Paul and his family disappeared next day, — perhaps going on board the Nantucket brig, which had narrowly escaped shipwreck, — I afterwards learned all the remaining facts from the only neighbor in whom they had placed confidence. Severance, while convalescing at a country-house in Fayal, had fallen passionately in love with a young peasant-girl, who had broken off her intended marriage for love of him, and had sunk into a half-imbecile melancholy when deserted. She had afterwards come to this country, and joined her sister, Paul's wife. Paul had received her reluctantly, and only on condition that her existence should be concealed. This was the easier, as it was one of her whims to go out only by night, when she had haunted the great house, which, she said, reminded her of her own island, so that she liked to wear thither the *capote* which had been the pride of her heart at home. On the few occasions when she had caught a glimpse of Severance, he had seemed to her, no doubt, as much a phantom as she seemed to him. On the night of the storm, they had drawn near each other by a common impulse, while their respective friends had sought them with a common solicitude.

I got traces of the family afterwards at Nantucket, and later at Narragansett; and had reason to think that Paul was employed, one summer, by a farmer on Conanicut. But I was always just too late for them, and the money which Severance left, as his only reparation for poor Emilia, never was paid.

The affair was hushed up, and very few, even among the neighbors, knew the tragedy that had passed by them with the storm.

After Severance died, I had that feeling of weakened life which remains after the first friend or the first love passes, and the heart seems to lose its sense of infinity. His father came, and prosed, and measured the windows of the empty house, and calculated angles of reflection, and poured even death and despair into his crucible of commonplace; the mother whined in her weaker way at home; while the only brother, a talkative medical student, tried to pooh-pooh it all, and sent me a letter demonstrating that Emilia was never in America, and that the whole was a hallucination. I cared nothing for his theory; it all seemed like a dream to me, and, as all the actors but myself are gone, it seems so still. The great house is still unoccupied, and likely to remain so; and he who looks through its eastern window may still be startled by the weird image of himself. As I lingered round it to-day, beneath the winter sunlight, the snow drifted pitilessly past its ivied windows, and so hushed my footsteps that I scarce knew which was the phantom, and wondered if the medical student would not argue me out of existence next.

This is the end of my story. If I sought for a moral, it would be hard to attach one to a thing so brief. It could only be this, that shadow and substance are always ready to link themselves, in unexpected ways, against the diseased imagination; and that remorse can make the most transparent crystal into a mirror for sin.

KATHARINE MORNE.

PART VI.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON my twenty-first birthday I had the great pleasure of raising the mortgage on the dear old house, and of signing a lease by which my guardian obtained possession of it for three years, upon the most favorable terms—to himself—to which he would consent. Now I had a settled home for my old age to take shelter in, and for my hopes and expectations to take many a trip to in the mean time.

Still, however, I was a contented fixture at Barberry Beach. All continued to go on well and agreeably there; and, though not learned, I found myself in a fair way to be, as Miss Gail Hamilton very judiciously wished herself, “well-smattered”; for the young people, while becoming more and more interested in their own accomplishments, were still inclined for my companionship therein; and I was usually present at all the lessons taken out of school by the twins.

Soon after my birthday, Miss Dudley desired me to accompany her on a visit of a week or two to Miss Arden, in Boston. Mr. Dudley could not go, and was always unwilling to have her leave home without some attendant whom he could trust, to take care of her if she should be ill. Of course, I could not object; and any awkwardness that I might have felt was obviated by a particular invitation to myself from Miss Dudley’s, and since my, irresistible “Clara.”

That the visit was delightful, I need not say. I mention it chiefly for the sake of what took place in, and followed my absence.

The day after my return, I called on Julia to give account of some commissions which I had executed for her. The Doctor saw me through the office-window, and hurried to open the door

for me. “Katy,” cried he, “have you heard the news?”

“No; what news? Has Phil a new tooth?”

“Pooh! no. Your little vestal, Nelly Fader, has renounced the sisterhood!”

“Nelly! What! engaged? Impossible!”

“I’m afraid it ought to be; but whatever is, is—possible.”

“Who is it?”

“The happy man? That Sam Blight! He professes to have become exemplary. He has certainly become one of the *surplice* population.”

“A clergyman!”

“In the Episcopal Church.”

“It all sounds like a hoax! Are you sure? Who told you?”

“Mr. Wardour. Nelly had a letter written for you, she told Julia; but Julia told her, if she sent it, it would cross you on the road. You know you were expected back Saturday.”

“Yes; the storm kept us four days.”

Julia was not at home; and I hastened at once to Mr. Wardour’s. Dear little Nelly flew into my open arms. How beautiful and radiant and angelic she was that morning, in her innocent happiness! “Katy, you have heard?”

“Yes, darling; but not half so much as I wish to hear.”

“O, run up to my chamber! There,—sit in the easy-chair, as I used to when you comforted me.” She knelt at my feet, and, with her arms around me and her blushing cheek laid on my knee, softly began her confession. “Six months ago, I heard that he was studying divinity.”

“Why, you never told me!”

“Well—no—I did not, because—I did not think it wisest or best or pleasantest to bring the subject up again. I did not suppose it would ever make any difference to me personally;

but, if he was only saved, the great point was gained. The Sunday after you went to Boston, I heard that he was here in town, and going to preach at the Episcopal Church, and—

"You went to hear him?"

"O, Katy, no!—on no account. For one thing, I could not leave my own church, you know, for such a reason as that. So I did not feel sure I should see him at all. But in the evening, as I sat reading 'Paradise Lost' to Uncle Wardour, the door-bell rang. Uncle Wardour answered it; and then I heard his very voice—only grown so much richer and deeper—say, 'How do you do, Mr. Wardour? You do not recognize me, sir,—the returned prodigal, Rev. Mr. Blight. May I have your permission to see Miss Fader?' Uncle Wardour just let him come in; but oh! he was so cold and distant to him! You know he thinks a great deal more of me than I deserve; and then I am afraid he never quite understood how much I was to blame myself; and so he laid too much blame on Sam. I could hardly speak a word; and other visitors came; and altogether that night it was dreadful. I thought he never would come again; and when he was gone, I had to kneel down straightway, and pray a whole hour, or I believe I should have fallen back directly into all my old wrong ways, that you had so much trouble to win me from, and have cried till morning."

"Poor pet lamb!"

"O, but the very next forenoon—think of it!—he came again! O Katy, such a visit! We settled it all then, 'subject to the sanction of your excellent uncle,' as he said himself. O Katy, how changed he is! And Uncle Wardour wrote directly to New York to the Bishop, and received from him, and from others to whom he referred my uncle, one and the same report of Sam's reformation; and I took courage to explain to Uncle Wardour how ill I had behaved, though I am afraid I did not succeed in making him see it fully after all. And Aunt Cumberland took our part, and reasoned with him; and,

in short, he consented; and we are so happy!"

"God bless and keep you so, darling! When are you to be married?"

"In two months,—Sam says."

"So soon? Do you wish it?"

"No,—yes. 'O Katy,' as I used to say, 'how little you do understand such things!' I only wish that whatever he wishes may be fulfilled. You look grave, Katy darling," said she, raising her head to see me. "Do you think I did not care for you, because I did not wait to consult you? Yes, indeed I did. But when I heard him in the very room where we used to read and talk follies together, saying that he had returned to me 'after all his wanderings, as a dove to the ark,' and that he had 'chosen me, out of all my sex, to be his helpmeet in the highest of all offices,—that of a consecrated man of God,'—it was all so like a beautiful morning dream come true, that I did my very utmost when I made my good, dear old uncle's consent the condition of my own. That was my duty. My happiness is to make his! If I were but worthy! But, thanks to you, dear girl! he says he finds me already very much improved; and he has no doubt I shall improve much more under his guidance. But I want you to see him. He will be here to-night at tea. Cannot you come?"

"Thank you; if I possibly can, I will."

"And—would Miss Dudley send for you?"

"No doubt, if I come."

"That is good. I am so sorry not to have an escort to offer you; but Uncle Wardour has a heavy cold, and Sam makes it a rule to keep himself, to the utmost of his power, out of the night air. He says it is one of a clergyman's first duties to avoid bronchitis,—so much of the effect of a sermon depends on its being delivered with the finest intonation. He has scarcely a thought but for his calling. O Katy, there can be no doubt about the genuineness of his repentance! He has suffered so much! It was a kind of attack—on the brain,

I believe — that, as he says, first ‘snatched him as a brand from the burning.’”

My guardian heard that it was a fit of *delirium tremens*. I dare say Nelly knew, but did not like to tell it. Mr. Blight was disposed to be quite frank enough, for good taste at least, in his disclosures before those who had less right to them than she. Dr. Physick was more intolerant in regard to him than I ever knew him towards any one else. He schooled his own natural impetuosity to pardon and pity frailties; but shams he hated implacably; and he held Mr. Blight to be “a most unmitigated humbug from first to last!”

I did not, quite; but having said that, I may go on to own that, to my consternation, I found the reverend Samuel little more to my taste than the irreverent Sam had been. He was in a better way for himself, I really believed; but for Nelly? *O dear!*

I am not going to tell much about that tea-party, for fear of being naughtier than is necessary. The only thing I enjoyed at it was a speech of another guest of my host, “the dissenting lay-reader,” as the young deacon called him, or, as he was styled by ordinary mortals, a Methodist minister.

After Mr. Blight, nothing daunted by Mr. Wardour’s instinctive coolness, had, with a mixture of old self-complacency and newly dignified reproof, delivered himself — *ore rotundo*, and making a rolling-pin of every one of his *r*’s — of a number of allusions to the harpings of angels over one sinner that repenteth, the superiority of publicans to Pharisees, and so forth, the Methodist took the word.

“All very right for the angels to harp upon it; that ’s their business, an’ no doubt they ’ll mind it; but it ain’t exactly the thing for the sinner himself to turn up his nose at ’em an’ sing out, ‘Hullo, there! I’ve been an’ repented! Strike up, band, an’ let ’s hear you play your poottiest!’”

No, I could not like Mr. Blight; and yet I did not take him for a hypocrite. I believed that he had truly been

very reasonably alarmed about his eternal welfare, and that he sincerely desired to secure it. I believed, and believe now, that he meant to be a good man. I believe that, in many of the negative virtues, he was one already. But what a thin, cold, threadbare character he had! How plainly the old, hard, coarse warp of selfishness and self-conceit did still show everywhere through the slender threads of piety which he was endeavoring to weave in!

He had turned teetotaler in respect of liquids; but in respect of solids, he manifested himself the reverse of an ascetic as to either quantity or quality. He no longer argued as formerly in favor of duelling; but he ensconced himself within his cloth as in triple mail, and scrupled not to “rebuke,” not to say affront therein, anybody, no matter how greatly his superior, who chanced to cross him. His cold blue eye still lighted up with anger when he was in any way or by any one opposed, even by a woman or a child. I never saw it melt or beam with any softer emotion. There was something even in his pompous, stern fashion of raking up what I thought our pet’s harsh, ugly, and inappropriate baptismal name of Eleanor, and calling her by it when no one else did, — as if our dear little *Nelly* was not good enough for him, — that jarred upon me every time I heard it.

I hoped that evening that these first impressions might be corrected by subsequent ones. They were only deepened. I have said before that the previous irreverent Sam appeared to hold his own bad qualities in higher esteem than other men’s good ones. The present reverend Samuel appeared divided between admiration of his own present virtues and past vices. Now a humbled sinner has, no doubt, a title of a certain sort to pity, and even sympathy; for, in a certain sense, falling into sin is meeting with one of the heaviest of misfortunes. But it is surely self-evident that no person of any sensibility willingly refers to a misfortune which has tended to degrade him in his

own eyes or in those of others; as, for example, to his having had his face slapped. Mr. Blight, so far as I could make out, rather relished the recollection of his having suffered his face to be slapped by the adversary of all souls, as if he had thereby been dubbed a member of a higher order of spiritual knighthood. He seemed to think that there was something rather commonplace in a course of consistent righteousness, pursued from the cradle up, like that of Nelly's noble old Uncle Wardour, — a man *sans peur* as he was *sans reproche*. The greater commonness of sin was a circumstance that seemed somehow to have escaped his notice. He scolded at it in the way of his business, of course, as in duty bound; but he did not make clear that he had ever obtained so much as a glimpse of its intrinsic ugliness; and the only idea of *his* idea of it which I was enabled to bring away from his ministrations the first and only time I ever heard him was, that, as the Autocrat of the universe had for some inscrutable reason conceived an insurmountable prejudice against it, "it were the part of prudence to for'sake it betimes. . . . The richest soils bear first the most plenteous weeds, and afterwards, my beloved burretheren, the most lugsooriant harvests."

How could Nelly like him? She did not know him. She was in love with her ideal of him. She knew scarcely anybody to compare him with. He had the "habit of society," though by no means that — I saw — of the best society. She was very young; and it was in her nature to trust, obey, admire, and love.

Miss Dudley had happened to see Nelly on some of her afternoon visits to me, and had been very kind to her. Therefore I immediately mentioned the simple fact of her engagement to Miss Dudley.

"I hope her choice is worthy of her, pretty, sweet young creature!"

"I hope he will prove himself so; I do not think many people would be."

"I am glad it is not you, Katharine, if you will not think me too selfish for say-

ing so. But I feel pretty safe. Heart of flint, I believe no one ever makes much impression upon you, with a few trifling exceptions, such as the children, Dr. Physick's family, and myself. I shall have to choose my successor, and bequeath you to him in my will."

There was a good deal of truth in that speech. Since I came to Barberry Beach, I had known, for a person of my age, a remarkable number and variety of men of eminence and excellence. All had been courteous to me, many kind, and some very kind. With some I had formed pleasant, permanent, and, I trust, profitable friendships. But from yielding to any stronger interest in any one of them, I had been happily held back by two checks, — a thought and a feeling.

The thought was, that where sentiment began, there all light-hearted enjoyment for me must end, and sorrow and shame begin. Parts are to a man what beauty is to a woman; they commonly enable him to command a prize in the matrimonial market. Neither beauty nor wealth had I; and few of these eminent men could probably afford, even if they wished, to marry me. Besides, I had early and thoroughly learned the useful lesson, that it by no means follows that, because one person sincerely likes another, and heartily enjoys his or her conversation, that person will therefore wish to marry him or her. The first mistake on this point into which my inexperience and want of knowledge of the world had betrayed me had been bitterly rued, indeed, but mercifully hidden from all human eyes but my own. If with my eyes once opened I wilfully walked into a second, I had no right to expect even so much impunity.

The feeling to which I allude was, that I had lost my heart and never found it; and, whether well-founded or not, this feeling had become, in a manner, a safeguard to my tranquillity, and secretly tended, I rather think, to make simple, downright and upright, *unflirtatious* people feel themselves safe and at their ease with me, and free from

anxiety as to my putting any false construction upon their attentions. But I am keeping Miss Dudley waiting a long while for her answer.

"I do not know, my dear mistress, whether what you say is a *bonâ fide* compliment, or what Mademoiselle de Franche-Comté calls *un mauvais compliment*. I neither own nor disown it. So much, however, I will say for myself: I wish to be as the lady in 'Hyperion' told her lover he was, only 'in love with certain attributes.' Am I not moderate in my aims? I do not seek to appropriate to myself any creature, but only every creature's best. 'One is wise, yet I am well,' and all the better, because he teaches me to be wiser; 'another witty, yet I am well,' and the better too, for he stimulates me to rub up my own wits. Another is saintly, and I am in a way to be better still; because he makes me eager after his good works, spirituality, and sincerity. In the mean time, all the faults and frailties that may disfigure all these good qualities in the home of each good man are, while I stay with you, out of my way, and do me no harm."

"Well, that is a philosophical view of the subject, and one with which I, at least, have no occasion at present to quarrel."

Nelly's joyousness did not always keep up quite to its first pitch, as her wedding-day drew near. Mr. Blight sometimes complained of her friends to her, I know. I fear he sometimes did so of herself. One day, at least, I found her in tears; and she owned to me that she had been telling him she was afraid that they had been hasty, and she might not be really congenial to him. She thought it would be more prudent to wait a little longer; for it would be so dreadful for him, if he found too late that he had made a mistake!

"But he did not take it as I meant it. He was very much hurt. He said, he was not often mistaken in man or woman, and bade me examine myself prayerfully, and see whether my state of feeling did not really proceed from

resentment at his having, very properly, intermitted his attentions until he should have made up his own mind. And so I did; but I could not see that it proceeded from anything of the kind; for all those years, you know, my strongest earthly wishes were connected with him and his happiness and holiness. He told me that he would not suspect me of meaning to deceive him, but I might very naturally deceive myself; for the heart was deceitful and desperately wicked; and after such a proof of my fickleness as I had given him in proposing a delay, he could consent to none.

"Then I tried to convince him that I had never been fickle. I only broke myself, for conscience' sake, of the habit of thinking about him and pining for him all the time; and he had the candor to acknowledge, that, if he had not heard I—I was quite a changed person in practical matters, he should not have thought it his duty, whatever his feelings might be, to renew the acquaintance, and set me at the head of his house.

"Then I took courage again," she went on, "to try to explain to him, that, though my happiness was still bound up in his, I feared that the mere household duties of a matron, as he had described them to me, would be enough to swallow up almost all my little strength of mind and body; and that perhaps I could serve God better in single life, and another stronger woman be a worthier partner for a clergyman, and far more serviceable to his parish. But he told me to set my heart at rest on that score; that people always had strength enough, if they chose to exert it, to do their duty; and that a woman's highest duty and glory was to shield a husband from every domestic annoyance, and every sordid material care in the house, that he might be free to devote himself without reserve to his duties in the world."

Well, was not that true? I asked myself. Yes, to a considerable extent, at least, I supposed. Why was I so sorry, then, to hear that it was the opin-

ion of Nelly's husband that was to be? Why, for one thing, I imagine, because I never observed that such a very exact appreciation, on the part of any individual, of other people's duties towards himself, coincided with an equally exact perception and performance of his own duties towards other people.

"So it ended rather better than it began," continued Nelly; "but, Katy, he was very deeply pained. I am dreadfully afraid that, as he says, I do not understand him, and therefore that I can never make him happy. But he declares, 'with all my faults, he loves me still'; they may be a cross that he needs; at any rate, he can never give me up, and he is sure that it will be for his best good to marry me."

In short, Nelly did marry him at the end of the two months, upon a pittance of a salary, but with a liberal allowance, considering his own means, from her Uncle Wardour. With a smile and two tears she departed, and left me to miss her very much, and to ponder somewhat gloomily the question, how many degrees higher in the scale of Christian magnanimity it might be to marry a fellow-creature for one's own "best good," than to try experiments on her, and plague her for one's own "development."

The next four years were almost eventless at Barberry Beach. The pleasantest thing, perhaps, that happened in them was, that the twins grew up, and, at the age of eighteen, left school; and that then, when I thought myself in duty bound to offer my resignation, it was unanimously rejected by the family, according to Paul, "in a solemn *indignation-meeting*, — Miss Dudley in the chair, — laid on the table, and glued there." The young ladies took the housekeeping into their four hands, and ruled as harmoniously as they played together on the piano, and soon as skilfully. Mr. and Miss Dudley went with them to the Revere House for a month every winter, that they might go into company with "Cousin Clara" in Boston; and they served as

decoy-ducks to bring troops of other charming young people into and about their own home at all other seasons.

Of course, as we lived in a world of trial, so we were not without our trial. In Paul's Sophomore year, on the first of April, a mathematical diagram was painted upon the back of a mathematical tutor. The paint-pot was clearly brought home to the door of a classmate of Paul's. The classmate stood in imminent danger of being dealt with accordingly; when Paul "relieved him from suspense" by avowing himself the unknown artist. Paul soon after spent, at the suggestion of the Faculty, some time in the country, where, I trust, his meditations were blest to him. At any rate, as his chum deposed to me on his certain knowledge, on the Christmas following the injured tutor received an anonymous present of "broadcloth enough, such as he never saw before in his life, to make him a full suit," together with an agreement in writing "from the courtly Huntington, for value received, to make up the same." Soon after which occurrence the tutor became "so peg-tippy that, if you wound a string round him, you could spin him"; while "Paul went about the college-yard so uncommonly shabby," that the chum would have been ashamed to be seen with him if he "had n't guessed where his clothes went." But the above, if it was the worst, was also the last of Paul's practical jokes. Perhaps, therefore, the crisis did no harm, in the end, to either of the parties concerned.

CHAPTER XVIII.

As I look back over these pages that I have written, it seems to me that they are monotonous in their stories of the sickness and death of those I love. I cannot help it. Such sicknesses and deaths made a large proportion of the discipline of my earlier life. Heaven grant that I may not yet have them to record of my later life! In regard to the uniformity of its discipline, my case

was not, however, singular. Many more times than once, I have seen it happen that one mortal has been subject to one Hope, not always, by any means, drawn upon him by any agency of his own, but unaccountably falling upon him again and again, and on every side, until her work on him was done, or until he had passed beyond our ken.

After Nelly's marriage I saw very little of her. She had a standing invitation to Mr. Wardour's; but as her husband had not her uncle's self-restraint, it could hardly be pleasant to her to bring them often into one another's company. She had a child every year; and every year, on an average, lost one. Every year I made and sent her some little contribution to her nursery wardrobe; and every one was acknowledged by a sweet little grateful note, but always by a short one. Once she wrote, "My husband desires me to save my strength from letter-writing for more important duties."

About six years after her marriage, Mr. Wardour had some business in the State of New York, and determined to take her parsonage in his way, and see for himself how she was.

A fortnight after he set off, I was told in the middle of the forenoon—an unusual time for such an announcement—that Dr. Physick wished to speak to me. I hastened to the door.

"Katy," said he, "if you can be spared, I will take you down to Mr. Wardour's to see Nelly Blight."

"Nelly here! Since when? Is she ill?"

"She came the day before yesterday. I am afraid she is very ill. She wants to see you."

I excused myself in a moment to Miss Dudley, took my bonnet, shawl, and gloves in my hands, and ran out again and into the chaise. "You will make her better, cannot you?"

He shook his head. "The case has been running on too long; it is too complicated; the blood is hopelessly depraved. She is rallying from the fatigue of the journey, and a little revived by change of scene and air; but

she is hardly to be reckoned upon from day to day. Either one, of two or three things that are likely to happen, would carry her off directly."

He went up first to Nelly; and I turned into the parlor, where I saw old Mr. Wardour moving restlessly about the room, with the most perturbed expression I ever saw upon his venerable face. He scarcely greeted me.

"I did not know of dear Nelly's being here till the moment before I started to come and see her," said I. "How did you find Mr. Blight?"

He stopped short in front of me. "I found him a brute!" This from Mr. Wardour! I suppose I started; for he added, "A beast, I repeat! God defend you, my dear, from such a one!" He resumed his walk up and down the room, and actually moaned as he walked. "No mercy on the helpless! No fidelity to such a trust! *Poor child! Poor child!* How shall I ever answer it to her mother, if I meet her in the other world?"

This was all so unlike him, that for the moment I feared for his reason; and I ventured to go up to him and slide my arm into his,—he was always so good to me. "Mr. Wardour!" cried I, "don't blame yourself! you always took the kindest care of her. A father could not be tenderer. You could not help it."

"Could I, Katy?" said he, with a trembling lip, turning to look appealingly in my face. "I never liked the match. You know I never pretended I did. But they told me she almost broke her heart before, when he left her,—and what could I do? I would always have tried to give her a happy home. I didn't want my little girl to leave me. But when she wished to go, I straitened myself in my old age,—I did, more than once,—to keep her, and therefore him, in comfort and plenty."

"How glad she must have been to see you!"

"More glad than he was," said Mr. Wardour, striving after a calmer strain. "I found him up in the parlor with some other fellows, red and fat, eating

a dinner fit for an alderman, and her looking just ready to die, down with a maid-of-all-work in a hot, close, dark basement kitchen, half lying in a wooden chair tilted back against the wall, seeing that the dishes were served up to please him."

"What *did* he say?"

"He said I exaggerated. There was n't a drop of anything stronger than Seltzer or Vichy water in either of his own wine-glasses; and he was only making himself all things to all men to the Bishop and some leading members of his congregation, that it was important for him to gain an influence over. I asked him if it was n't important for him to take a little care of his wife. He answered, 'My parish first, then my family.' He said it in his vainglorious way, as if he was used to being admired for saying it!" Mr. Wardour looked as if he would have sneered at that, if he had only known how to sneer. "I never, before that day," he went on, "interfered between man and wife; but I could n't help asking him if Nelly was n't a member of his parish, and if there was any other member of it that he was married to. I asked him, too, if St. Paul did not say, 'He who provideth not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.' He said, I misapplied the text utterly. I don't know; he ought to; but there he was tricked out to the merest fopperies of his sect and profession, and she scarcely had clothes for the journey!"

Here I was called up stairs; and, seeing that he had in a measure eased his mind, I left him.

Nelly was sitting up in her old pleasant chamber, and in her old place in the easy-chair, but looking paler in her white wrapper than I ever saw her before. The old vistfulness had passed from her face. There was that change in its expression which is often, if not always, a sign of sickness unto death, — as if another, an angel, were looking through the familiar features. There was an unearthly calm about her. I

took her outstretched hand and kissed her forehead. She clasped me in her arms. A sweet-looking elderly woman, who was waiting upon her as I entered, set a stand with a glass of water, a fan, a cologne-bottle, and a hand-bell upon it, at her side, and gently left us together.

"Dear Nelly! I have only just heard of your being here. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, dearest, but come and see me. I wanted only to thank you for what you have done, and to do what I could to repay you. The peace you brought me here went with me to my other home. It never left me in solitude or sickness or sorrow. It does not leave me now. But, O Katy, I have thought of you so often, and been so anxious about you! You used to advise me. I am in some ways the most experienced now. I longed so to have a chance to say to you, — O Katy, you are disinterested and devoted. Nobody knows that better than I. But you have a high spirit. Ordinary married life would be such a sad trial to you, perhaps a snare! Katy, do be careful how — whom you marry. Of course you can't have everything you might fancy, all together, in a husband. You can't have perfection ever, anywhere in this world. But *let* it be somebody whom you have known not only long, but well, — somebody whom you won't have to be always *adapting yourself to*, — somebody who is adapted to you already." She paused for breath, exhausted by her own haste and earnestness.

"O Nelly, why did we ever let you go?"

She smiled like a seraph: "Only because you all thought more of my pleasure than your own, I believe. But, Katy, I did not speak of disappointment, did I? It was a trial to me, to be sure, to be obliged to give up visiting and helping the poor. With all the illnesses that you know I had, and the care of a household besides, I could do very little of that kind; and then I used to think of a text you marked for

me once, 'The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord; but she that is married careth for the things of the world,' and so forth. But I do hope you will not think I meant to imply any disappointment in Mr. Blight. That would be very wrong. He is a good man,—a better man in some respects even than when you knew him last; and he says he has loved me only more and more every year. His theory is, that people are never the worse for doing their duty"; (a very true theory, was my internal comment; but, like many another true theory, capable, most unhappily, of many a false application;) "and," continued Nelly, "he always acts up to it himself. I have known him rise literally from a sick-bed to go to an ordination. But he did not know I was ill. How could he? I did not know it myself. I thought I was merely *run down*, as I have often been, only a little more so. The springs are apt to be rather trying in Duykinck. But Uncle Wardour has some experience; because, when poor people come to his shop for medicine, he often goes to visit the sick persons at their homes, and see if there is not something else they need. When he told Mr. Blight how ill he thought I was, Mr. Blight was alarmed, and made no objection to my coming home for a good long visit and rest. Dr. Physick has sent me such a dear, good nurse! Uncle Wardour brings me fruit, and lemonade, and everything I like, before I have time to recollect how refreshing it used to be. Even puss remembers me. See, she comes and sits at my feet, to purr me to sleep, for the sake of old times. It is so delicious to be at home, and at rest, and taken care of!"

I fanned her gently, but did not talk much for fear of fatiguing her.

After a little she resumed, with almost an arch look, "That did not sound like what I used to say when I sat here, *did it?*" Then more gravely, but very sweetly and softly, she went on at intervals: "I think I was not born for earthly happiness. Some people would

tell me, I suppose, that I ought to receive all the sufferings of the last six years as a judgment upon me for craving it as I did. I do not feel them to be so, except that perhaps my constitution never quite recovered from the exhaustion I brought upon myself by the idle pining out of which you rescued me. But our Heavenly Father called me away from that by a very tender and welcome messenger. It was heartily repented of—I hope atoned for—long before my marriage. I was sorry for Mr. Blight's leaving me; but, I think, quite submissive and resigned. No; a mother will not punish her young child if, when she would carry it away from the soap-bubbles with which its brothers and sisters are entertaining themselves, it stops its tears and cries, and only turns its little longing eyes and hands towards the lovely rainbow balls it wants to play with. If she carries the baby back, and lets it see and feel that the beautiful vision is a thing that only vanishes in its grasp, I think she does it in pure love, that her poor little nursling may not go away with its heart aching for a great possible pleasure unenjoyed, but can be put to sleep at the right time, contented and grateful,—as I shall."

Her nurse returned. I rose to go. She did not try to detain me, but said, with a cheerful, loving look, "When shall you come and see me again?"

"To-morrow?"

"Do," she answered; but before the morrow, one of the "two or three things" happened, and she was "put to sleep at the right time" for her, I cannot doubt; and when I did "come and see her again," she was in her coffin, waiting for the old driver of the same hearse in which we rode together when she rode before. Nelly, I believe that, of those two heart-sick girls, the lot fell to you to be borne into heaven in triumph, a glorified saint! . . .

Mr. Blight was at the funeral, and came to see me afterwards. I liked him better than I expected ever to like him, because, for the time being, he

appeared humbled by his grief, even to the point of making no parade of his humiliation ; and because for the first time I found, as Nelly seemed to think before, that he really had a heart.

CHAPTER XIX.

MISS DUDLEY took from me half my sorrow by her sympathizing tenderness, and soon had a new joy to share with me.

One still, sunny afternoon, early in the summer, I was soothing myself by a saunter up and down the beautiful old-fashioned garden, with its three straight gravel-walks rimmed with box, flanked by beds teeming with the richest luxuriance of old-fashioned flowers, and parted by lawns studded with fruit-trees, when I heard her voice calling my name. I turned and hastened to her.

"Katharine," cried she out of breath, smiling through tears, and taking both my hands, "congratulate me, and condole with me ! I have gained two nephews, or lost two nieces !"

"Who ? Who ?" cried I.

"Guess ; of course you can."

"Herman Arden, for one."

"No. Try once more."

I was very sorry then ; but I have lived to see, in that as well as other things, the vanity of human wishes. Not even Bernard Temple could be more saintly than the younger Arden was ; but the glory of martyrdom is too sad a glory for us to desire to see either of our household sunbeams quenched in it. "I do not know who else is quite good enough, unless it might be, indeed, Mr. Bernard Temple ; but he is a clergyman."

"*But* he is a clergyman !" That is not a highwayman ! Is it any objection to a man ? O Katharine !"

"Not if he can maintain a family," said I doubtfully.

"O, a mercenary objection ! No, seriously. Your difficulty arises simply from your being too unmercenary ever to ask what passes for anybody's worth

on 'Change. Now you shall hear. Bernard can maintain Rose very well ; or he should not have her, and I believe would not. He is not a person to take upon himself obligations which he has no means to discharge. Those two Temples are no common young men, as you will see when you have seen a little more of them. They were sons of my brother's favorite Professor at Cambridge ; and he has known them nearly all their lives. Almost from the cradle up, it was Bernard's ruling passion to be a clergyman, and Arthur's to be a statesman. Their father encouraged them. Their mother, a shrewd, hard-working, homespun woman, used to say : 'If you are content to live single, boys, do as you like, — a single man can live very well on much less than half as much as a double, or triple, or quadruple man ; but if you mean to be married, I can tell you from experience, a young family needs a good many other things besides speeches and sermons ; and if you want, as I should hope you did, to preach fearless sermons, and make honest speeches, remember what poor Richard says, — It's hard for an empty bag to stand upright.' They hit upon a compromise, if that can be called a compromise which sacrifices nothing. They went from college into such safe business as they could find, with the settled purpose of securing, if possible, an 'independence,' and of thus securing their independence of action in what they held to be the highest departments of human action. They have proved as fortunate as they were honest and able, and won what makes, with their little patrimony, not wealth, to be sure, but a competence. In the mean time, they have been studying their professions in their leisure time all their lives ; and perhaps they will be none the worse fitted to guide their fellow-men in secular and sacred matters, for having known the world by toiling in it, and temptation by withstanding it. You scarcely know Arthur, I believe ; but my brother does not consider him inferior to Bernard, and considers scarce-

ly any one of his age Bernard's superior. He says that Arthur is filling a most important place in the State legislature, and likely soon to be sent to Washington. Bernard has just been telling us, that he has received a unanimous call to our church here. Rose will live at the pretty little parsonage all the year round."

"How delightful that will be! But Lily?"

"O, did I not say? She has the other Temple, of course. As usual, they have 'everything alike.' My brother has given her a piece of land to build upon, just beyond our hedge. She is to pass her summers here. Are you not quite satisfied now, Katharine? We have always been on our guard, as you must have seen, against pampering the young people; and the girls have every prospect of an income sufficient, if not for luxury, for every reasonable purpose of health, peace, taste, and charity."

"I will be both satisfied and gratified, dearest mistress, if Mr. Bernard is as good and charming as he looks and seems, and Mr. Arthur as he looks,—for I have not yet seen enough of him to know how he seems,—and if they are not too old, after having time to do and learn so much."

"As for that, we are all moving on. Bernard is thirty, and Arthur but thirty-two. Our small children are twenty-one; and Paul encourages them with the assurance that they 'will soon be older.'" Miss Dudley paused. Her face grew more and more gravely bright, like the sunset, as we walked. She passed her arm round my waist, and spoke again: "Katharine, now, at last, I feel as I have never been able quite to feel before, as if I were prepared, when my time comes, to say,—from my full heart to say, 'It is enough; O Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' It might seem that, as I was not to die in my illness, eight or nine years ago, it was a superfluous hardship to me to be informed of my danger. It *was* an unspeakable blessing, even if a blessing in disguise! It made every day after-

wards granted me appear a separate boon. It has gently broken to me the sentence of death. It has enabled me to teach many of my habitual thoughts and hopes to make their home in heaven. I endeavored before, indeed, to send them onward to pioneer me there; but it was more difficult until they had the goad of an apparent doom following hard after me. Even the contrast between leaving my family situated as I should leave it now, and as I must have done if I had left it then, would be alone enough to warm my death-bed with a glow of thankfulness. Now I should not leave my brother desolate. A band of noble and dutiful young men and women would cluster round him, vying with each other to comfort and cheer him. Rose and Lily have grown up under my own eye, more than to fulfil my fondest hopes. Keeping all her graceful fancy, one of them has safely learned, at length, the difference between fact and fable, and the other changed her natural impetuosity into self-control within and generous energy without. I should, if I died to-day, leave one of them—with her lofty enthusiasm, her grand, high views, and wide sympathies—a heroine at a hero's side, and the other a little ministering angel, hovering round a reverent, grateful saint!" She paused again, and smiled half tenderly, half playfully: "My jurisprudent, not otherwise very prudent Paul? Whether he is to be chief-justice, or what he is to be, I do not yet know; but I need not. He is safely over the quicksands of his teens. I can trust Paul. O Katharine, mark my words! It is but a dangerous heresy to believe that youth is the only season in which happiness can find us out. Many lives grow richer and richer, and brighter and brighter, as they go on from youth to age. So it has been with mine. My treasure, so may it be with yours!"

We turned back from the end of the garden at the foot of the hill, and saw the lovers and Paul entering the opposite gate, and coming towards us. As we met the foremost pair, Bernard of-

ferred his arm to Miss Dudley, saying, "We have been looking everywhere for you, to see if we could not tempt you to join us."

Rose, rosier than ever, falling behind him, put her hand in mine and shyly, brightly said, "Has Aunt Lizzy told you? O Katharine, ought I not to be safe for this world and the other with two St. Bernards to watch over me?"

In a moment more, we met Lily and her Temple, with Paul bringing up the rear. "Cousin Katharine," said he, "allow me the honor of presenting to you Minerva and the Temple of Minerva."

Minerva-like and most goddess-like Lily looked in her fair, stately, perfected, classic beauty, calm even then, though all radiant with an air of divine and immortal joy. She presently, notwithstanding, condescended to speak from her height like a very kindly mortal.

Mr. Temple began, "Miss Morne, I have just been complaining to my lady, that she has afforded me no share yet in what she says is her most delightful friendship." (He had been presented to me long before, but had seen the family chiefly on their yearly visits to Boston, — when I usually remained at Beverly, with Julia, — or with other company at home, when he had naturally not been thrown much in my way.)

"And I have been promising to do penance, my dearest Katharine," said Lily; "therefore I will be so disinterested as to give you both up to walk together."

We did so; and I then and there began to find him one of the most agreeable and interesting persons I have ever seen; but when the party reached the gate nearest the house again, I set him free, and had the self-denial to excuse myself to them all, leave them to themselves and one another, and go and sit alone upon the shore.

Hardly had I had time to settle myself quietly there, to revel in a revery bright with the hopes and happiness of those so near and dear to me, when

I was startled from it by a loud and peculiar sound. I had never heard it before. It never had been heard since I had been a dweller in the place. But in an instant I was certain that it could be no other than the alarm-horn! I sprang to my feet. It came again — from the hill! I ran through the gate, and looked up as I still ran on through the garden. There was a group of ladies and gentlemen on the side of the hill. It was the party I had left. By the yet clear twilight I saw that they moved about some one who was lying on the ground. Was it? — it was! — Miss Dudley. In a moment, Paul shot past me, — going for the doctor, I supposed. He did not speak to me. I did not stop him. The path lengthened and the hill *heightened* under my flagging feet. I reached the spot at last.

The two Temples made way for me in silence. Lily was sitting on the turf, with Miss Dudley lying half in her arms. Rose fanned her with her hat. Her eyes were closed. I spoke to her. She opened them, and looked at me, and pointed to her heart. Since, of late years, she had no longer thought it necessary to have her opium constantly at hand, I secretly carried it about with me in a little morocco case, which Mr. Dudley had had made to hold the bottle, with a little spoon, which measured exactly her dose. I offered it now. She took it eagerly, and said: "It does me good. I shall be better soon. I thought I was well. I should not have climbed the hill. Don't be anxious, Charles."

Then I looked up, and for the first time saw the fixed white face — Mr. Dudley's — looking on. I believe that he was farther from the place, and got up the hill just after me. He came forward, knelt opposite to me, and took her hand. In the other she was holding mine. She clasped them both for an instant together. I thought she was for the moment unconscious of anything but pain, and gently drew my own away to wipe her forehead.

"Is it death?" she panted.

A death-like silence answered, and eyes, she unclosed them once more, was understood by her; for, after a murmured, "Enough, O Lord!" smiled moment's struggle with a natural pang gloriously around upon us all, and thus which brought the tears into her lovely "in peace" departed.

TIMON'S SOLILOQUY.

MY shadow, wheresoe'er I wend,
Is with me, like a flattering friend.
But chiefly when the sun of June
Is climbing to its highest noon,
My fond attendant closes near,
As I were growing still more dear;
And then, to show its love complete,
Falls even servile at my feet,
Where, proud of place, it scarcely nods
Before the temple of the Gods.
But when the evening sun descends,
It seems to seek for other friends,
Making a dial of the town,
To tell that Timon's day goes down;
And when the stormy night comes on,
I look, and lo! my shade is gone,—
While Athens, with indignant state,
Swings at my back her scolding gate,
And towering o'er me, black with wrath,
Frowns unrelenting on my path.
But when the sun shall reappear,
My semblance will again be here,
And every move of mine obey,
As if it had not been away.
And when some passer-by relates
How Fortune on my exile waits,
That I have found where fell the shower
Of Mother Earth's Danaean dower,
Then shall the city's wanton arms
Invite me with her liberal charms,
And all her crowd obsequious pour,
To bow me to her anxious door,
Where I might rise anew, extolled,
Like Perseus, from a lap of gold!
An ancient tale that never ends,—
Here comes my shadow,—here my friends!

CONSIDERATIONS ON UNIVERSITY REFORM.

IT seems to be quite generally felt that the present time is a favorable one for entertaining and discussing various projects for the improvement of the University at Cambridge. To the question of reform, in its general outlines, the attention of our readers has already been directed by able hands. It is here proposed to pursue the subject more into details, and to educe from a few general principles the rudiments of a systematic scheme of reform.

Note, first, that the idea of reform is to be kept distinctly separate from that of revolution, and that, while advocating the former, all encouragement to the latter will here be strictly withheld. The improvements from time to time aimed at should as far as possible be brought about without effacing the distinctive characteristics of the original system. We are unable to sympathize with the radical spirit which would make a bonfire of all churches because the Pentateuch does not teach geology, or which would upset an indigenous and time-honored government because certain social evils co-exist with it. And we cannot but think that an attempt to revolutionize our University, by assimilating it to sister institutions in England or Germany, would be productive of at least as much harm as good. If, for instance, in the hope of obtaining a perfect University, we were to abolish our dormitories, obliterate the distinction between classes, abandon the entire system of marking, and transfer the task of maintaining order from the Parietal Committee to the civil police, we should no doubt be as much disappointed as the men of 1789, who attempted to make English institutions grow on French soil, and got a Bonaparte dynasty for their pains. There is a place as well as a time for all things, and a great deal will always have to be con-

ceded to the habit which men have of getting used to old institutions and customs, and of disliking to see them too roughly dealt with. A German university is little else than an organized aggregate of lecture-rooms, libraries, laboratories, and other facilities for those who desire to study, — resembling in this respect our scientific and professional schools. Our New England colleges, founded in a Puritan environment, less imbued with the modern spirit, and in many cases even dating from an earlier period, have always combined with their instruction more or less of coercion; and have laid claim to a supervision over the demeanor of their students, in the exercise of which the liberty of the latter is often egregiously interfered with. The freedom of the undergraduate at Harvard is hampered by restrictions, many of which, if once justifiable, have in the lapse of time grown to be quite absurd, and should certainly be removed with all possible promptness: of these we shall speak presently. But to remove all restrictions whatever with one and the same sweep of our reformatory besom, would excite serious and extensive popular distrust. The New England mind, which tolerates Maine liquor-laws and sabbatarian ordinances and protective tariffs, would not regard with favor such a revolutionary measure. So much liberty would bear an uncanny resemblance to license, — a resemblance which, we freely admit, might not at first be wholly imaginary. The College would lose much of its popularity; young men would be sent elsewhere to pursue their studies; and thus great injury would be manifestly wrought to the cause of university reform, which must needs be supported to a considerable extent by popular sentiment in order duly to prosper. A large amount of discretion must therefore be used,

even in the removal of those features wherein our colleges compare unfavorably with those of other countries. But there are some respects in which the American university may claim a superiority quite unique,—some cases in which a radical change must ever be earnestly deprecated. That arrangement by virtue of which each student is a member, not only of the University, but of a particular Class, is fraught with such manifold benefits that any advantages to be derived from giving it up must disappear when brought into comparison. No graduate needs to be told what a gap would be made in his social and moral culture, if all the thoughts and emotions resulting from his relations to his classmates were to be stricken from it. For the genial nurture of the sympathetic feelings, the class system affords a host of favorable conditions which can ill be dispensed with. By means of it, the facilities of the University for becoming a centre of social no less than of intellectual development are greatly enhanced. On the other hand, it is not to be denied that, in requiring students of all degrees of mental ability and working power to complete the same course of study in the same length of time, there is much irrationality as well as some injustice. This evil, which is so seriously felt in American colleges, does not afflict the universities of England and Germany, where the class system is not in use. To obviate it, however, it is fortunately not necessary to resign the advantages which that system alone is competent to secure. Partly by allowing greater option in the selection of studies, partly by extending the privilege, at present occasionally granted to students, of taking their degrees one or two years after the termination of the regular course, sufficient recognition can be given to differences of mental capacity, without essentially infringing upon the individuality of the successive classes. Here, then, is a clear case in which a judicious reform might attain all the ends sought by a sweeping revolution, with-

out incurring the grievous detriment which the latter would inevitably entail. We believe that the same principle will apply in nearly every case; that it is possible to secure all the most valuable benefits conferred by European systems, without sacrificing the fundamental elements of our own; and that, by uniformly shaping our ameliorative projects with conscious reference to such an end, the efficiency of our University will be most successfully maintained, and its prosperity most thoroughly insured.

Next, in order to impart to our notions of reform the requisite symmetry and coherence, the legitimate objects of university education must be clearly conceived and steadfastly borne in mind. The whole duty of a university toward those who are sheltered within its walls may be concisely summed up in two propositions. It consists, first, in stimulating the mental faculties of each student to varied and harmonious activity,—in supplying every available instrument for sharpening the perceptive powers, strengthening the judgment, and adding precision and accuracy to the imagination; secondly, in providing for all those students who desire it the means of acquiring a thorough elementary knowledge of any given branch of science, art, or literature. In a word, to teach the student how to think for himself, and then to give him the material to exercise his thought upon,—this is the whole duty of a university. Into that duty the inculcation of doctrines as such does not enter. The professor is not fulfilling his proper function when he incontinently engages in a polemic in behalf of this or that favorite dogma. His business is to see that the pupil is thoroughly prepared and equipped with the implements of intellectual research, that he knows how to deduce a conclusion from its premise, that he properly estimates the value of evidence, and understands the nature of proof; he may then safely leave him to build up his own theory of things. His first crude conclusions may indeed be sadly

erroneous, but they will be worth infinitely more than the most salutary truths acquired gratis, or lazily accepted upon the recommendation of another. It is desirable that our opinions should be correct, but it is far more desirable that they should be arrived at independently and maintained with intelligence and candor. Sceptical activity is better than dogmatic torpor; and our motto should be, Think the truth as far as possible, but above all things, think. When a university throws its influence into the scale in favor of any party, religious or political, philosophic or æsthetic, it is neglecting its consecrated duty, and abdicating its high position. It has postponed the interests of truth to those of dogma. These are matters which our own University should seriously ponder. It does not always strive so earnestly to make its students independent thinkers, as to imbue them with opinions currently deemed wholesome. But science will never prosper in this way. Political economy will gain nothing by one-sided arguments against Malthus and Ricardo; sound biological views will never be furthered by indiscriminating abuse of Darwinism; nor will the interests of religion be ever rightly subserved by threatening heresy with expulsion.

An endless amount of discussion has been wasted over the question whether a mathematical or a classical training is the more profitable for the majority of students. The comparative advantages of spending all one's time upon one favorite pursuit, and of devoting more or less attention to various branches of study, have also supplied the text for much vague and unsatisfactory discourse. By the view of university education here adopted, these questions are placed in a somewhat favorable position for getting disposed of. The office of the university is not to enforce doctrine, but to point out method. It is not so much to cram the mind of the student with divers facts, which in after life it may be use-

ful for him to have learned, as to teach him the proper mode of searching for facts, and of dealing with them when he has found them. As Jacobs says, "It is of less importance in youth what a man learns, than how he learns it." * A fact considered in itself is usually a very stupid and quite useless object. Viewed in relation to other facts, as the illustration of a general principle, or as an item of evidence for or against a theory, it suddenly becomes both interesting and valuable. If the truth is to be told, by far the greater number of facts which are to be encountered in the various departments of nature are to most persons utterly insignificant and unattractive; chiefly, because they have never been furnished with the means of estimating their illustrative and evidentiary value. Universal logic, therefore, — the relations of phenomena to each other, and the methods of investigation and modes of proof applicable to widely different subjects, — should occupy an important place in college teaching. And that this end can be secured by studying any one kind of science alone is of course impossible.

The advocate of the utility of mathematical studies, when confronted with the insurmountable fact that very little use is made of algebra and geometry in ordinary life, is wont to shelter himself behind the assertion, that nevertheless these studies "discipline the mind." Though exquisitely vague, as thus expressed, this favorite apology is doubtless essentially valid. The almost universal distaste for mathematics,† co-existing as it does in many persons with excellent reasoning powers, proves that the faculty of imagining abstract relations is ordinarily quite feebly developed. Not reason, but imagination, is at fault. The passage from premise to

* *Vermischte Schriften*, III. § 27, p. 254.

† Which probably attained its sublimest expression some years ago in the case of a Sophomore who, coming from Harvard Hall, where his "annual" had goaded him to desperation, was heard to declare, in language equally with Caligula's deserving immortality, his wish that the whole of mathematical science might be condensed into a single lesson, that he might "dead" on it all at once!

conclusion could easily be made, if the abstract relations of position or quantity which are involved could be accurately conceived and firmly held in the mind. Now the ability to imagine relations is one of the most indispensable conditions of all precise thinking. No subject can be named, in the investigation of which it is not imperatively needed; but it can nowhere else be so thoroughly acquired as in the study of mathematics. This fact alone is sufficient to justify the University in requiring its students to devote some attention to such a study. But the excellence of mathematics as an instrument of mental discipline by no means ends here. It is indeed a fallacy to suppose that greater certainty is attainable in geometry than elsewhere. Not greater certainty, but greater precision, is that which distinguishes the results obtained by mathematical deduction. Dealing constantly with definite or determinable magnitudes, its processes are characterized by quantitative exactness. It is not obliged to pare off and limit its conclusions, to make them tally with concrete facts; but can treat of length as if there were no such thing as breadth, and of plane surfaces just as if solidity were unknown. It is thus the most perfect type of deductive reasoning; and if logical training is to consist, not in repeating barbarous scholastic formulas or mechanically tacking together empty majors and minors, but in acquiring dexterity in the use of trustworthy methods of advancing from the known to the unknown, then mathematical investigation must ever remain one of its most indispensable implements. Once inured to the habit of accurately imagining abstract relations, recognizing the true value of symbolic conceptions, and familiarized with a fixed standard of proof, the mind is equipped for the consideration of quite other objects than lines and angles. The twin treatises of Adam Smith on social science, wherein, by deducing all human phenomena first from the unchecked action of selfishness and then from the unchecked ac-

tion of sympathy, he arrives at mutually-limiting conclusions of transcendent practical importance, furnish for all time a brilliant illustration of the value of mathematical methods and mathematical discipline.

If magnitudes and quantities thus contemplated in the abstract yield such wholesome pabulum for the intellect, no less beneficial in many respects is the study of the direct applications of mathematics to the concrete phenomena of mechanics, astronomy, and physics. Not only do the numerous devices by which algebraic expressions are utilized in the solution of physical problems afford extensive scope for inventive ingenuity, but some familiarity with quantitative conceptions of the action and interaction of forces is eminently conducive to the entertainment of sound philosophic views. The reorganization of mechanics by Lagrange, and the beautiful construction by Fourier of a mathematical doctrine of heat, were innovations in philosophy as well as in science; and although the student can hardly be expected to gain even a rudimentary knowledge of these recondite subjects, he may at least with profit to himself be enabled to form some general notion of the symbolic conceptions of force which they systematically embody. Of especial importance is the study of astronomy, both philosophically, as imparting a knowledge of the cosmic relations of our planet, and logically, as exhibiting in its highest perfection the deductive investigation of concrete phenomena. The right use of that indispensable but dangerous weapon of thought, hypothesis, can nowhere be so conveniently or so satisfactorily learned as in astronomy, where hypotheses have been more skilfully framed and successfully applied than in any other province of scientific research.

But it is not by the study of mathematics and its applications alone, that a comprehensive logical training can be acquired. There are other kinds of proof than mathematical proof; and the deductive method is not the only meth-

od of reasoning. In estimating the comparative advantages of mathematical and of classical discipline, too slight and too feeble recognition has been extended to the great body of inductive science, which has grown up and attained to philosophic significance only in quite modern times. Chemistry and concrete physics have their means of arriving at truth, very different from those employed in mathematics, but quite as essential to sound scientific thinking. To acquire expertness and elegance in the use of deductive methods, while remaining contentedly ignorant of the fundamental canons of induction, is to secure but a lame and one-sided mental development. It is often remarked, that many men, whose opinions upon any subject with which they are familiar are sober enough, do not scruple to utter the most childish nonsense upon topics with which they are only partially acquainted. The reason is, that they have learned to think correctly after some particular fashion, but know nothing of the general principles on which thinking should be conducted. They are what is fitly called narrow-minded; and since each branch of knowledge is more or less closely interlaced with every other branch, a searching scrutiny will usually show that even in their control of their own specialty there is ample room for improvement. Each science has its logical methods and its peculiar species of evidence; and to insure an harmonious development of the mental powers, there is no practicable way except to obtain a knowledge of all.

To acquire such a command of scientific methods, it is not necessary, even were it possible, to devote much study to the details of each separate science. To master the details of any single science is a task for the accomplishment of which a lifetime is much too short. Recollecting, however, that not doctrine, but method, is for the student the thing above all others needful, it will be seen that our scheme does not make too great demands even upon the limited time embraced in a university course.

The principles of investigation involved in every one of the inductive sciences might easily be learned in the time now devoted to the acquisition of facts in chemistry alone. The college now attempts to teach chemistry as if each student might possibly come to be a physician, metallurgist, or pharmacist in after life. And the amount of time spent upon it is out of all proportion to that allotted to the other natural sciences, some of which, as anatomy and geology, are not even included in the regular course of electives. But total ignorance of organs and tissues is too great a price to pay for even an extensive acquaintance with acids and salts. The study of chemical details should be reserved for the elective course, of which we shall presently treat. The fundamental principles of chemistry, its relation to kindred sciences, the scope which it affords for observation and experiment, the philosophical value of its unrivalled nomenclature,—these are matters of universal importance, and their study forms an inseparable part of a catholic education. As thus conducted, the study of chemistry need not consume more than one third of the time at present assigned it, and other sciences, now sadly neglected, might assert their just claims to attention.

Chemistry and molecular physics constitute the proper field for the employment of the purely inductive method. As we arrive at the organic sciences, deduction again assumes a prominent position. Of our three principal instruments for interrogating Nature,—observation, experiment, and comparison,—the second plays in biology a quite subordinate part. But while, on the one hand, the extreme complication of causes involved in vital processes renders the application of experiment altogether precarious in its results, on the other hand, the endless variety of organic phenomena offers peculiar facilities for the successful employment of comparison and analogy. Zoölogy and botany are pre-eminently the sciences of classification; and if skill in

the use of this powerful auxiliary of thought is ever to be acquired, it must be sought in the comparative study of the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Theoretical logic may divide and subdivide as much as it likes ; but genera and species are dull and lifeless things, when contemplated merely in their places upon a logical chart. To become correct reasoners, it is not enough that we should know what classes and subclasses are ; we should also know how to cunningly make them. From pure considerations of discipline, therefore, biology should form one of the regular studies of the university course, and some proficiency in it should be expected of every candidate for a bachelor's degree. Practical considerations also join in urging that steps should be taken to raise the organic sciences from the insignificant position now assigned them. If some sagacious traveller from a distant world, like Voltaire's *Micro-mégas*, were to visit Harvard College, he would doubtless give vent to unpleasant sarcasms concerning the profound anatomical ignorance of its graduating classes. He would pronounce it hardly creditable to the institution, that men who have received its honors should be guilty of classifying cuttlefishes with the *Vertebrata* (we state facts), and should betray even less acquaintance with the structure of their own bodies than with the physical configuration of the moon. The scientific study of life has its practical as well as its speculative advantages. For want of sound views of biological method, intelligent persons are daily seen yielding faith to unscientific fallacies like those embodied in homœopathy, or to wretched delusions like *cranioscopic phrenology*.

It is therefore recommended that the time required for the study of chemistry be limited to one term, instead of extending over three ; that in the second term, along with the botany now taught, some instruction be given in general and comparative anatomy ; to be followed, in the third, by a brief but comprehensive survey of physiology ; while

such knowledge of geology as is needful for the better understanding of these subjects might be simultaneously imparted by means of lectures. An arrangement of this sort would possess the signal advantage of throwing the organic sciences into their proper place, between chemistry, upon which they partially depend, and psychology, to which they constitute the natural introduction.

There is the less need for insisting upon the value of psychology, metaphysics, and logic, as instruments of mental discipline, since few persons are disposed to call it in question. In following a difficult metaphysical discussion, all the intellectual faculties are brought into healthful activity ; and although men may reason well without understanding the nature of the psychical processes, there is no doubt that an acquaintance with psychology guarantees its possessor against the adoption of many a plausible fallacy. After the student has acquired, through his scientific studies, some dexterity in the use of logical methods, he will approach, with all the more interest and enthusiasm, the study of those methods as organized into a coherent system. In view of what has already been said, it is almost unnecessary to add, that we do not regard the science of logic as consisting solely of the doctrine of the syllogism. It will no longer do to ignore the fact that induction has its tests and canons, as well as deduction. Mr. Mill's great treatise has been before the public for nearly a quarter of a century ; and though far too learned and ponderous for a text-book, its introduction into the college course, in an epitomized form, would be attended with happy results. As for metaphysics, much of its value in education depends upon the catholicity of the spirit in which it is taught. Metaphysical doctrines are not so incontrovertibly established as the leading theorems of physical science. On nearly every question there are at least two mutually incompatible opinions, while on some points there are scores of such. The latest specula-

tions do not, as usually happens in science, render antiquated the older ones; and accordingly, in teaching metaphysics, extensive use should be made of the historical method of presentation. Recitations from the text-book might profitably be combined or alternated with lectures upon the history of philosophy, in which the aim should be to indicate as graphically as possible the relations sustained by each system to its predecessors. In default of any such arrangement, the University already possesses, in the works of Sir William Hamilton, with their profound historical consciousness, the best attainable substitute.

The study of history, with reference to the scientific methods involved in it, would in a university be utterly impracticable. That there is a causal sequence, which must sooner or later admit of being formulated, in the tangled and devious course of human affairs, we not only readily grant, but we also steadfastly maintain. But speculations of this sort are too hopelessly abstruse, and require too vast and minute a knowledge of details, to be profitably included even in the most advanced undergraduate course. Historical laws cannot, like physical laws, be obtained from the inspection of a few crucial instances. The enormous heterogeneity of social phenomena forbids their becoming amenable to any such process. Only in political economy, and to some extent in ethics, where the action of certain moral forces is independently treated, can the student be expected to comprehend general truths. Far from being in a condition to appreciate general views of historic evolution, he is usually ignorant of most of the leading facts upon which they are founded. Historical instruction, therefore, must continue to consist chiefly in the exposition of details. It is important, however, that the attention should be principally directed toward those events which have constituted turning-points in human progress. It is better to confine the attention to a few cardinal epochs, like

the rise of the Holy Roman Empire, the Crusades, the Reformation, or the Revolt of the Netherlands, than to try to commit to memory a compendium like Michelet's *Précis*, which is nothing but a disjointed chronological table, a *potpourri* of unmeaning dates and unexplained occurrences, wherein trivial anecdotes and events of eternal significance are incontinently huddled together, without the slightest attempt at historical perspective. Above all, the essential unity and continuity of ancient and modern history should be kept steadily in view; and to this end, far more importance should be assigned to the history of Imperial Rome than is now the case. Ancient history will always, as at present, be best studied in connection with ancient languages and literature. And this remark suggests the last of the subjects requiring notice in our brief survey, in proceeding to consider which, let it be premised that the most inestimable benefits arising from the study of history are here passed over, as implied in what we shall have to say about the classics.

If we have reserved the last place for the mention of classical studies, it is not because we esteem them least in value. After what has been said concerning the advantages of mathematical and scientific training, our assertion of the paramount importance of the classics will incur no risk of being ascribed to one-sided prejudice. We therefore make no scruple of recording our opinion that, both in quantity and in quality, the mental discipline obtainable from the intelligent study of the Greek and Latin languages equals that which can be acquired by any other educational means whatever. To which it may be added, that, if accuracy and precision are most thoroughly imparted by the study of exact science, on the other hand practical sagacity, catholic sympathies, and breadth of view are the qualities most completely developed by philological and literary pursuits. Indeed, were it not for the amount of attention so generally bestowed upon

the literatures and dialects of Greece and Rome, our intellectual sympathies would become contracted to a deplorable degree. As Dr. William Smith has observed, "their civilization may be said to be our civilization, their literature is our literature, their institutions and laws have moulded and modified our institutions and laws; and the life of the Western nations of Europe is but a continuation of the life of Greece and Rome." The reasons habitually adduced for studying the history of our own country and that of England, from which our political institutions most directly emanate, apply with scarcely inferior cogency to the study of that antique civilization, whence the best and most enduring elements of our social structure, our science, laws, and literature, even most of our religious ideas, are ultimately derived. And how much or how little of ancient life can be comprehended without a knowledge of ancient languages, we are willing to let every classically educated man declare for himself. There is thus a profound reason for the fact that universities have ever made the classic languages the basis of their instruction. The progress of modern discovery may greatly modify the circumstances under which this arrangement was originally made, but it can never entirely do away with them. Sanskrit, for instance, the immense importance of which we would be the last to under-rate, can never be placed upon an equal footing with Latin and Greek. Valmiki and Kalidasa, says Mommsen, are the precious treasures of literary botanists, but Homer and Sophocles bloom in our own garden. With Indian civilization we are but remotely connected; and our obligations to Cæsar, Paul, and Aristotle will ever be infinitely greater than to Kanada or Sakyamuni. The noble thoughts of Hellenic philosophers and Roman jurists have not only helped to inaugurate modern civilization, but have since continually reacted upon it. The impulse given to jurisprudence by the discovery of Justinian's Pandects at Amalfi may have been

exaggerated by uncritical historians, as Hallam and Savigny have maintained. But the Renaissance, with its innumerable consequences, will remain forever an abiding refutation of the detractors of classical studies. Well might the renewal of intercourse with antiquity be called a *new birth* for the modern mind; it nerved it with vigor for its greatest achievements. The spirit of Aristotle and Galen dwelt not with the stupid schoolmen who, parrot-like, repeated their doctrines, but with Galileo and Harvey, who overthrew them.

Not only does classical scholarship ripen the judgment and widen the sympathies; it also affords unrivalled scope for the exercise of practical sagacity. In order to acquire tolerable proficiency in the use of an ancient language, it is necessary to go through with an endless amount of reasoning, classifying, and guessing. Hypotheses must be skilfully framed, inferences must be correctly drawn, probabilities must be carefully balanced; a high degree of shrewdness must continually be applied to the solution of questions for the moment of practical importance, and to the removal of constantly occurring practical difficulties. The kind and amount of discipline thus obtained far excels any which can be got from the study of modern languages, all of which, from Portuguese to Russian inclusive, can be learned by the classical scholar with less labor and in less time than it has taken him to master his Greek and Latin. It is a grave error to suppose that all this mental exertion can take place without beneficial effect upon the after life of the student. Even if he is so unwise or so unfortunate as to allow his classical attainments to slip from his memory, he will be the better fitted for all the business of life, by reason of the exercise which they have entailed. Whatever native keenness and capacity for patient drudgery he may have in him will show itself developed and strengthened, just as his alertness and muscular vigor will be the better for his early rowing and cricket-playing, though he

may never touch bat or oar again. Impatient utilitarianism, in directing all education to immediate practical ends, and in turning universities into polytechnic schools, sacrifices more than it gains. The example of Rawlinson, as it has been well observed, proves that a soldier does not fight the worse at Candahar because he has deciphered cuneiform inscriptions at Ecbatana: to which it may be added that Julius Cæsar was not the worse general because he wrote on philology even in the midst of his wonderful campaigns; that men like Gladstone and Lewis are not worse, but better, statesmen because of their consummate classical scholarship; and that Henry Sumner Maine is not likely to prove less competent as a lawgiver for India, because he is the author of the profoundest treatise extant upon legal and social archæology.

Lastly, the current argument against classical studies, that, though imparting vigor and keenness to the mind, they are not immediately applicable to practical or professional purposes, is precisely one of the strongest arguments in their favor. "In proportion as the material interests of the present moment become more and more engrossing, more and more tyrannical in their exactions, in the same proportion it becomes more necessary that man should fall back on the common interests of humanity, and free himself from the trammels of the present by living in the past." In this age of hurry and turmoil, these words of the lamented Donaldson are daily assuming more and more of vital significance. If there is ever to be a limit to the minute subdivision of labor, if the excessive specialization of employments is not to go on unchecked by counter-processes, if man is not to be degraded into a mere producing and manufacturing automaton, if individuality of character is destined to reassert its antique pre-eminence, this must be brought about by sedulously fostering those pursuits which are not directly subservient to objects of narrow utility. And to this end, no studies can be more needful

and appropriate than the studies of history, language, literature, and archæology, — those studies which Steinthal, with reference to their effect upon the mind, has classified together and aptly entitled "retrospective." * They enlarge our mental horizon; they reveal our indebtedness to the patient thinkers and workers who have gone before us, and to whom we owe most of our present comforts; they cultivate our sympathy with the joys and sorrows, the hopes and disappointments, of past generations; they preserve us from the worst effects of the petty annoyances and carking anxieties of daily life, — the *μεριμνὰ βιωτικὰ*, against which the highest religious and ethical teaching has solemnly warned us. These are benefits too priceless to be thrown away, in order that our young men may gain a year or two for their professional labors; and they are amply sufficient to justify the University in continuing, as it has always done, to make classical scholarship an indispensable part of a liberal education.

Our hasty survey of these various departments of study brings to light claims on the part of each one which cannot wisely be ignored. In order to adequately perform its first great duty of evoking the mental capacities, the University must extend some recognition to all. Some proficiency in mathematics, in each of the physical and moral sciences, in history, and in classics should be demanded of every student who wishes to take a degree. The amount of work needful to be done in each of these branches in order to satisfy the requirements of a liberal education, it is for professors and tutors to determine. But we may here extend to all required studies the suggestion already made in regard to chemistry, that only a minimum of attainment should be expected of the whole body of students. In the case of the sciences, only so much attention should be given to details as is requisite for the comprehension of

* *De Pronomine Relativo*, pp. 4, 5.

methods and general results. For this purpose, some knowledge of special facts is of course requisite. We cannot understand the atomic theory or the doctrine of definite proportions without knowing something about oxygen, hydrogen, and the other elements; but it is not necessary to learn all the ways in which the metals are extracted from their ores. To understand methods and results in biology, we need to be acquainted with organs, fluids, and tissues, and to have some knowledge of function as well as of structure; but we need not enter into the merits and short-comings of Mr. Gulliver's theory of inflammation, or be particular as to the proper classification of the *Bryozoa*. The mathematical course might perhaps be allowed to close with plane trigonometry, and the course in classics might be materially abridged. Far less attention might be given to supremely useless matters, like Greek prosody; and the time now spent in committing to memory arbitrary rules for the scanning of choral passages in *Æschylus* would thus be saved for the study of ancient history and politics, in which important branches the requirements of the University have not yet attained even a respectable minimum. Doubtless in many other respects the amount of compulsory study might be curtailed. But these hints are merely thrown out by way of illustration. In a matter demanding so much circumspection, only the wisdom and experience of practised instructors are competent to decide. Satisfactory results could easily be obtained, if the head of each department were to fix the minimum to be required in his own specialty, subject to the concurrence of the representatives of all the other departments. The course of study, thus regulated, would slightly resemble what at Oxford is called the "pass-course," and all parts of it should be made compulsory for all students.

In advocating the adoption of a required course so extensive and yet so elementary, our aim is not to encourage crude smattering or vain sciolism, but

to enable the student to approach his own special subject in the light thrown upon it by widely different subjects, and with the varied mental discipline which no single study is competent to furnish. Nature is not a mere juxtaposition of parts, but a complex organic whole; and the different branches of science are so closely allied that, without a general knowledge of all, we cannot have a complete comprehension of any. From the lack of a well-defined knowledge of the boundaries which divide chemistry from physiology, many eminent chemists of the present century, including such men as Raspail, Berthollet, and even Liebig, have attempted to treat physiological questions by methods of investigation applicable only to chemical questions. There has thus arisen an ill-digested mass of speculation, embracing some inquiries which are purely chemical, and others which are purely physiological, to which has been given the name of Organic Chemistry. The amount of misdirected theorizing which resulted from this confusion of subjects and methods, it would be no light task to estimate. The doctrine of definite proportions was assailed, the distinction between ultimate and immediate analysis was lost sight of, and theories of respiration and animal heat were propounded, whose rare beauty and artistic symmetry of conception rendered only the more palpable and deplorable their extreme logical deficiency. This example, out of many which might be given, will suffice to illustrate our present position, that universal philosophic culture is essential to the right understanding of any one science.

But a general elementary training we deem serviceable only in so far as it is ancillary to the intelligent study of special subjects; and in providing for the former, our scheme of education is only half completed. Provision must also be made for the latter. Along with the *pass-course* at Oxford, there is another system of study, making quite different demands upon the ener-

gies of the student, and called the *class-course*. Our system of minimums likewise needs to be supplemented by a course entailing far greater labor, and crowned with still higher results. In reducing, as here recommended, the amount of work in the required studies, in uniformly postponing doctrine to method, in contemplating scientific truths only in their general bearings, and in extending its instruction over so wide a field, the University will have secured but one of its great educational ends. It will have supplied the instruments for investigation; it must now supply the material. In order to discharge its second great duty of providing each student with the means of thoroughly conducting special studies, the University should introduce an extensive and well-regulated system of electives. For this we have an obvious analogue in the usage of our ancestral institution in England. We allude, of course, to the *triposes* of the University of Cambridge, so called, not from anything triple or tripartite in their structure, but because of the "*stool* or *tripos* on which the bachelor of the day sat before the proctors during the disputations on Ash-Wednesday." Along with the course of required studies, remodelled according to the principles here laid down, a series of triposes should be instituted. The classic languages, with ancient history and ancient philosophy, would naturally constitute one tripos; a second might be made up of pure and applied mathematics; a third, of chemistry and the organic sciences; a fourth, of psychology, logic, and the history of philosophy; a fifth, of modern history, political economy, and elementary law; while a sixth might be assigned to modern languages and general philology. At the beginning of the Sophomore year, — when, as we shall presently see, matriculation should be granted and the proper University course should commence, — the student should be allowed to select one or more of these triposes, in which to pursue his studies until graduation.

As in each tripos the degree of proficiency requisite in order to graduate with honor should obviously be placed very high, few students would think it advisable to take up more than one. Thus organized, the system of triposes would for all practical purposes correspond to the Oxford class-course.

Many students will in every year be found willing to content themselves with the pass-course. They have no desire to do more than the minimum of work needful in order to get through college without disgrace. Or perhaps they are feeble in health, or have been imperfectly trained at school, and cannot therefore expect to do justice to the severe requirements of a tripos. These should be allowed to act their pleasure: the education they will get from the pass-course is vastly better than none; and there are better means than direct compulsion for inducing the student to follow the more laborious and profitable path. Either a higher degree should reward the perseverance of the class-man, as some have already suggested, or the maximum of credit should, for the pass-man, be reduced by one half or even by two thirds. In any case, all the honors of the University, all its scholarships, prizes, and emoluments, should be strictly reserved for those who have distinguished themselves in a tripos. Besides this, for the class-men, the constraint of compulsory attendance upon recitations and lectures should be materially diminished. Every one possessed of the requisite experience knows that, for the able and diligent student, too frequent recitation is not only a hardship, but a hindrance. The explanations of the professor, adapted as they must be to the comprehension of all his hearers, are often entirely superfluous to any one who has properly gone over the subject beforehand; while listening to the awkward blunders of dull or lazy classmates is not only a waste of time, but an irritation to the nerves. Nor could any class-man be expected to acquit himself satisfactorily upon his final examination, if three hours were to be sub-

tracted from his time for study each day. Four or five recitations every week in the studies of the tripos would be amply sufficient. The class-man should also be exempted from pursuing that portion of the pass-course covered by the subjects embraced in his tripos. Obviously, he who selects Latin and Greek for his special studies will gain nothing by following the instruction given upon those subjects to the pass-men, though in all other departments he must keep up to the minimum required. As a further means of relieving class-men from the distractions of continual recitation, and in order to provide all students with a wholesome incentive to exertion, a conditional exemption from recitations might be granted in the studies of the pass-course. For example, all persons attaining a certain standard of excellence in the monthly examination might be required to attend only half the stated number of recitations for the month following. The next examination would afford both a test of the faithfulness with which the student had employed the time thus left to his control, and an occasion for withdrawing the privilege in case of its abuse. Some such system as this might be put into operation even in the present state of affairs. Its merits, in creating a powerful yet thoroughly natural motive for promptness and diligence, are perfectly apparent. It goes far toward obviating the defects of the system of compulsory attendance, while it does not ignore the value of that discipline which can only be got from occasional intercourse with tutors and fellow-students in the recitation-room.

The advantages of solving problems, construing an ancient author, or rehearsing the results of one's reading in the presence of classmates and subject to professorial criticism, are indeed sufficiently obvious. Skill in acquiring knowledge ought certainly to be accompanied by skill in reproducing it; nor would the student be likely to do credit to himself in the examination, who should fail previously to test his

powers of answering questions on the spur of the moment. But the business of recitation should not be confined to going over in public what has already been gone over in private. The instructor's superior knowledge and more extensive sources of information should be applied to the elucidation of the subject in hand. Questions should be freely asked, and discussion, wherever relevant, should be encouraged. Thus conducted, the recitation would fulfil its appropriate function of making good the short-comings inherent in a system of merely private study, of supplying illustrations which cannot be found in text-books, and of smoothing the difficulties which from time to time beset the student in his progress.

Viewed in this light, the recitation is properly an auxiliary to study, rather than a gauge of the student's attainments. The latter purpose can be adequately subserved only by the examinations, on which the rank assigned to the student should exclusively depend. The marks given on individual recitations are nearly worthless as an index of scholarship. By dint of "cramming," the use of keys, translations, and other abominations, a delusive show of knowledge can easily be produced, which may answer the demands of the moment, but which a shrewd examination will inevitably dispel. If recitations were not allowed to influence rank, and were conducted in the conversational manner here recommended, the chief temptation to the employment of these wretched subterfuges would be at once removed. Accuracy of scholarship can never be looked for in a man who refuses to grapple with obstacles himself; and to translations in particular it may be objected that, being rarely executed by competent scholars, their interpretations of difficult passages are usually quite untrustworthy. Any system of conducting recitation, whose tendency is to banish these treacherous guides from the precincts of the University, is by that circumstance alone recommended at the outset.

The object of the triposes is to encourage minute and thorough scholarship. To this end, the distribution of honors should be determined by the results of a competitive examination held at the close of the college course, in which the requirements should be so great, and the questions so searching, as to render hopeless all attempts at succeeding by surreptitious means. At Oxford, for instance, the final class-papers in mathematics include questions covering the whole subject of pure and mixed mathematics; and there is no reason why our standard of proficiency should not be equally high, since in a purely optional course neither inability nor distaste for the subject can reasonably be pleaded. From the classical student, besides thorough familiarity with the text and subject-matter of at least ten difficult authors, we should demand a knowledge of ancient history at once extensive and accurate, as well as some skill in treating the higher problems of philology and criticism. And in the other class examinations the requirements should be similar. With such an organization, it would be strange if the University did not each year send forth a considerable number of persons in every way prepared to become finished scholars. With the compulsory system reduced to the lowest practicable minimum, and the elective system carried out with the greatest possible completeness, the chief ends of a liberal education can most effectually be secured; and the most excellent features of the European university will thus be adopted without resigning any single point of superiority possessed by the American college.

As already hinted, the existing constitution of the Freshman year should not be materially infringed. A course of study like the one here described cannot profitably be undertaken without more thorough elementary preparation than the student is likely to obtain at school. In such a country as England, where a dense population is confined to a small area, and where a con-

siderable degree of uniformity prevails in the civilization of different localities, all the necessary work preliminary to a university career can easily be performed in the great public schools. If, however, the present population of England were loosely spread over all the country between the Atlantic and the Dnieper, and if, while some parts were as highly educated as London, other parts were as poorly educated as Dalmatia, the state of things would be analogous to that which now exists in our own country. It is in conformity with these different circumstances that our system of education must be organized. We have no Eton or Rugby; but we have hundreds of schools for elementary education, scattered over an immense tract of country, and differing widely in the amount and quality of the instruction which they impart to their pupils. The social environment in which they are situated is usually very different from that of Cambridge; and the especial preparation of students for Harvard College cannot, except, perhaps, in Massachusetts, be regarded as one of the ends for which they exist. While the student coming from New England or any of the adjacent States is likely to be well prepared to begin his studies at Harvard, the student who comes from the West or from the South is equally likely to be ill prepared. These disadvantages are now to a great extent compensated under the *régime* of the Freshman year, and the circumstances by which they are occasioned furnish a sufficient reason for retaining that year as a period of probation, instead of giving it up altogether, or of making it a part of the regular University course. It should therefore, we think, be retained in its present form, with an examination both at its beginning and at its close, upon the latter of which the attainment of matriculation should be made to depend.

Our brief sketch of a university reform would not be complete without a few remarks upon the numerous police restrictions by which, at Harvard and elsewhere, the American student is gra-

tuitously harassed.* When the University undertakes to prescribe the color of the student's dress, to determine when and where he shall smoke his cigar in the streets, and under what conditions he shall keep a dog or a horse, it is not only exceeding its proper functions, but it is also forgetting its own dignity. Years ago, when black broad-cloth was generally considered the only suitable material for a gentleman's coat, and when none but truckmen and coal-heavers smoked in the streets, these laws might have been reasonable, though they were not even therefore necessarily justifiable. Now they have neither reason nor justice to recommend them. The state of things to meet which they were framed has entirely passed away, and the result of maintaining and even partially enforcing them is to widen, instead of closing, the social gulf which is fixed between instructors and students. Only when this chasm is removed by more familiar intercourse, and by the abolition of the petty restraints which have in times past caused students to regard with distrust and suspicion the officers placed over them, can the graver evils of college life, such as hazing and rowdyism, be effectually done away with. The self-respect awakened in the mind of the student by treating him as a gentleman will go much farther toward insuring his gentlemanly behavior than all the censorial laws which corporations can frame and proctors execute. That undergraduates have too often demeaned themselves like grown-up children follows naturally from the circumstance that they have to an extent only too great been regarded as such.

That a limited amount of penal legislation is needful, under the present constitution of our colleges, we have already admitted. If the system of compulsory attendance upon lectures, recitations, and the roll-call—currently known as “morning prayers”—is not entirely to be given up, some penalty must await non-attendance. But that this penalty should interfere with the

rank of the student, should affect his apparent scholarship, is utterly absurd. There is conspicuous absurdity in the state of things which allows a man who has attained an average mark of seven eighths to graduate without honor, because of his irregular attendance upon college exercises. His low rank is considered by the public to be an evidence of inferior scholarship; nor will any amount of mere explanation suffice to remove the impression. The old system of fining would be far preferable to this. As for rioting, sedition, and gross indecorum, they should, after due warning, be visited with expulsion. Further than this, the penal legislation of the University cannot legitimately extend.

Such in its leading outlines is the scheme of university reform which has long been present, with more or less distinctness, to the mind of the writer. We are not sufficiently vain or sanguine to hope that it will at once recommend itself to those in whose hands the work of reform has been placed. We have throughout, however, avoided the discussion of Utopian measures for the attainment of ideal excellence, and have proposed no innovations for which we do not consider the times to be fully ripe, and the means of execution entirely at command. If our suggestions shall have at all contributed to fix and give shape to the floating ideas of any graduate who may be now first approaching the subject of reform, their end will be amply subserved. Something would have been said, had space allowed, on the important subject of a post-graduate course. But for the present we must be content with directing the attention of the alumni and the public to the imperative need which exists for an arrangement whereby those graduates who desire it shall be enabled to pursue their studies indefinitely, under the shadow of the University. Only under such a system can we make due provision for thorough scholarship. Our literature cannot hope to compete with that of other countries, so long as our young men of literary taste and ability

* Statutes of Harvard College, Ch. X. § 101.

have no choice but to embark in an active profession, or engage in mercantile employments. To institute a number of fellowships—the essential condition of a post-graduate course—will require, no doubt, a much greater revenue than the University has now at its disposal. But the end which is not straightway attainable should still be kept steadily in view. A system of post-graduate instruction is, we repeat, the great need both of the University and of the country. Literature, science, and high scholarship have never pros-

pered where they have not been recognized as legitimate special pursuits. Individual zeal and genius may indeed perform wonders, but they cannot supply the place of systematic organization. Our mother University has in recent days enriched mankind by the labors of a Donaldson, a Munro, and a Merivale; and when we, by means of a well-organized system of fellowships, are able to do likewise, our country also may hope to rival its mother in learning and scholarship, as it now rivals her in material prosperity.

THE CLAUDIAN EMISSARY.

THE middle of March found me at Naples still, with an inflexible necessity upon me of being in May at Paris, whither I proposed to go by way of Ancona and Venice. But between Naples and the northern sea, stretching for many leagues from the frontier of the Ecclesiastical States along the Apennines, lay those three provinces of the old Sicilian kingdom,—almost untrodden by modern travel, infested to a proverb with banditti and vermin, and no less barren of all the comforts of modern civilization,—the rugged, picturesque Abruzzi. Against these, and all dealings with them, Murray warned with the voice of authority; and Murray's authority was enforced by many friendly dissuasions on the spot. Yet dissuasions and warnings, pictures of a country without inns, of inns without food that could be eaten or beds that could be slept in, or, graver yet, of highways untravelled by peaceful strangers, in regions where every peasant was a brigand, and where the *gendarmes* were worse than banditti,—all these but confirmed me in my thirst for exploration.

But though dissuasions were of no avail, those who dissuaded were none

the less earnest in offering such other services as seemed to them next in value. Our courteous Minister Resident (for Naples had at the time of which I write a court for ministers to reside near) deemed it best to provide me with surer protection than my ordinary Washington passport might afford against the persecutions of the atrocious rural police, and so presented me with a special certificate, over the broad seal of the Legation. This paper declared that the bearer's "journey was not connected with politics, military science, nor the acquisition of any knowledge of such subjects"; and that "the undersigned commended him to the good offices of those whom this might reach." Still more marked was the obliging interest shown by my bankers, who, together with the ponderous silver dollars alone current in the Abruzzi, handed me letters to gentlemen upon the line of my projected journey, assuring me that in the Abruzzi a document of that sort was not merely, as elsewhere, a "ticket for soup," but entitled the bearer to board and lodging on presentation. Nor did they suffer their obstinate beneficiary to set out until they had, unknown to him,

sought out the best itinerary and topographical chart of the Abruzzi that Naples afforded, and given it to him as a guide to his feet and a remembrance of the courteous givers.

Thus abundantly equipped, one lovely Monday morning in March saw me at the railway station, and, an hour later, at the gates of Capua, whence I had issued three weeks earlier on my way from Rome. A sentry in the stiff Neapolitan uniform glanced listlessly at me as I crossed the drawbridge. When I crossed it before, stopping to look about at the bastions and ravelins,—which, conforming faithfully to the principles of Vauban, had given Capua a high repute among fortified places before Vauban was made obsolete by Todleben and Gillmore and Parrott and Dahlgren,—I had ventured to ask the sentinel how long he thought the town would hold out if the French came,—a possible event which had been a few months earlier the terror of “legitimate” authority in Italy. Looking hastily about him for listeners, “About three hours,” he answered. A bold hill juts from the Apennines into the plain on which the town is built, to within a mile of its walls; and it seemed then, as I looked at it, the topographical fact on which depended the failing strength of Capua. Well, three months later came,—not the French, to be sure, for they had stopped work at Solferino,—but Garibaldi and his red-shirted multitude.

Capua held them easily at bay until hope began to fail them; but when at last the well-trained legions of Piedmont came to Garibaldi’s relief, and engineers, as good as the best in Europe, planted on that hill batteries of Cavalli guns, such as Vauban’s philosophy had made no calculations for, down came the flag of the Two Sicilies, and nothing remained but Rome and Venice to complete the unity of Italy. I hope my friendly sentinel came to no harm; but the event was a most acceptable confirmation of my theory.

In Capua, I had only the enforced delay of a few minutes at the dirty headquarters of the police, while the “Ispet-

tore,” carefully comparing the somewhat imaginative description of my passport with its bearer, and scrutinizing closely its unimpeachable visas, made various entries in a register, and affixed the seal of his official approval. As I took the liberty of looking over his shoulder during the process, I had the pleasure of seeing entered in a column for general remarks the suspicious circumstance, *a piede* (afoot),—the one circumstance which, more perhaps than even my American origin, subjected me in all this journey to the especial annoyances of the vilest police in Christendom. But even a Neapolitan inspector could discover no flaw in my record; and it was not yet eleven when, my knapsack slung, my passport submitted to examination again at the opposite city gate, I trudged rapidly across the bridge over the swift Volturno, and was on my way to the Abruzzi.

For four miles the road was the same over which I had come from Rome, until at Lo Spartimento (The Forks) my new course left the Roman highway, going off at a right angle to the left, straight toward the mountain range which rose distinct, though distant, in front. But though mountains faced me, on either hand the road was flanked by a dull, flat region, grown lifeless under the extortionate tyranny of the Farnese Bourbons. The highway itself, though a principal one, was a rough, broken bed of hard clay, which, in the winter rains, had been by the few passing wagons cut into ruts and clods, and now was baked by the vernal sun into the rugged form left by the last wheels that furrowed it; while no green *banquette*, as along the magnificent causeways of France and England, offered relief to the pedestrian’s feet.

After the torment of a walk of near a dozen miles in a pair of cruel Neapolitan shoes, which I had bought just before leaving the city, I beheld as welcome a vision as ever a sail to shipwrecked mariner,—an open wagon, with but one occupant, and going my way. If South Italy has in fact (as those deny who can see no future for her

but brigandage and priestly reaction) a middle class, this man is one of them, — evidently a *roturier*, a small rural landholder, whose gun lying at his side indicates that his rank is such at least as to entitle him to the privileges of keeping arms and of killing game. It is with evident distrust that he yields to my piteous appeal; but before our two miles of companionship are over, we are on terms of confidence. The primary announcement of his new companion as an American served, as it always does upon the Continent, with every one but Englishmen and police agents, to arouse the warmest good-will and the liveliest interest, and to open the way for a torrent of exclamation, of inquiry, and of admiration. Nor were these expressions limited, in the conversation of my new carrier, to questions about our country, and envy of our good fortune; all fear of *gendarmi* seemed at once to have vanished, and the poor fellow indulged in invective against his own government, — imputing to it, not without reason, all the misfortunes of his country, — as if he had been kept all his lifetime under a pressure of ninety pounds to the inch, and believed that this half-hour was to be his last chance for relieving his mind. We crossed two or three times the line of the projected railroad from Rome to Naples, whose massive embankments lay incomplete, and unvexed by the tread of laborers. “Why don’t they finish it?” “O, the government is doing it, and the government does n’t want the road built. They have been at it three or four years, and every year they work a little to keep up appearances, and then lie idle. O, it is a vile government, and a wretched people; but America! that is *un paese celeste*, — a heavenly country!”

It must have been one o’clock when my friendly *roturier* deposited me at a roadside inn, where I was first to test the truth of my Neapolitan advices concerning the entertainment which my route would afford. Small comfort so far! A small, square house of white stucco, with a broad archway in its front

giving access for vehicles to the enclosed court-yard about which it was built, and for guests to the interior of the tavern itself, — court-yard and archway deep with all imaginable filth, — the rooms of the house almost unfurnished, dilapidated, offensive to every sense, — it was unhappily a fair type of the Italian *locanda* in districts unfrequented by foreign travel. A bit of coarse bread, with a knife incrustated with ancient evidence of its former uses, and a tumbler of muddy red wine, were the best means of refreshment the house afforded. But even this fare gave me strength to stumble along over a few miles more of broken road, with the help of another hour’s lift in the wagon of a party of farmers, whose deep disaffection to the plundering government under which they lived was only less outspoken than my friend’s of the morning. Near nightfall, I come in sight of what, as I have already learned by inquiry, must be my shelter until morning, unless I can go several miles farther, with no danger indeed of “faring worse,” but little hope of doing better. It is a nameless den, standing almost alone by the roadside; so nearly alone that the place, known in the neighborhood as Pietra Storta, is not even mentioned in Murray. Nameless, as I have said; but over the broad archway in front is nailed a withered, leafless bough, which cheaply indicates, all over Europe, the low *cabaret*, or tavern, and which is so apt to verify the adage to which it gives rise, “*Good wine needs no bush*.” The house is larger than my noonday resting-place, but even more squalid than that; the solitude of the spot brings up rather too plainly the varied warnings of my friends against robbery and murder; but there is no alternative; my tortured feet will carry me no farther. Within there is little to reassure one. A grimy old woman, who appears to be the *padrona*, takes my orders. But there is nothing to eat in the house, almost absolutely nothing; nor does the landlady appear disposed in any way either to accommodate or to conciliate her unwonted

guest. An ill-cooked omelet at last furnishes all my dinner, and I lock myself into a great, desolate barn of a room, and fight with vermin until morning.

Tuesday, a breakfast like yesterday's dinner, and an early start. Getting well into the mountains to-day. The country is charming; the seventeen miles of it that I make abound in varied and sometimes striking scenery. The road passes several villages, all of them too squalid to offer even the poor refreshment with which I would gladly supplement my slender breakfast. To-day another companion, travelling also on foot,—a workman bound to San Germano for a job. At noon, as we sit by the roadside together, resting and chatting,—it is hard if my Italian, bad as it is, is worse than his!—he draws from his wallet a loaf of dark-brown bread, and cheese as white almost as snow, and will take no answer but that I shall share them with him. Then we jog on together, until, some hours before sunset, he leaves me at the inn, outside the town of San Germano, which bears the imposing title of "Villa Rapido." Not so bad a place either; for this town has been not without attractions to foreign visitors. Here is at least one good dinner on my route, despite all prognostications; but it is not my place of halt for to-night.

Just back of the little compact town, towering hundreds of feet above it, and looking out far and wide over the level plains of Campania, rises that lordly eminence, the Monte Cassino. On its lonely summit, more than thirteen hundred years ago, three years before the Emperor Justinian laid, at Constantinople, the corner-stone of that gorgeous cathedral which he dedicated to the Holy Wisdom, the saintly Benedict, overturning the heathen altars of Apollo, set up instead his lowly monkish oratory, and founded the mother house of the great order of Benedictines; and here, after all the successive pillage of Lombards, of Saracens, and of the ruthless Gauls of this nineteenth

century, still endures the grandest monastic establishment in Europe. The inn-people furnish conveyance to the convent in the shape of a scrubby donkey, with a hardly better-kept boy for propulsive power. I bestride the uncomely beast, and the driver attaches himself by one hand to its tail, while with the other he incites progress by means of a sharpened stick; and so we trot through the crooked streets of San Germano, and commence the tortuous ascent. It was a delightful hour's ride. Below, covered with the soft haze of sunset, spread the broad valley of the Garigliano, bounded, some eight miles beyond, by mountains of ragged and picturesque outline, and stretching away up beyond the Papal frontier. Into this valley projects like a promontory, from the mass of the loftier and snowy Apennines close behind it, the mountain we were climbing; and at its very summit, visible in something like palatial majesty for many miles on either side, is the great mother house of the Benedictines.

My arrival there was, on one account, somewhat inopportune. It was the eve of St. Benedict's day; and the convent, notwithstanding the stupendous extent of its courts and quadrangles and corridors, was so full of visitors, attracted from the country around either by religious zeal or by the free hospitality of the holy fathers, that when I entered through a low passage tunnelled in the rock up into a noble court-yard with a fountain, the servitor who met me told me I could hardly be received. Fortunately, a Neapolitan friend, just before my start, had given me, unasked, a card addressed to the prior. On receiving this, the servitor disappears for a moment, and returns, bearing the commands of the prior that I should be conducted into his presence.

The head of an establishment at once so venerable and so majestic,—to whose membership no person of less than gentle birth or less than independent fortune is admissible, and whose chief, always noble, in more prosperous days was by virtue of his

mitre the first baron of the Sicilian kingdom, — Don Carlo de' Veri seemed, even to my democratic and Protestant eyes, a fit successor of the most princely abbots and of the most saintly fathers. A slender, graceful man, of about forty years, his fine intellectual face and pale blue eyes gave unquestionable signs that the vigils and fasting which were common enough on Monte Cassino a thousand years ago were no rare exercise there in more degenerate days; and his features and expression and manner had all more of ideal saintliness than I ever have seen before or since, outside of a mediæval picture. He received me, in the presence of two or three of his subordinates, with great dignity and courtesy, and shortly led me to a large, fine room, well furnished (a far different apartment from the narrow cells which served to lodge the good fathers themselves); and, stealing a few moments for the rites of hospitality from the unusual burdens of this anniversary time, sat and talked, in French and Italian, of the news of the outer world, which seemed to reach him but seldom. Soon an attendant served in my room such frugal but wholesome dishes — an omelet, a salad, bread, butter, but no fleshly meats — as the rules of a convent would allow; and with very thankful and kindly feelings toward my entertainers, I turned to a pleasanter sleep than that of the night before.

St. Benedict's day was ushered in, as the great bell struck midnight, by matins in the church. But not until broad day did I awake, to look out, from the giddy height of my window, on the same boundless beauty of prospect which had been so delicious in yesterday's ascent of the mountain. Directly beneath my window, from the monastery gates below, there passed out into sight, as I looked, a party of pilgrims, who had done their *devoir* at St. Benedict's shrine, and received, no doubt, their dole of alms; and who now, like so many palmers of old, wrapped in their rough brown cloaks, and bearing long staffs with little crosses at the top,

wound their way down the mountain, chanting as they went a strange, wild chorus, that rose like an echo from the Crusades into the clear upper air. For an hour or more, after another ascetic, though delicate, repast of eggs and lettuce, I rambled through the labyrinthine structures of the convent, lingering longest and most reverently, and most loath to leave it, in the great Abbey Church, to which nothing in Italy, still less anything out of Italy, — not the Church of the Annunciation at Genoa, not the metropolitan church of the whole world at Rome, — can be remotely compared for wealth of decoration in mosaics and paintings and rich marbles. That square inch or two of mosaic, madam, that your cousin brought you from Florence, you value enough to wear, set in gold, at your throat; and rightly. What think you, then, of a church, greatly larger than Trinity in Broadway, whose whole interior surface — roof, walls, columns, altars, and chapels, save such space as is covered by the paintings of Bassano and Luca Giordano — is encased in Florentine mosaics, larger in pattern, indeed, but scarcely less delicate, than your cherished ornament, — while even the broad acres of its pavement form one harmonious device in mosaic of such beauty and richness as the most undevout visitor would rather kneel than tread upon?

But I have far to go to-day. I cannot call away my courteous entertainer from the solemn services of his founder's anniversary; so, leaving a little contribution for the charity fund of the convent, the only acknowledgment I am permitted to make for its hospitality, I pass out again through the rocky tunnel, and down the mountain through the olive groves.

There is a fair in San Germano on St. Benedict's day, and the pilgrims to the shrine above, having got there gratis much spiritual good, are busy exchanging their *carlini* for divers articles of worldly gear. Hurrying through the crowded alleys, and hardly pausing to look at the stately ruins of

the amphitheatre of Roman Casinum, I turn to the right around the base of the mountain, and soon have struck into a good, swinging gait, along the broad high-road that leads up the valley of the Garigliano. The highway is as pleasant as an English rural lane, passing as it does through vineyards and rich plantations with grand old elms and oaks; but before noon the renewed torture of those accursed Neapolitan shoes, reducing to a wretched limp the exultant stride of the outset, rendered grateful beyond expression the succor of a springless and most comfortless country wagon, in which a party of peasants helped me a dozen miles on my way into the hills.

The night was near when, having walked several hours after losing the aid of my rustic friends, and having gone far into the hills up the narrow-valley of the Liris, I arrived at the village of Isola. Among my letters from Naples was one to this place, introducing me to M. de Montgolfier, a French gentleman whose residence in these inhospitable wilds was compelled by his important office as manager of the most extensive paper-mills in South Italy. Trusting to these words in Murray, "*Inn*: small but clean," I had looked forward to a tolerable dinner at that hostelry, and an evening call with some ceremony to present my letter. But a single glance at the "small, but clean" *osteria*, through the open door of which were seen a party of operatives, just dismissed from the day's work, executing a kind of scalp-dance in the dirty public room, annihilated scruples. Calling to mind all I had heard at Naples regarding the comprehensive meaning of an introduction in the Abruzzi, I presented myself, dusty and halting from the march, without apology, at the *cartiera*.

It would be pleasant to paint, from the experience of the twenty hours at Isola, the attractive picture, which those born to speak English are apt to deem impossible, of the graceful home and fireside life of a refined, cultivated French family. But the frank and cor-

dial hospitality with which, upon no stronger claims than those of being a stranger, a traveller, and an American, with a formal commendation from a common acquaintance, I was admitted to this home imposes obligations which cannot be disregarded. No duty, however, is violated in saying that here, in the very heart of the Apennines, where I had thought myself perhaps the first visitor from over the sea, there greeted me the familiar face and voice of a house clock bearing the trade-mark of "Chauncey Jerome, New Haven, Connecticut"; that in the great cluster of buildings—turned from their ancient service as a convent to the secular uses of a paper-mill—there was, what they said Europe could not supply the place of, an American "pulp-machine"; and that even to this sequestered valley the fame of at least two countrymen of ours had come. One was the historic, almost mythologic Washington. The likeness of the other, with words of admiration,—rather of veneration,—as of an apostle and martyr, they brought and set before me. It was the grim, Puritan figure of him who, rightly or wrongly, was to them, as to Victor Hugo, the greatest of modern Americans,—of "ce pauvre Jean Brown,"—of that crazy enthusiast whom the Virginians had hung as a felon at Charlestown, and made an end of, to be sure!

No wonder if the next afternoon was well advanced when I stepped out again into the high-road, and turned my back on Isola.

It was the declaration of the classical Mrs. Blimber, that, "if she could only have seen Cicero in his villa at Tusculum, she would have died contented." I think, if that gifted woman could have shared with me this afternoon's walk, it would have gone far to reconcile her to the pangs of dissolution. The readers of Mr. Forsyth's entertaining "*Life*" of the great lawyer and politician will recall the minute topographical sketch of the favorite ancestral villa of Arpinum. Its site, as accurately ascertained by the comparison of existing

landmarks with the date in his correspondence with Atticus, lay just in my way to-day. Under the guidance of a truly venerable father from the conventual church of St. Dominic the Abbot, which stands upon the very site of the heathen philosopher's country-seat, and is built up with broken columns, capitals and triglyphs, inscriptions and bas-reliefs, Mrs. Blimber might have traced out, as I did, the "island" formed by the "cold Fibrenus," just before it "falls headlong into the Liris." But no sacrifice which she could have offered to the shades of the ancient proprietor could have surpassed the reverence with which a little peasant-girl approached the "Cicerone" who in the stead of Marcus Tullius was doing the honors of the place, and, looking up into his gentle face with timid confidence, took his hand, which hung scarcely within her reach, kissed it, and slipped away. Less than an hour brought me to the inn at Sora, which might have been endurable but for contrast with the Eden of Isola.

By half past seven next morning all preliminaries were concluded with the proprietor, and I set forth in a shaky one-horse vehicle; for the day was a little rainy, and the distance to another resting-place altogether too great to be accomplished on foot, with all that must be done besides. It was the narrow valley of the Liris, up which, almost to its head, I was still pressing. The ascent was constant; the mountains, barren even of trees, grew nearer together, higher, and more rugged, yet without being picturesque. There were occasional squalid villages, the poverty of which was abject, and seemed universal. It was past noon when, following the road by a sharp turn to the right, and climbing through a narrow gorge, we came out upon a scene which seemed, in the raw mist of that March day, the very abomination of desolation. It was a very level plain; its breadth, as we faced it, might have been a couple of miles; on our right the mountains closed upon it, while to the left it stretched away in

fearful solitude some eight or ten miles, until the mountains appeared to shut down upon it,—all unvaried by tree or shrub or dwelling, or any sign of human occupation except the road along which we were travelling, and almost bare even of the commonest herbage. Opposite to us, all along the northern edge of this plain, a gray, bald mountain rose some fifteen hundred feet above the considerable elevation we had already attained, beyond which, and at about the level of the Campi Palentini, over which we were passing, lay the broad, shallow Lake Fucino, deeply set in a crater-like basin of the mountains. Under this Monte Salviano in front of us, under the plain we were traversing, more than eighteen hundred years ago, the Emperor Claudius, with eleven years' labor of thirty thousand men, had pierced a tunnel from the lake through to the valley I had just left,—a tunnel three miles and a half in length, ten feet high, and four wide. It was carried all this distance through hard rock and argillaceous earth, for the beneficent purpose—which, no less than its grandeur, commended the work to an enlightened despotism—of keeping down to their ordinary level the waters of the lake, which, having no natural outlet, had often inundated its fertile borders. The grandeur of the conception, the vigor of the execution, the splendor with which the completed task was celebrated, were all alike worthy of a Cæsar. But it is one thing to create, and quite another to maintain. Whether from unskilful engineering, or faulty construction, or from whatever cause, the issue from the lake soon ceased; the great Emissary was choked, and the water spread destructively, as before, over the many thousands of acres once open to tillage and habitation. From that time on, monarchs of many names had striven to renew the achievement of Claudius; Roman Cæsars, German Kaisers, even Farnese Bourbons, most detested of tyrants, had essayed the task, and abandoned it. What emperors and kings vainly attempted had

been, a few years before my visit, once more undertaken by the capital and skill of a modern joint-stock company. A Roman banker, the Prince Torlonia, had contributed most of the capital; French engineers had supplied the science and the skill; and the work of restoring, on new and better plans, the Claudian construction, was now going bravely on. It was by the wish to visit these great works, the ancient and the modern; to see the boldest enterprise of this character that Roman art had ever attempted, the proper companion and complement of those achievements which I had already marvelled at, — the Pont du Gard in Provence, the wall of the Theatre at Orange, and the Flaminian and Appian Ways; to see set face to face, in unflinching comparison, the old and the new science, — that I had been attracted, more than by anything else, into this wild region.

I have called the plain upon which we had entered a solitude. All that impaired the completeness of the solitude was a cluster of low temporary buildings just in front of us, much like those which an American railroad contractor knocks together of boards near some "heavy job" on the line, and destined, like them, for the workmen's quarters and shops. The Frenchmen who are directing this work call them "chantiers"; our American parlance changes the spelling slightly, and the sound less, and calls them "shanties." My *vetturino*, having pointed out just at the right of the road a low, irregular pile of stones, then, some distance forward, another, and yet others, until they reached in a straight line a little way up the mountain in front, told me that these rude well-curbs guarded the mouths of the ancient *cuniculi*, or air-shafts, and set me down, a little after noon, at one of the better of the "shanties."

It was a rare good fortune which had brought to that place, at that moment, M. Bermont, at once contractor and engineer-in-chief of the work, to whom I bore a letter from Naples. My reception was cordial, of course; for

M. Bermont was a gentleman and a Frenchman. A countrywoman of his made us, in the two-roomed cabin we had entered, an omelet, *clean*, for I saw the process, and French. Then followed an inspection with M. Bermont of his workshops, of his stables, where a hundred fine horses are kept, I listening meanwhile to the information which he freely gave concerning the history and the details of his work.

Claudius employed thirty thousand laborers to do his work. Torlonia and Bermont have under pay a number varying from twelve to fourteen hundred, besides the hundred horses. What compensation the ancient workmen had, if indeed they were not unrewarded slaves, can hardly be told. The skilled laborers, the mechanics and miners, receive now from half a ducat to a ducat, or from forty to eighty cents in silver, a day; the common laborers, from thirty-five to forty-five *grani*, or from twenty-eight to thirty-six cents of our coin. "Cheap enough, we should call that in my country, M. Bermont?" "Yes, or in France; but I would rather have Frenchmen at double the wages. These Neapolitans are lazy and stupid, and are not to be trusted out of sight. Before I learned to take precautions against them, I lost from their thieving tools, stones, even things which could hardly be of the slightest value to them, however important to me. Why, sir, they would almost steal the shoes from the horses' hoofs! *Mais*," with a shrug of resignation, "*il faut toujours payer son expérience!*" At the engineer's cabin again, removing outer garments, we were fitted out with rough suits, including hats and boots, which certainly defied injury from any ordinary stains, and set out upon our explorations.

Turning directly toward the mountain, we followed, on foot, the line marked, as already mentioned, by the piles of stones indicating the original *pozzi*, or shafts for light and air, and stopped to glance down into the dark abyss of one or two of them. Half a mile brought us to the base of the

mountain. Before a low excavation in the side of the rock, my guide stopped. We received each from an attendant a rude lamp and a staff shod with an iron point, the use of both of which was evident enough before long. The engineer entered; I followed, and found we were in a passage tunnelled downwards at the utmost slope which allowed the possibility — I do not say the facility — of walking with the help of our pointed staffs; the grade may have been of thirty degrees. Its dimensions were perhaps something less than those of the work to which it led; say something more than a man's height, and wide enough for two to pass each other. Down this painful avenue, which was one of the many through which the Roman task-masters had driven their thirty thousand slaves in gangs to and from their ill-requited work, we stumbled on, without much discourse, and perhaps with inchoate doubts in the mind of one of us whether it had been best, after all, to come through the Abruzzi. After what seemed a ten minutes' journey, and was at any rate one of many hundred feet, other lamps than our own flickered before us, voices of workmen were heard, and we were in the Claudian Emissary. That is, we were where the Claudian work had been; but it was the engineer's purpose, he explained, to show first his own completed work, and let me compare afterwards the architecture of the Roman Cæsar. At the point of our entrance, where excavation in the solid rock was all that needed to be done by either builders, the contrast was in little more than dimensions; but by this contrast how sadly belittled was the imperial work! Instead of the somewhat irregular perforation, measuring in height now seven or eight feet, now a dozen, or even more, and in breadth from four to six feet, — the discharging capacity of the tunnel being, of course, however the architects may have forgotten it, rigorously limited to that of its smallest cross-section, — instead of this, a spacious gallery, uniform and

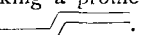
symmetrical, of that nearly elliptical shape which modern science has pronounced to be best adapted to sustain the peculiar pressure to which such structures are subjected, and which is especially familiar from views of the Thames Tunnel. This was its shape where we entered; and throughout its length, where completed, from the lake at Incile to the river at Capistrello, it was the same; while a cross-section would give a maximum width, just above the centre, of fourteen feet, and a height of twenty. This difference alone would have multiplied the discharging power of the old work by four or five; and as we went on, new elements of improvement made the discrepancy still more striking.

Of the five thousand six hundred *mètres* — as nearly as possible three miles and a half — of the entire length of the Emissary, about three thousand eight hundred were at this time finished upon the new plans. Through nearly the whole of this completed work, through much in course of construction, and finally through much of the untouched Claudian work, we made our way by staff and lamp, stumbling along the track of a railroad with little gravel trains drawn by horses, and often in a rapid current of eight inches of water.

Soon we had passed out of the rock-cutting, and were encompassed by the magnificent masonry of cut stone, with which the tunnel is carried through the earth excavations which make a large part of its course. A little farther on we came upon the most active operations; passed through swarms of workmen with their lamps, and found the passage blocked by great solid frame-works of timber, here and there already crushed by the mass of earth which it was their office to support in the interval between the removal of the excavated portion and the completion of the splendid masonry which formed the finished work. Over and under and through these massive frame-works we had now to scramble and climb, not without nervous respect

for the silent energy which might again be exercised upon those broken timbers before we were well out of them. The timber structure came to an end; in front of us was a bare surface of earth, and in the midst of it the oblong aperture of the Roman tunnel.

Every step in this heightened the contrast with the modern work. The masonry was of the famous Roman bricks, in that shape of broad, flat slabs, not more than two inches thick, which seems to have been, at least from Britain to Calabria, their unvarying form throughout the Empire. Their position, it is true, had put them to no gentle test in the eighteen hundred years since they were set; but it was no assumption of prophetic vision to foretell that the grand French work through which we had passed would be, saving the respect due to Mr. Miller and Dr. Cumming, in better condition after the next eighteen hundred years than they were then. Here and there the Roman masonry had altogether fallen in. Elsewhere, the substance of the bricks was disintegrated and washed away, to the depth of an inch or two from the face of the wall, while the grand cement with which they were joined, utterly unimpaired by all its exposure, stood out firmly from the receding bricks, defining their joints in bold relief.

Now, too, by the help of the engineer's explanations, there became apparent certain points of superiority of the new work over the old, other than the increase in size, the reform in cross-section, and the improvement in masonry. We were moving southwardly through the tunnel, in the direction, that is, of the flow of water from the lake to the river; when there appeared before us an abrupt *ascent*, some three or four feet high, not only of the floor, but of the whole tunnel; climbing which, we found the downward slope to be resumed only at the same gentle gradient as before, making a profile something like this: . Here the ancient engineers, working towards each other from different *pozzi*, had pre-

served indeed with marvellous exactness the just alignment of the work, but had, on one side or both, made that prodigious error in their levelling discovered only at the meeting of the two gangs, and then left unrectified. Again, at another point of meeting between two shafts, the level was fortunately nearly enough identical; but this time such a deflection from the true alignment had occurred, that the parties had actually passed each other underground; and the transverse gallery by which communication was opened between the two sections had been cut through, with an astonishing defiance or ignorance of the laws of flowing water, not so favorably as at right angles to the general course, but at an *acute* angle, so that the current was compelled to turn sharply upon itself twice before it could pass on to its outlet. At this point a ground plan of the Emissary would be simply indicated by this line: , the dotted mark showing how the French engineer, by a "reversed curve," had easily overcome the astounding blunder of his predecessor. The differences in level the new work had grandly disregarded, and moved on from lake to river in one fixed and gentle descent.

Before a tall aperture, which opened out of the side of the tunnel to the right, my conductor paused, and, with a special admonition to step carefully, entered it, and began at once to ascend. It was another *conicolo*, not upon an inclined plane like that by which we had entered, but very steep, and built in long and difficult steps. These were cut in the rock, and, where that failed, were laid in the same thin Roman bricks. Often they were broken and ruinous, and everywhere were worn hollow by the tramp of the thirty thousand workmen of the old Emissary; they were slippery with running water; and the very darkness became a help in climbing, by saving a weak head from dizziness. After a long and weary pull, there was a little glimmer of light ahead, and in a moment we were in the glaring day, out upon the naked Campi

Palentini, but, to my surprise, close by the company's workshops, half a mile from where we had gone underground; having been two hours and a half in the bowels of the earth, and under the summit of gray Monte Salviano, with eighteen hundred feet of solid rock overhead.

It was a pleasant drive which M. Bermont, as the sun was sinking, took me in his chaise up that gray Monte Salviano, whose foundations we had been exploring. At its summit we paused to look out upon the broad expanse of Lake Fucino, deep set below us; at the white villages, so fair from afar, so foul and sordid on near view, which dotted its borders; at the grand snowy Apennines beyond; and then slowly followed the windings of the well-made, but ill-maintained road, to the grimy town of Avezzano, where graceful hospitalities again cheered my solitary journey. Another short drive in the morning enabled me to complete the survey of the Claudian Emissary, by taking me around the shore of the lake to the point of outlet. Here the mountain comes down, almost a precipice, to the very shore, leaving but a few yards of level to the water's edge. The Roman tunnel, still untouched at this upper end, is sunk fifteen feet below the bottom of the shallow lake. Up the steep mountain-side, marking sharply the line of the subterranean channel, rise, one above another, the mouths of three of the *cuniculi* which gave access to the work, the space left between the roof of each inclined gallery and the floor of the one above being only those few yards of rock needed to insure the safety of both. Down one of these we descended, not many yards indeed, until our advance was stopped by the water which filled all this upper part nearly to the level of the lake, and from which the operations below were protected, perhaps by that very obstruction which had frustrated the hopes of the first builders.

Reaching out from the water's edge at this point of outlet, and enclosing, in an area of many acres, the site of the

original mouth of the Emissary, now obliterated by the deposits of centuries, is an enormous double dike, shaped like the letter U, its extremities resting upon the shore. This, a most essential device of the new engineers, affords the means by which they will control, or at their will even cut off entirely, the flow of water into the Emissary; for none will be admitted but through strong floodgates at the toe of the horseshoe. Already the dikes had served to lay bare, within their enclosure, objects which should have attracted some part of the antiquarian research and reverent pilgrimage so freely bestowed upon the recent exhumation of the ruins of Uriconium, in Shropshire. When the work of Claudius had availed to reduce greatly the superficies of the lake, the entrance to the Emissary seems to have been chosen as a site for a little town. Ephemeral must have been its life; written history preserves no record so much as of its name, which yet may be imperfectly preserved in the local tradition which still calls that spot, where is neither town nor house, Incile. Perhaps before that disastrous day when the Campanian cities disappeared under the stroke of one devouring element, the slow encroachment of another had usurped those pleasant habitations which now, after eighteen centuries of submersion, were laid bare to the gaze of the degenerate clowns who were raising those embankments, but of not one intelligent observer, save those French engineers and the solitary and accidental traveller who now inspected them. The streets, the foundations of the houses, their floors, doorways, and partitions, were laid out more distinctly than upon an architect's ground-plan. In one part, in a house of special elegance, was a little bathroom, with its white tessellated pavement, and even the leaden discharge-pipe set in the bottom of the bath;—all fresh and clear as at Pompeii, and all to be destroyed within a few weeks in the progress of the work.

In this state were the operations up-

on the new Emissary in the spring of 1860. It had been commenced six or seven years before, upon an estimate that something more than a million of dollars, and five or six years of time, would be required for its construction, and that from seven to eight years more would be needed to drain its thirty-six thousand acres and restore them to cultivation. The work has not been uninterrupted, it is true. Within a few weeks from the time of my visit, the sovereignty which protected it passed by violence from the house of Bourbon to the house of Savoy; and the region of the Abruzzi was at times abandoned to the disorder of brigands and reactionaries. But last year it was stated in the English papers that "Prince Torlonia's colossal undertaking of the drainage of the Lake of Fucino had recently been entirely centred in his own hands by the dissolution of the original company, and his purchase of all its shares, which are now twice the amount of the original estimate. On the 9th of August, 1862, the Torlonia Emissary was opened for the first time, and in fifteen months it had drained 2,000 *hectares* (5,000 acres) of land. On the 28th of August, 1865, the Emissary was opened again, and will continue in operation about two years, during which period 5,000 or 6,000 *hectares* (12,000 to 15,000 acres) will be drained. All that will then remain to be effected will be a canal in the basin of the lake, which will drain 8,000 *hectares* more of most fertile land."

Thus has a Roman prince of the nineteenth century accomplished what a Roman prince of the first century vainly essayed. When the earlier one had completed, though so imperfectly, his audacious enterprise, and the waters were to be let into their unaccustomed channel, gorgeous beyond example was the display with which the pedantic tyrant celebrated his peaceful conquest. The pages of Suetonius, of Tacitus, of Dion, glow with the brilliancy of the festival. The elder Pliny deems it worthy of mention, long after,

(Hist. Nat., xxxiii. 3.) that in his youth he too had been present on that memorable day, and had seen the no less memorable Agrippina, clad in military robes, and sitting by her august consort's side, as he presided over the great spectacle of the naval fight with which this unwarlike victory was inaugurated. The anecdotic Suetonius narrates how, when all had been prepared, the rival fleets "of Sicily" and "of Rhodes," each of which was of twelve three-banked ships of war, passed with their death-devoted crews in review before the imperial pair. A silver Triton, raised by unseen machinery from the middle of the lake, gave the signal for the encounter, while, enclosing the borders of the lake, a powerful force of infantry was stationed to keep the marine gladiators, without compunction, to their bloody work. "But the combatants on board them crying out, 'Health to you, noble Emperor! We, who are about to die, salute you!' and he replying, 'Health to you too!' they all refused to fight, as if by that response he had meant to excuse them. Upon this, he hesitated for a time whether he should not destroy them all by fire and sword. At last, jumping from his seat, and running along the shore of the lake with tottering steps, the result of his foul excesses, he partly by fair words, and partly by threats, persuaded them to engage." (Suet. Claudius, 20, 21, 32.)

Nor was this the only inauspicious incident of that great day. The stately chronicle of Tacitus relates how, when the bloody games were over, and the surrounding myriads stood intent upon the final opening of the gates through which the Fucine Lake was soon to disappear, the waters let into the tunnel, meeting some interior obstruction, (we have seen what impediments there were in the very construction of the work,) were choked and thrown back with such violence that the floating platform which bore Claudius and his court was nearly destroyed, and the insulted lake had almost avenged upon

those imperial savages the blood with which it had been incarnadined. (*Annals*, xii. 56, 57.)

Thus in the year of grace 54 did the first of the two Roman princes celebrate his transient victory over nature. The later prince, in the year 1867, having accomplished that in which the other failed, will content himself with the inconspicuous glory of pocketing the ducats which his rich recovered land will yield. But since it belongs

only to emperors to illustrate with pompous spectacles of naval splendor the works with which they may have "renewed the marvels of the Orient," let us at least accord to Prince Torlonia and to M. Bermont — to Italian enterprise and French genius — the honor, which even a Cæsar would not have demanded, of publishing in this Western world their work, more beneficent and hardly less great than that of the two Napoleons at Cherbourg.

TRAVEL IN THE UNITED STATES.

NO people travel more than the Americans, whether inside of their own country or outside of it. Locomotion belongs naturally to the restless, shifting phases of the national temperament. Migration at home has become so general a habit, that cases of strong local attachment are almost exceptional; while to have visited Europe is one of the understood requirements of our conventional gentility. It is accepted as implying a higher degree of culture, and no doubt does remove certain families somewhat farther from their antecedent history. Even our farmers are beginning to have their little after-harvest trips to the sea-shore, the Hudson, Niagara, or the West. The old men, whose boast it was that their lives had been spent within a radius of twenty or thirty miles, are going unhonored into their graves.

This habit of travel will certainly increase, as our means of communication penetrate farther and touch more attractive regions. It is already so fixed, however, — so much of a physical necessity, — that we might expect to find a certain correspondence between its demands and the facilities furnished for its gratification. The latter, in fact, are among the most obvious indices of a people's civilization. Given their

homes, hotels, and methods of locomotion, and you may infer their degree of education and the character of their political system. The muleteer of Spain belongs as naturally to a superannuated church and a decayed dynasty, as the Prussian railway to the order and precision of a military power, or the American hotel to a gregarious people recklessly bent on keeping up appearances.

Admitting the want, let us consider how it is supplied. Any material feature of the national life can best be examined by contrasting it with the same thing in other countries; yet we find ourselves obliged to go back of the external facts at the start, and to compare qualities which are to a great extent the result of political causes. In the first place, there is this broad distinction between our national government and that of every prominent European power: the former stands as far as possible aloof from any interference with the private and personal interests of the citizen; while the latter descends to inspect and regulate his education, his labor, his travel, and even his amusement. In Europe, the practical part of life is reduced to a system which has the exactness and something of the monotony of a machine;

in the United States, there is the mere skeleton, or rudimentary outline, of a system, barely sufficient, in some respects, to be distinguished from no system at all. Our public life is regulated rather by the natural cohesive power of material interests, than by the ordering hand of government.

The prominent faults which we find adhering to the two systems, and inherent in them, are these: in Europe, the government, in its anxiety to regulate all the movements of life, and protect its subjects from imposition, speculation, and the fluctuations of labor and trade, surrounds the individual with so many restrictions that his activity is more or less circumscribed, and his development hampered; while here, the government is so anxious to leave the individual entirely free, that in many respects it does not furnish him with adequate protection. Personal independence, on the one hand, and a slowly matured and carefully guarded order, which makes easy much of the practical business of life, are the corresponding benefits.

The ear of the public has been so stuffed with compliments to American enterprise, American self-reliance, and American practical talent, that the public has not yet discovered how incomplete and fragmentary is the practical side of our character. We are swift in all things, but thorough in very few. We are practical, it is true, up to the demands of our most pressing necessities, but beyond that point chaos begins. There is something sublime in the courage with which we confront great physical obstacles, and that astounding faith in the future which, abolishing the pioneer, plants full-blown civilization, with all the modern improvements, in the very heart of the wilderness. So long as we are content to behold general results, we are dazzled, and this is our most coveted state; for the genuine American has little taste for the examination of details which may subdue, if not overcloud, his visions.

Thus, the history of our railroad con-

struction is marked by rapidity, daring, and a wonderful use of resources. Our roads have not only reached the utmost limit of settlement, leaving an immense network of communication behind them, but have pushed out beyond the last pioneer, and precede emigration. Under such circumstances, no one can expect the safe and massive works of Europe. The labor must be reduced to a minimum, the bridges and culverts must be of a slight, temporary character, and the running stock not very elegant or substantial, that the losses from the expected accidents may not be too severely felt. Practical talent would seek to make up for these deficiencies by a careful system of operation, — by signals, close and intelligent inspection of machinery, and a schedule of running time which would cover the ascertained possibilities of delay; but just here is the point where our practical quality begins to deteriorate. Our rule seems to be, that a hastily built road may be carelessly managed. There is probably no line in the country upon which greater regularity and security might not be obtained, without the least increase of its expenditures.

Notwithstanding the combinations entered into by companies which connectively form rival lines between the East and the West, and the obvious interest of each to establish a claim to regularity, there is a great amount of delay and detention on all lines. We have known six accidents to occur on one trip from New York to Cincinnati. There have been seasons when accident — or at least failure to make connections with other roads — threatened to become the normal condition of the New York and Erie, the New York Central, the Central Ohio, and many other roads. Having travelled extensively on all the chief thoroughfares of the country during the past twelve years, we are convinced that the chances of arriving at one's destination in accordance with the programme set forth in the published time-tables have been diminished, rather than in-

creased, during that period. The traveller who takes a through ticket from New York to St. Louis has a possibility of detention at Pittsburg, which amounts to a probability at Columbus or Indianapolis. The rate of speed on express trains has not been increased, (on some roads it has been slightly lessened,) the margin of time allowed for delays would seem to be ample, and the fact of irregularity must spring from a defective system of management.

All that we have said on this point will apply with equal force to the question of safety. We have many roads whereon the annual losses from accidents amount to a sum which, applied to the protection and proper organization of the road, would render accidents very rare. Our variable climate and extremes of temperature are physical disadvantages, it is true; but these exist to a greater extent in Russia, and yet on the road from St. Petersburg to Moscow, four hundred miles in length, and opened to travel in 1852, the life of a single passenger has not thus far been sacrificed! On this road there are thirty-three stations; the shortest stoppage is five minutes, and the longest (at Tver, for meals), forty-five minutes; the whole journey, including stoppages, is made in exactly twenty hours. We do not complain that the trains upon our roads are too slow, that they do not accomplish the forty miles per hour of English or French express trains; but we insist that they are bound to establish a schedule of running time upon which the travelling public may depend, with a tolerable certainty of its correctness. In proportion as they approach a system which will avoid irregularities, they will offer greater security to life.

The consideration of comfort opens a wide field, which every reader may partly illustrate from his own experience. Our American ideas of comfort are, to a certain extent, conventional. We are gregarious, but not social; we rejoice in arrangements which allow a great number to crowd together into the same enclosure, and then we be-

come silent and uncommunicative. The American railway-car is popular, it cannot be denied. We proudly point to it as an example of security against murders of the Franz Müller order, forgetting the number of platform deaths to which it gives rise. We prefer to be silent in a large company, and sleepy in a vile atmosphere, to being social with six or eight fellow-passengers in a separate compartment. We have but one class for all travellers, — except a few emigrant cars on certain lines, — and this is believed to be democratic. One car, or sometimes two, kept tolerably clean and comfortable for ladies, may be enjoyed by the married man or him “intending marriage.” In others, the refined and the brutal, the clean and the filthy, the invalid and the swearing, tobacco-squirting rowdy, are packed together. Some of the latter, in winter, when one’s feet rest in an ice-bath of bitter air, and one’s head reels in a burning, disoxygenized atmosphere, can only be compared to one of the outer circles of Dante’s Inferno. On many of the Western roads, the single gentleman is *forced* into such a moving stable. We have seen a gentleman on the Ohio and Mississippi Road knocked down by a slung-shot in the hands of a brakeman, because he wished to enter the almost empty ladies’ car, the only other car on the train being crammed to suffocation by drunken and riotous soldiers. This gentleman, covered with blood, was then thrown among the latter, neither conductor nor any other official at the station in East St. Louis taking the slightest notice of the outrage.

We have frequently seen trains leave New York, on the Hudson River Railroad, with four cars, all the seats filled, and a hundred persons standing in the aisles. The latter were obliged to stand thus for a distance of from twenty to sixty miles, until seats were furnished them by the departure of other passengers. Even where enough cars are furnished to seat all, they may be filled with narrow iron torture-screws,

as on the Camden and Amboy, (seats which only admit persons of moderate size,) or the seats may be so crowded, as on many other roads, that each traveller's knees are painfully wedged against the back of the seat in front. The obligation of the companies to furnish a seat for every ticket sold is universally evaded; their liability to damages arising from unnecessary delays has never, we believe, been fairly tested. We know of one instance, where a lecturer started from New York to fulfil an engagement at Syracuse. There was no accident, but a careless or incompetent conductor succeeded in failing to connect at Albany. The lecturer, thus obliged to return to New York, presented his ticket for Syracuse at the Hudson River Railroad office, and, as he had used just half its value, requested a return ticket for the other half. This was peremptorily refused: the company had received three dollars more than its own dues, and kept the money.

We are frequently told that the business of the roads will not allow them to offer better accommodations, or to establish a more thorough system of operations. This is an uncandid plea, and scarcely needs examination. Mr. Quincy* has shown that, in cases of competition between English railways, a reduction of fares to *one eighth* of the ordinary rates only occasioned a diminution of *one half of one per cent* in the annual dividends. So, on the other hand, travel will increase in proportion as it becomes safe, regular, and comfortable. If a railroad company will take the sums expended in consequence of accidents, given away in free passes, devoted to furthering or preventing State legislation (as the case may be), to fighting rival lines, and to all forms of secret service, and apply those sums strictly to the improvement and organization required by the interests of the travelling public, there will be a swift return to it for

the investment. Whichever main line of travel between the East and West first classifies its accommodation with corresponding rates of fare, reforms the refreshment stations along its route, and takes special precautions to prevent detention, will soon acquire a monopoly of the through travel.

It is a little singular that the success of the sleeping-car has not suggested other changes in the direction of comfort. This invention yields to its owners an annual dividend of from twenty-five to seventy-five per cent on their investments, in addition to the indirect gain of the railroad companies. The luxury of lying at full length in an atmosphere not absolutely poisonous by night, and of having space for legs and freedom from filth by day, has reconciled the public to the exorbitant rates demanded for the use of these cars. Only in the first-class cars of European railways can one travel as comfortably by night.

In like manner, the popularity of the very few refreshment stations where the traveller learns to expect decent fare and reasonable charges should teach the fact that, although the American stomach is long-suffering and patient, it has not yet wholly lost its power of discriminating between the palatable and the abominable. Good coffee is so rare, even in our hotels, that we cease to expect it; but such instances as Poughkeepsie and Springfield, where one may obtain sandwiches, cold fowl, oysters, and wholesome ale, teach one to forego the withered cakes, sickly-looking apples, and indescribable pies of other places where ten minutes are allowed for "refreshments." There is *one* dining-hall for travellers in the United States,—at Meadville, Pennsylvania. The restaurant of "Mugby Junction" originated with us, and its present existence in England may be referred to the spread of American ideas. In that amusing sketch, Dickens has done no more than justice to the admirable system adopted on the French railways. It is as difficult to find a bad dish at a French railway

* The Railway System of Massachusetts. An Address delivered before the Boston Board of Trade. By Hon. Josiah Quincy. Boston. 18

restaurant there as it is to find a good one here. Who, that has travelled much in Germany, can forget the cups of smoking *bouillon*, each accompanied with its crisp, delicious roll, which so gratefully soothe the yearning stomach, and yet leave the appetite fresh for the later meal? But if we prefer cakes, candies, and dyspepsia, who shall say us nay?

When we speak of the manifold conveniences of European travel, we are told to see our own country as well, to encourage home enterprise, enjoy home scenery, and make ourselves familiar with our own great store of resources. This is all very well, and the sense of novelty will carry you once over the ground; but we doubt whether many would repeat a journey in America for pure pleasure. Upon most of our thoroughfares, travel is simply an unwelcome necessity. There is one car upon the Boston and Fall River Road, wherein, by contrast, it becomes a delight; for two hours you enjoy air, light, and comfort,—then the old bore takes you up again.

If we could detect any general indication of an improvement in these matters, we might forbear complaint. But in our railroads, as in our hotels, we find deterioration rather than improvement. This is owing to the great increase of travel and traffic, without a corresponding increase in the accommodations to meet it. When all the hotels are sure to be filled to the extent of their capacity, rivalry ceases, and the public, happy in being accommodated at all, meekly accepts whatever is set before it. The proprietor, who makes from one hundred thousand to half a million dollars per annum, becomes sublimely indifferent to the comfort of his guests; and the railroad which employs all its rolling stock, and intends to buy but very little more until prices come down, puts on the airs of an absolute power. Corporations, with us, are controlled by a few individuals, and we endure in all the practical relations of life an amount of tyranny which would not be tolerated a single day were its character

political. Our corporations are more despotic, dishonest, and irresponsible than in any other country of the civilized world. Our politicians, of whatever party, repeat the old phrases indicative of mistrust of corporations; yet we find the latter controlling entire States, electing their own legislatures and members of Congress, demoralizing voters, and exercising other dangerous privileges, in utter defiance of the public interest. We are silent under impositions of this kind which would raise a popular tempest in many countries of Europe.

The quiet, patient submission of the American people to imposition is a source of continual surprise. This weakness, more than any other characteristic, increases the difficulty of establishing a convenient, well-regulated life among us. We endure alike the servant's disregard of contract, and the arbitrary rule of corporations. This winter we have enjoyed the astounding spectacle of a single individual coolly interrupting the travel and trade of a large portion of the country. There is the greatest lack of self-defence among us; in fact, public opinion is rather against the man who complains. This is a morbid manifestation of our self-reliance. We seem to look upon resistance or protest as implying an inability to endure so much as others. Mr. Lowell, writing from Italy a dozen years ago, says: "I am struck by the freshness and force of the passions in Europeans, and cannot help feeling as if there were something healthy in it. When I think of the versatile and accommodating habits of America, it seems like a land without thunderstorms. . . . On the whole, I am rather inclined to like this European impatience and fire, even while I laugh at it, and sometimes find myself surmising whether a people who, like the Americans, put up quietly with all sorts of petty personal impositions and injustices, will not at length find it too great a bore to quarrel with great public wrongs." The subtle truth of this last sentence will be felt by every one

who remembers the cowardly spirit of concession throughout the North during the first three months of the year 1861.

Travel in the United States is at present less agreeable than in Europe, from another cause. Not only all the country west of the Alleghanies, but a great deal of that along the lines of the Eastern roads, has not yet grown out of its early stage of development. Nature is in the transition period, shorn of the lonely grace of the wilderness, and not yet clothed in the complete robes of cultivation. Nature, in this phase, looks shabby and unattractive. The stumps of fresh clearings, the undrained roughness of swamps, the spindling trees left here and there as forlorn monuments of the original forests, and the first laborious evidences of man's occupation, are all unsightly features. One may travel a thousand miles without escaping from them. Outside of the nooks of old settlement, we have few finished landscapes. West of the Missouri River, where the surface of the earth rises into beautiful undulations, and trees are only seen along the river-bottoms, this ragged, shabby character of the landscapes disappears. The fields have the smoothness of a long-settled country; the trees grow up, taking their perfect characteristic forms; and the young forests which issue from the earth wherever it is saved from fire will rise in walls and mounds of exuberant foliage, instead of the naked scaffolding of trunks and boughs which they appear where a wooded country has been cleared. This part of the Republic will present, in thirty or forty years, the finished beauty which other parts will scarcely offer in a hundred years.

Most of our inland cities and towns have as yet only a material interest; they are simply so many evidences of growth. They have neither history, monuments, nor individual peculiarities. The smaller towns look as if one individual had built them all on contract, at the same time. The age of a place may instantly be determined by a glance

at its dwelling-houses. The Grecian portico indicates thirty years; the (so-called) Swiss cottage, of clapboards, twenty; the square block, with square box on top, fifteen; the bracketed, towered, irregular mansion, ten; the mansard-roof, to-day. These towns imitate and intensify the monotony of the landscapes around them. It would be difficult to find more uninteresting lines of travel than from Buffalo to Chicago, from Pittsburg to St. Louis, or from Cincinnati to Detroit. Yet those who are familiar with the railroads of Belgium know how charming those dead Flemish levels have become, through varied cultivation and traces of the changing habits of centuries.

Much of our scenery is thus waiting until its natural tameness, or the offensive features of its transition state, shall be remedied by time. Over great tracts of territory we have not been greatly favored in regard to scenery. Except the White Mountain group, the Adirondacks, and the Catskills, we have few picturesque mountain regions this side of Colorado. The Alleghany range is singularly devoid of sublimity; its long, uniform walls weary the eye. In the Southern States, when you have named the Shenandoah Valley, East Tennessee, and the mountain region of North Carolina, you have almost exhausted the catalogue of fine scenery. The Mississippi—except in its upper course—and the Missouri are the tamest of rivers.

But the scenery of the western half of the Republic fully makes up for the deficiencies of the eastern. From that meridian line where the peaks of the Rocky Mountains first rise above the horizon of the Plains, to the shore of the Pacific, there is no region without its beauties and its wonders. The States and Territories lying within this limit have a character of landscape wholly their own. They are not mere repetitions of the old lands, suggesting to us the magic of a past which our people can never really possess. The world-wide landscapes of the mountain Parks, the lakes of Utah, the mile-deep

cañons of the Colorado River, the Yosemite Valley, and the isolated mountain pyramids of Oregon, are unlike any other scenery in the world. They combine the highest elements of beauty and sublimity, in new forms. Within ten years, much of the stream of travel which now sets across the ocean will be turned westward, and all those sources of enjoyment, of inspiration, of native growth and development, will be opened to us. We shall then have some compensation for the privations and inconveniences of our methods of travel.

The great tracts of territory which we are obliged to cover make the growth of sections slower than it otherwise would be. This circumstance interferes with the order, the stability, and the ripe development of the older parts of the country. The vast annual immigration from Europe is absorbed as fast as it arrives, and a great deal of the natural increase of our own population is carried westward along with it. The elements of haste, of carelessness in regard to details, of superficial performance, evolved out of these conditions, have infected our life everywhere. Our capacity for steady, patient labor—a quality which rejoices in order and method—has been seriously undermined. We have learned to seek “short cuts” to wealth or position,—to endeavor to clear by frantic leaps the gulfs which separate us from our aims. Something of this is inevitable, and we should be inclined to leave the fault to correct itself, but for the indifference to individual right and protection which it engenders. When the happy day shall come when *all* of our territory is at least thinly settled from ocean to ocean, and the nation has learned the important truth that it is better off without any more, we may hope that the work of consolidation will commence. The imperfections, the crudities, the restless, unsettled motions of our national life will probably then begin to subside. The simple circumstances of a denser population and more settled habits will go far towards removing the practical disad-

vantages to which we are now forced to submit.

Whatever may be our theory, (it is doubtful, indeed, whether we have any,) our practice appears to be based on the idea that the corporations into whose powerful hands are confided our travel and the facilities of our business are not the servants, but the benefactors, of the people. We are swift to create them, we generously load them with privileges, and we require a mere shadow of obligation in return. Sometimes, when a specially frightful accident occurs, we establish a single rule whereby that particular form of accident may be prevented, but we neglect the comprehensive legislation which should protect the public against dangers and impositions of all kinds. The shock of a catastrophe makes but a temporary ripple on the swift, seething, impetuous current of our life. The *competition* upon which our legislators fondly relied for our protection is slowly transforming itself into a gigantic system of *combination*, in railroad, telegraph, and express business, against which the public is powerless. It is time that the balance were restored. Except in the case of the Pacific railroads, the need of encouraging and specially supporting these great physical enterprises is past, and those which have been built up by a confiding generosity should be called upon to fulfil, at least, their most obvious duties.

Our Anglo-Saxon race, with all its sound and sterling qualities, possesses less grace and courtesy than any other of the civilized families of men. To the untaught American mind courtesy implies a certain degree of servility. With the half-cultivation of a large portion of our population, one could scarcely expect to find the virtue generally developed; but the absence of it, in our public intercourse, is an unpleasant fact. From the *restaurateur*, who, thrusting his hand over your shoulder for a dollar, silently and contemptuously smiles at your imbecility in demanding to be served, to the conductor who don't know how long the train will be

delayed, nor what is the nature of the accident, (what right have you to ask?) and the boy who fills your lap every five minutes with hideous novels, and swears if you let them drop on the floor, the American public is constantly reminded that it is an inferior institution. A large portion of it seems to have meekly accepted the low estimate of its temporary rulers; at least, the exceptions are not yet frequent enough to have produced any change. It may be human nature for a conductor or a ticket-agent to become irritable at the millionth repetition of the same question; but the man who cannot subdue his nature to what it works in is not the proper man for his place.

We have succeeded so far — and it is our chief national glory — in the creation and development of a people, that these features of our life show the

more glaringly against the broad background of our civilization. The character of our travel is not only below the requirements of the public, but below the standard of our average physical progress. It has not kept pace with the growth of the nation in taste, in refinement, and in the comforts and conveniences of private life. In proportion as the hands by which it is directed have increased in power, they have used that power with a diminishing regard for the rights of those who gave it. It is time that the rude pioneer phase, which accommodates itself to everything, should come to an end. The educational influences of travel are so important, that we should seek to make it attractive; but we shall be satisfied when it shall be so improved as to be no longer, as now, a necessary annoyance.

CHESTER HARDING.

I WISH to outline for American readers the history of an American artist who died last year, full of days and honors. It is a history which records how circumstances became as clay in the grasp of genius and resolution, and great results were developed from the most untoward beginnings.

Never, perhaps, were beginnings more untoward than the early years of Chester Harding. He was born in 1792, in Conway, a little town high up among the hills of Franklin County, Massachusetts. Identified during his boyhood with the fortunes of a family struggling hard for bare subsistence, with an unpractical and thriftless father, and a noble, but overworked and care-worn mother, as soon as he was able to be of use he set to work to earn his own living, as "hired boy," at six dollars a month, with a farmer of the neighborhood. This, however, was a

taste of riches and independence compared with the life before and after. When Harding was fourteen, his father removed with all his family to Western New York. This was an undertaking of no small magnitude. Their new home was an unbroken wilderness, — a week's toilsome journey from New England, — where, after clearing the ground and building a rude log-cabin, Harding and his two elder brothers made flag-bottomed chairs for their neighbors, procuring by this means pork, flour, and potatoes, which were the dainties of the backwoods, while his father and the other children labored in the forest. The usual course of a settler's life was broken in upon by the war of 1812, and Harding shared fully in the excitement this occasioned. He entered the army as a drummer, and had a thorough experience of the pleasures and pains of military life.

Sickness reduced him almost to the grave, and when, on recovering, he obtained his discharge from the ranks, he nearly perished with cold and hunger in attempting to reach his home. Here he remained for the next six months, employed in drum-making with his brother.

The energy which had not yet acquired a specific direction was beginning to manifest itself in restlessness under the routine of his daily life, and readiness to embark in any enterprise that promised deliverance from it. A proposal to undertake the agency for a new spinning-head was eagerly accepted, and, having "contrived to get a horse and wagon, with five or six dollars in money, besides a quantity of essences, such as peppermint, tansy, wintergreen, &c.," Harding set off for Connecticut, with golden dreams of fortune. If he did not realize these, he gained in his expedition some money and more experience, and thought it on the whole a profitable journey.

At this point love came in to complicate the situation. The account which Harding has left of his courtship is too graphic not to be given in his own words. "I happened," he says, "to meet with Caroline Woodruff, a lovely girl of twenty, with handsome, dark eyes, fine brunette complexion, and of an amiable disposition. I fell in love with her at first sight. I can remember the dress she wore at our first meeting as well as I do those beautiful eyes. It was a dark crimson woolen dress, with a neat little frill about the neck. I saw but little of her; for the family soon moved to a distance of forty or fifty miles. Though she was absent, however, her image was implanted too deeply in my heart to be forgotten. It haunted me day and night. At length I took the resolution to go to see her; which was at once carried out. I set out on foot, found her, and proposed, and was bid to wait awhile for my answer. I went again, in the same way, and this time had the happiness to be accepted; and three weeks after she became

my wife, and accompanied me to my home."

A little anecdote in regard to his marriage is characteristic. February 15, 1815, had been appointed for the wedding-day. On the afternoon previous the bride was making her last preparations; the guests were invited, the wedding-gloves and sash sent for, and the wedding-cake in the oven, when Harding drove up to the door and announced that he wanted to be married that day, as the snow was melting too fast for their journey home to be delayed twenty-four hours longer. So they were married the day beforehand. Mrs. Harding was accustomed to say, "It has been the day beforehand ever since."

Scarcely had the happy pair reached Caledonia, N. Y., where Harding was then living, when he was sued for debt. Much embarrassed in his business, which was then chair-making, he concluded to try tavern-keeping, but with no improvement in his fortunes. Matters at length became desperate. Imprisonment for debt seemed inevitable, and the thought of it was so horrible to him, that as a last resort he determined to leave his family, and look for employment in some safer locality. He quitted home in the night, travelled on foot to the Alleghany River, and as soon as practicable worked his way on a raft down to Pittsburg. There the prospect was not very encouraging, but Harding at length got a few jobs of house-painting, and with his small savings returned to Caledonia for his wife and child, with whom he again made the wearisome journey, but with better heart than before,—perhaps with some presentiment of brighter days at hand.

Their home at Pittsburg was humble enough. "All our availables," Harding says, "consisted of one bed and a chest of clothing and some cooking utensils; so that we had little labor in getting settled down." For his household gods he had previously rented a "ten-footer" with two rooms in it. But now all his money was gone; he could get no more work as a house-

painter. Had he brought his family so far only to starve, instead of feeding them? So deep was their poverty at this time, that a half-loaf of bread lent by a kind neighbor, and a piece of beef-steak obtained on credit, made them a luxurious meal, which was remembered with thankfulness in after years of plenty.

There was an opening for a sign-painter in Pittsburg, and Harding eagerly accepted this means of supplying his pressing wants. But he had no funds to procure the materials he needed, and was forced to resort for money to the kind neighbor from whom he had borrowed bread. He was successful in this new business, and followed it a year. About this time a portrait-painter, "of the primitive sort," happened to show to Harding some specimens of his work, which opened to the struggling sign-painter a new world of thought and desire. Though he could ill afford the expense, he had his own and his wife's pictures painted, and was lost in admiration of the artist's skill. Day and night the thought of this wonderful art possessed him. An unconquerable longing to try his own powers in this new direction made him haunt the studio of the artist, who would give him no hint of his method, nor even allow Harding to see him work. At length, with a board, and such colors as he used in his trade, Harding began a portrait of his wife, and, to his own astonishment, "made a thing that looked like her." He was frantic with joy at the result. He painted several other portraits, and the occupation became so engrossing as to interfere seriously with his regular business. Nelson, the portrait-painter, whose pictures had given the first impulse to this newly discovered faculty, was still disposed to be unfriendly. He ridiculed Harding's efforts, and told him it was sheer nonsense to attempt portrait-painting at his time of life. To the dejection which his criticisms occasioned was, however, opposed the admiration of others who probably had more sincerity, if less knowledge of art; and

Harding's love of painting was now too strong to admit of his being easily discouraged. Hearing from his brother, who had removed to Paris, Kentucky, that an artist in Lexington was receiving fifty dollars a head for portraits, he resolved, with his accustomed suddenness, to establish himself in Paris, and arrived there with funds, as usual, low, but with a good stock of hope and courage, and a conviction that he had at last found his true vocation. In six months from that time, he had painted nearly a hundred portraits at twenty-five dollars apiece. "The first twenty-five I took," he writes, years afterward, "rather disturbed the equanimity of my conscience. It did not seem to me that the portrait was intrinsically worth that money; now I know it was not."

A two months' visit to Philadelphia produced wholesome criticism of his own attainments, and a still more eager ambition to excel. His own pictures lost something of their attraction for him, and he appreciated better the merits of those which he had previously undervalued. These two months of thoughtful study did more for him than years have done for many. The quick insight of genius penetrated at once the secrets which to mere talent unfold themselves but slowly. There was no longer any doubt about Harding's ultimate success, though he was yet far from reaching it. Other long and weary struggles with poverty had to be endured before he could work at leisure and without anxiety.

St. Louis offered a more favorable location for a rising artist than Kentucky, then embarrassed by financial troubles, and thither Harding went. There Fortune, at last, began to give him golden gifts, and with them came new aspirations. The artist-longing for Europe awakened in him, and he resolved to gratify it. But first he had a duty to perform. He went back to Caledonia, the scene of so many of his struggles and failures, paid all his debts, and visited his aged parents. Although proud of his success, his practical friends were far from satisfied with the profession he

had chosen. His grandfather said to him one day, very seriously: "Chester, I want to speak to you about your present mode of life. I think it is very little better than swindling, to charge forty dollars for one of those effigies. Now, I want you to give up this course of living, and settle down on a farm, and become a respectable man."

Harding, however, held firmly to his project of studying in Europe. He had taken passage in the ill-fated *Albion*; his trunk was packed, and he was about to set out, when his mother made a last effort to detain him. She represented to him the helpless condition of his wife and children in case he should never return, and urged him to put off his journey till he had made a home for them, and could leave them comfortably provided for in the event of his death. Her reasoning prevailed. The very next day Harding purchased a farm of one hundred and fifty acres, and, having made a contract for a house to be built upon it, he started for Washington, leaving his family for the winter with his father and mother. The season at Washington was a successful one for him. It was his first introduction into what is called good society. The plain man was modest almost to bashfulness in the circle to which his genius had introduced him; but his good sense, simplicity, and kindness made him everywhere a welcome guest, and attracted to him friendship, as his pictures brought him fame. While spending a part of the next summer at Northampton, Mass., Harding was warmly urged to establish himself in Boston. He did so, early in 1823, and succeeded beyond his highest expectations. Sitters flocked to his studio, in such numbers that he had to keep a book for them to register their names. Probably no other American artist ever enjoyed so great popularity. Gilbert Stuart, in Harding's own estimation the greatest portrait-painter this country ever produced, then in his prime, was idle half that winter. He used to ask his friends, "How rages the Harding fever?" }

But popularity did not intoxicate the artist. He viewed it chiefly as a means of hastening the accomplishment of his long-cherished purpose, and though, after having painted eighty portraits, he had a still greater number of applicants awaiting their turn, he decided to go to Europe at once. / He reached London in the autumn of 1823, and directly began his studies. Leslie met him cordially. He received encouragement and commendation from Sir Thomas Lawrence, and through the influence of his fellow-countryman, Mr. Hunter, obtained a commission to paint the portrait of his Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex, which was, of course, the best introduction to general favor. Among the other celebrities who sat to him, either during this visit to England or a subsequent one, were the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Norfolk, Alison the historian, and Samuel Rogers. Harding remained abroad three years.

The latter part of Chester Harding's life is but a repetition of successes in his profession. His portraits of Daniel Webster are acknowledged to be among the best ever painted. The one in the Boston Athenæum is perhaps a fair example of his style. A characteristic of his portraits was their suggestiveness. They seem to give us, not only the prominent expression of the countenance at the moment, but the possibilities of its expression in other moods. Hints of temperament and character lurk in the fine lines which Nature draws upon the living face; the more observable features really have but little part in the changing play of the countenance. And in Harding's portraits the chief excellence is their thorough comprehension of the subject, their representation of the man, and not simply of the conformation of his features at a particular period.

In his private life, Harding was, to the last, simple-hearted, unostentatious, and genial. His friendships were as tender as a woman's, and as enduring as his life. With Webster he enjoyed an intimacy of many years, and some

of his happiest hours were spent in the unrestrained intercourse of Webster's family circle.

He was fond of relating the following anecdote: "I had a few bottles of old Scotch whiskey, such as Wilson and Scott have immortalized under the name of 'mountain dew.' This beverage is always used with hot water and sugar. I put a bottle of this whiskey into my overcoat-pocket, one day when I was going to dine with Mr. Webster; but I thought, before presenting it to him, I would see who was in the drawing-room. I put the bottle on the entry table, walked into the drawing-room, and, seeing none but the familiar party, said, 'I have taken the liberty to bring a Scotch gentleman to partake of your hospitality to-day.' 'I am most happy, sir,' was the reply. I walked back to the entry, and pointed to the bottle. 'O,' said he, 'that is the gentleman that bathes in hot water.'"

As the years went on, and Harding's children, one by one, settled in homes of their own,—his faithful and dearly beloved wife, the sharer of his varied fortunes, having died in 1845,—he divided his time between attention to his profession, visits to these new homes, where he was always welcomed most gladly, and his favorite recreation of

fishing. The last winter of his life was spent in St. Louis, and here he painted his last picture, the portrait of General Sherman. His hand had not lost its cunning. The portrait is one of his best. March 27, 1866, he started for Cape Cod, his favorite resort for fishing at that season. Stopping for a few days, on his way, at Boston, he complained of slight illness, and, almost before his danger was realized by those around him, he sank away to death. This was on April 1st. Harding had loved Boston better than any other spot where he had rested in his wanderings. "I feel," he says, "that I owe more to it than to any other place; more of my professional life has been spent in that city than anywhere else; and it is around it that my most grateful recollections cluster." His tall, patriarchal form was familiar to Bostonians. During the later years of his life he wore a full beard, which, with his hair, was silvery white, and a short time before his death he sat to an artist for a head of St. Peter. The artists of Boston publicly acknowledged their loss of "a genial companion, and a noble and generous rival." A later age may estimate more truly the value of his works; but the lesson of his life is for this country and for to-day.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

ALIKE I hate to be your debtor,
Or write a mere perfunctory letter;
For letters, so it seems to me,
Our careless quintessence should be,
Our real nature's stolen play
When Consciousness looks t' other way,—
Not drop by drop, with watchful skill,
Gathered in Art's deliberate still,
But life's insensible completeness
Got as the ripe grape gets its sweetness,—

As if it had a way to fuse
 The golden sunlight into juice.
 (But stay,—for fear the sun should set afore
 You manage to unmix my metaphor,—
 I grant it desperately minus,
 Tried by Quintilian or Longinus.)
 Hopeless my mental pump I try;
 The boxes hiss, the tube is dry;
 As those petroleum wells that spout
 Awhile like M. C.s, then give out,
 My spring, once full as Arethusa,
 Is a mere bore as dry 's Creusa;
 And yet you ask me why I 'm glum,
 And why my graver Muse is dumb.
 Ah me! I 've reasons manifold
 Condensed in one,—I 'm getting old!

When life, once past its fortieth year,
 Wheels up its evening hemisphere,
 The mind's own shadow, which the boy
 Saw onward point to hope and joy,
 Shifts round, irrevocably set
 Tow'rd morning's loss and vain regret,
 And, argue with it as we will,
 The clock is unconverted still.

"But count the gains," I hear you say,
 "Which far the seeming loss outweigh;—
 Friendships built firm 'gainst flood and wind
 On rock-foundations of the mind;
 Knowledge, instead of scheming hope;
 For wild adventure, settled scope;
 Talents, from surface-ore profuse,
 Tempered and edged to tools for use;
 Judgment, for passion's headlong whirls;
 Old sorrows crystallised into pearls;
 Losses by patience turned to gains,
 Possessions now that once were pains;
 Joy's blossom gone, as go it must,
 To ripen seeds of faith and trust;
 Why heed a snow-flake on the roof
 If fire within keep Age aloof,
 Though blundering north-winds push and strain
 With clumsy palms against the pane?"

My dear old Friend, you 're very wise;
 We always are with others' eyes,
 And see (*so* clear!) our neighbor's deck on
 What reef the idiot 's sure to wreck on;
 Folks when they see how life has quizzed 'em
 Are fain to make a shift with Wisdom,
 And, finding she nor breaks nor bends,
 Give her a letter to their friends.

Draw passion's torrent whoso will
Through sluices smooth to turn a mill,
And, taking solid toll of grist,
Forget the rainbow in the mist,
The exulting leap, the aimless haste
Scattered in iridescent waste ;
Prefer who likes the sure esteem
To cheated youth's midsummer dream,
When every friend was more than Damon,
Each quicksand safe to build a fame on ;
Believe that prudence snug excels
Youth's gross of verdant spectacles,
Through which earth's withered stubble seen
Looks autumn-proof as painted green,—
I side with Moses 'gainst the masses,
Take you the drudge, give me the glasses !
And, for your talents shaped with practice,
Convince me first that such the fact is ;
Let whoso likes be beat, poor fool,
On life's hard stithy to a tool,
Be whoso will a ploughshare made,
Let me remain a jolly blade !

What 's Knowledge, with her stocks and lands,
To gay Conjecture's yellow strands,—
Sitting to watch her flock's increase
To ventures for the golden fleece ?
Her full-fraught ships, safe under lee,
To youth's light craft, that drinks the sea,
For Flying Islands making sail,
And failing where 't is gain to fail ?
Ah me ! Experience, (so we 're told,)
Time's crucible, turns lead to gold ;
Yet what 's experience won but dross,—
Cloud-gold transmuted to our loss ?
What but base coin the best event
To the untried experiment ?

'T was an old couple, says the poet,
That lodged the gods and did not know it ;
Youth sees and knows them as they were
Before Olympus' top was bare ;
From Swampscot's flats his eye divine
Sees Venus rocking on the brine,
With lucent limbs, that somehow scatter a
Charm that turns Doll to Cleopatra ;
Bacchus (that now is scarce induced
To give Eld's lagging blood a boost),
With cymbals' clang and pards to draw him,
Divine as Ariadne saw him,
Storms through Youth's pulse with all his train,
And wins new Indies in his brain ;

Apollo, (with the old a trope,
A sort of finer Mister Pope,)
Apollo — but the Muse forbids ; —
At his approach, cast down thy lids,
And think it joy enough to hear
Far off his arrows singing clear ;
He knows enough who silent knows
The quiver chiming as he goes ;
He tells too much who e'er betrays
The shining Archer's secret ways.

Dear Friend, you 're right and I am wrong ;
My quibbles are not worth a song,
And I sophistically tease
My fancy sad to tricks like these.
I could not cheat you if I would ;
You know me and my jesting mood, —
Mere surface-foam for pride concealing
The purpose of my deeper feeling.
I have not spilt one drop of joy
Poured in the senses of the boy,
Nor Nature fails my walks to bless
With all her golden inwardness ;
And as blind nestlings, unafraid,
Stretch up wide-mouthed to every shade
By which their downy dream is stirred,
Taking it for the mother-bird,
So, when God's shadow, which is light,
Unheralded, by day or night,
My wakening instincts falls across,
Silent as sunbeams over moss,
In my heart's nest half-conscious things
Stir with a helpless sense of wings,
Lift themselves up, and tremble long
With premonitions sweet of song.

Be patient, and perhaps (who knows ?)
These may be winged one day like those ;
If thrushes, close-embowered to sing,
Pierced through with June's delicious sting ;
If swallows, their half-hour to run
Star-breasted in the setting sun.
At first they 're but the unfledged proem,
Or songless schedule of a poem ;
When from the shell they 're hardly dry
If some folks thrust them forth, must I ?

But let me end with a comparison
Never yet hit upon by e'er a son
Of our American Apollo
(And there 's where I shall beat them hollow,
If he is not a courtly St. John,
But, as West said, a Mohawk Injun).

A poem 's like a cruise for whales :
Through untried seas the hunter sails,
His prow dividing waters known
To the blue iceberg's hulk alone ;
At last, on far-off edge of day,
He marks the smoky puff of spray ;
Then with bent oars the shallop flies
To where the basking quarry lies ;
Then the excitement of the strife,
The crimsoned waves, — ah, this is life !

But the dead plunder once secured
And safe beside the vessel moored,
All that had stirred the blood before
Is so much blubber, — nothing more,
(I mean no pun, nor image so
Mere sentimental verse, you know,) —
And all is tedium, smoke, and soil,
In trying out the noisome oil.

Yes, this *is* life ; and so the bard
Through briny deserts, never scarred
Since Noah's keel, a subject seeks,
And lies upon the watch for weeks ;
That once harpooned and helpless lying,
What follows is but weary trying.

Now I 've a notion, if a poet
Beat up for themes, his verse will show it ;
I wait for subjects that hunt me,
By day or night won't let me be,
And hang about me like a curse,
Till they have made me into verse,
From line to line my fingers tease
Beyond my knowledge, as the bees
Build no new cell till those before
With limpid summer-sweet run o'er ;
Then, if I neither sing nor shine,
Is it the subject's fault, or mine ?

ADELAIDE RISTORI.

IT is somewhat strange that the quotation from Joanna Baillie's "Jane de Montfort," with which Campbell sketched a portrait of Mrs. Siddons, should answer almost equally well for a description of the great Italian's stage appearance.

"Lady. How looks her countenance?

"Page. So queenly, so commanding, and so noble, I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled, Methought I could have compassed sea and land To do her bidding.

"Lady. Is she young or old?

"Page. Neither, if I right guess; but she is fair. For Time has laid his hand so gently on her, As he too had been awed.

"Lady. The foolish stripling!

She has bewitched thee. Is she large in stature?

"Page. So stately and so graceful in her form, I thought at first her stature was gigantic; But on a near approach I found in truth She scarcely does surpass the middle size."

Ristori the woman, however, is as unlike Ristori the artist, as her real character differs from that of Elisabetta or Medea. If we may credit the assertions of biography and tradition, Mrs. Siddons was always, though unintentionally, more or less of a tragedy queen. She "stabbed the potatoes," astounded shopkeepers by the majesty with which she inquired whether material for clothing would wash, and frightened her dressing-maid by the sepulchral intensity of her exclamations. The awe which Ristori frequently excites is confined entirely to the theatre. Away from it she is the most human, — and humane, — the most simple, the most unaffected, the most sympathetic of women. So strongly is the line drawn between reality and fiction, that in Ristori's presence it requires a mental effort to recall her histrionic greatness, though you have a sense of her power, and you feel persuaded that whatever such a woman earnestly willed would be accomplished.

The large friendliness in Ristori's nature creates a fellow-feeling, making you wondrous kind toward your own personality, and razing those barriers

with which genius often surrounds itself. To excite love as well as admiration is not always in the power of greatness. There is frequently an intolerance of manner, an assertion of superiority, a species of intellectual scorn for the dead level of humanity, that preclude the possibility of sympathy. Yet there is no surer test of grandeur of character than a readiness to acknowledge and respect the individuality of all God's creatures. This is the crowning grace that brings Ristori so near to the hearts of her friends. Her social ease makes you wonder how she can ever be transformed into the classic statue of Mirra. Rachel was so complete a Pagan princess — "Elle pose toujours," said her best friends — that she never succeeded in being herself. Both she and Siddons were first artists, and then women. Ristori is first a woman, and then an artist. Which is more satisfactory to the world admits of argument, but for ourselves we believe it better to step from nature to art than from art to nature. In acting, the common should precede the uncommon; one must be a creature of every day, and walk upon the earth, in order to be a complete master of the heart. It is not enough that an actor know how to wear a toga. To live in his own age, and love and laugh with his contemporaries, is as necessary as to suffer, hate, and murder after the fashion of the past.

It is not often that Nature does her work equally. She gives us beauty without wit, and then again wit without beauty. She fashions a distorted mouth, and demands that a fine eye make amends for all short-comings. She places a beautiful head on a diminutive, unattractive body, as in the case of Junius Brutus Booth. She gave the erratic Edmund Kean a bad voice, and breathed a Greek fire into the fragile form of Rachel. Garrick

was too short, and Salvini, though handsome, is too stout. But Nature favored the Kembles, and was again in her best mood when she created Adelaide Ristori. She gave her height to command, and added a bearing that would befit the ideal queen. Cast in the large mould of the Venus of Milo, Ristori's figure is finely proportioned, while the modelling of her throat is a study for a Michel Angelo. Her hand has no claim to beauty, but makes up in expression what it lacks in symmetry. Her head is not the Greek classic, but rather belongs to the type of the Madonna, for whom she has so often been the model. Her face is oval, her features regular, her nose perfectly Roman, her teeth beautiful, and her mouth and chin very fine. Her ear is small and shell-like, and her hair dark brown. Her eyes are that most enviable of all colors, dark gray, — enviable for the reason that it may be everything by turns and nothing long, — black, or even blue, according to the passion of the moment. We never saw an eye that was capable of such varied emotion, — and in fact, for mobility of feature Ristori stands alone. It is said of Talma, that he had only to pass his hand over his face to alternate "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." Ristori needs the interposition of no such veil to undergo the most wonderful facial transformation. Her walk also is most admirable. It is no stilted strut, no conventional stride, — it is the tread of majesty.

Although Ristori's poses are often very beautiful, they are more frequently striking than purely statuesque, and occasionally there is just enough angularity of movement to prevent her being accorded perfect grace. Nor, in spite of fine physical attributes, do we now claim for her the great beauty she once possessed. A few years ago, Ristori's appearance was alone sufficient to excite the greatest enthusiasm. Passion, not time, has wrought a change. No one can possess her temperament without intensity of feeling, and emotion leaves its ineffaceable mark. A

woman who from childhood has fought the world single-handed, and has lived half her life in depicting the terrible sufferings of a Marie Stuart, a Juliet, a Mirra, and a Francesca da Rimini, is doomed to pay the penalty of genius, — and heart, for Ristori not only depicts, but *becomes*, each character. With her nothing is a cool calculation. Her quick impulses constitute her greatness. Surrounded by such cares and vexations as would thoroughly absorb almost any other human being, we have seen her, at a suggestion, forget the present, live for the moment, and, with the greatest animation in the subject of her narration, at its conclusion as quickly return to the disagreeable realities confronting her, and then rush on the stage to astonish people by her acting. It is this impulse, too, which renders her recitations so fine. In a drawing-room, where the liveliest imagination cannot conjure up the shadow of an illusion, in the lecture-room before an audience ignorant of her language and of most stolid aspect, Ristori sees nothing but her art, and by her own enthusiasm creates life under the ribs of death. Sensitive to moral atmospheres, she yet depends entirely upon her character for inspiration. Being outside of herself, applause is not a necessity. This is the secret of her success in countries where Italian is no more intelligible than Greek. Moreover, with all her sense of humor, her nature is thoroughly earnest. She takes life seriously. We never saw a person who put more conscience into work, whether of much or of little import. "Everything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is the first article of her creed, and is illustrated as forcibly in the packing of a trunk as in the death-scene of Elizabeth.

Though the brilliant bloom of her girlhood has yielded to the more interesting beauty of expression, first youth seems to have left Ristori's face only to linger the more lovingly in her voice. That "excellent thing in woman" is, in Ristori, an organ so wonderfully melodious that the ear delights

in its music even when no sense is conveyed to the mind. There is not a note in the register of human passion, but is richly rounded, and bursts forth grandly at the will of the artist. Italian from Ristori's mouth is the ideal of harmony, and Dante is twice Dante when he finds in her an interpreter. Listening as she tells the story of *Francesca da Rimini*, we see Francesca's self, and hear her heart-broken wail as Ristori sighs forth,

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

In according to Ristori the highest order of dramatic genius, we merely allow what has long since been decided beyond appeal by the critical tribunals of France, Italy, Germany, England, and Spain. For the New World, therefore, to cry, *Brava!* is to make no discovery: we crown a long-acknowledged queen. America may make fortune, but cannot make fame, for an artist; and it will be many a year ere cultivated Europe listens respectfully to our verdict in art. Those will be "time-bettering days" when our intellectual equals our moral conscience, and public opinion is founded upon principle. To-day, our criticism is, for the most part, either actuated by sentiment or prejudice; and, in the absence of real appreciation, we have made Ristori's advent in America the signal for a dramatic feud, the public arraying itself, according to feeling, under one of two standards, — the name of Rachel being opposed to that of her Italian rival. Is this criticism? Is this love of the drama? "We are, in truth, great children," wrote Jules Janin some years ago. "When we have amused ourselves for some time with a pretty plaything, if another one is given to us we immediately forget the first. It is fortunate if we do not break it by striking on it with the new one. We had a beautiful tragic toy, Mademoiselle Rachel. The Italians show us another, Ristori. *Crac!* Here we are about to smash Rachel with Ristori, as if the dramatic art were not vast enough to afford two places of

honor to two women of different kinds of talent, yet equal in their sublimity."

It is miserable warfare. He who most truly appreciated the greatness of Rachel will be the first to proclaim that of Ristori, and he who compares the one with the other is simply attempting to make black white. There can be no parallel between things that are in themselves unlike. Rachel and Ristori fill different niches in the great dramatic Pantheon, and receive different offerings. We do not cavil because Phidias was a sculptor, and Apelles a painter, and demand that the one should have been the other. Rachel was a Phidias; Ristori's genius is rather that of an Apelles. It seems to us that in what she made the study of her life Rachel as nearly approached perfection as humanity may. Now, however, that death has thrown its romance and illusion around *la grande tragédienne*, it is insisted by her worshippers that their idol could do no wrong. Yet Rachel living was open to criticism; Rachel dead is no less vulnerable. Madame Waldor, a French writer, said of her, years ago, "That little girl has received of Heaven a great gift, but with it she has neither heart nor brains." That she had little heart was fully proved by her extraordinary career; that she was endowed with a great gift is undeniable. Devoid of heart, an actress is devoid of human sympathy, without which genius is confined to narrow limits. It may be unequalled within those boundaries; beyond them it falls to the level of mediocrity. In *Horace*, *Phèdre*, *Cinna*, *Andromaque*, *Tamécide*, *Iphigénie en Aulide*, *Mithridate*, and *Bajazet*, Rachel reigned supreme. All these characters were within the compass of her gift, and woe be to the actress who now attempts these rôles.

Educated in the best and only school of dramatic art, with Sanson always at her side, it was impossible for Rachel to acquire mannerisms or faults of style. From the first, she assumed those characters for which she was intended by nature; and although, in memory of *Phèdre*, we are tempted to declare that

Rachel could alone interpret Racine, yet it would be absurd to maintain that the actress properly interpreted all the works of her master. Such of Racine's heroines as are ruled by the softer emotions, or by principle, had no breath of life breathed into them by Rachel. A Jewess, she nevertheless failed in Esther, a womanly woman not being dreamt of in her philosophy; nor was she more successful in Bérénice, where duty is the key-note of character. Corneille also at times exceeded Rachel's powers, the religious element in *Polyeucte* defying her, and the Chimene of his *Cid* being an acknowledged misconception. In the romantic drama Rachel was not at ease, although she is still remembered as Marie Stuart, Adrienne Lecouvreur, and Tisbe, the Actress of Padua. Apart from her exquisite dressing, Rachel, measured by herself, was a disappointment in the last-named play. Her Marie Stuart was not comparable with Ristori's. She hated superbly in the third act, but she hated as a fiend, not as the Queen of Scots, and was too good a Pagan to be a true Catholic in the final scene. "Chez l'une il y a de la hauteur, chez l'autre, l'élévation," is the verdict of an able French writer. *Adrienne Lecouvreur* was written for Rachel, but, according to her biographer, "it was certainly more as a pretty woman than as a finished *artiste* that she won admiration in her rendering of Adrienne's character." Of the other seven or eight characters created by Rachel, Madame de Girardin's *Lady Tartuffe* was the only one that succeeded in running the gauntlet of Parisian criticism.

Madame Waldor's charge of want of brains seems hardly credible, yet Rachel's ignorance of matters in which it was her business to be well informed furnishes food for much wonderment, and no little doubt. Prominent was her painful obliquity in judging of dramatic literature, pure whim being the only apparent motive which led her to accept or reject plays. Neither were her costumes always in character, her

first dress in *Marie Stuart* being regal in brilliancy, notwithstanding that the Queen of Scots is imprisoned and intentionally deprived by Elizabeth of every article of luxury, even to a looking-glass! So unenlightened was Rachel on the subject of her heroine, that, after her *début* in Le Brun's fearful version of Schiller's drama, a good friend thought fit to present the counterfeit Stuart with a history of Scotland; yet the extraordinary dressing continued unto the end, for Rachel was vain. Naturally content with the beauty of her Greek head, it was some time before she could be persuaded to wear a wig in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*; and her only objection to Madame de Girardin's very objectionable play of *Cleopatra* was that the author should have given her lover the plebeian name of Antony! Again, in attempting comedy Rachel showed an extraordinary mental hallucination, if not weakness. We are told that she was never so happy as when arrayed for Molière's *soubrettes*, in which she made a complete *fiasco*. At the Odéon, in 1844, "she sorely tried the patience of the spectators" by her rendering of Dorinne in *Tartuffe*; but, not persuaded of her inability to excel Mademoiselle Mars, she once more attempted Molière, undertaking the rôle of Célimène in *Le Misanthrope* before a London audience. Even England refused to nod approval.

But Rachel's limitations do not render her the less a genius in her own sphere; on the contrary, concentration of force brings with it increase of power, nor is it probably an exaggeration to state that the world will never look upon her like again. There is always a supply for every demand, but in the economy of nature there is no waste of matter or spirit; and though the stage requires great actresses, it does not ask for Rachels, for the very good reason that the classical drama is dead. Once France believed in it; once France demanded that there should be no other school, and made grimaces before the mirror which Shakespeare held up to nature. Those "superannuated preju-

dices" died with Talma. In spite of beauty and smoothness of language, the classical drama of France is a base imitation, a degenerate echo of former ages, antiquity in court clothes, Greece without her soul. France at last realizes that the masters of her idiom, whose spirit is utterly opposed to her awakened genius, are not masters of a national drama. After the death of Made-moiselle Duchesnoir, a famous Phèdre, Racine and Corneille became the *bêtes noires* of theatre-loving Parisians, who, at the rising of the star, Rachel, spent their enthusiasm upon manner, not matter. The actress was an incarnation: this they could understand and appreciate. Rachel galvanized a corpse, and seems to have been born into the world that the setting sun of the classical drama might be glorious and brilliant. We think, therefore, that there will be no more Rachels; we feel that, if the romantic drama is to live, there must be other Ristoris.

There is no common ground upon which Rachel and Ristori can meet. Their conceptions of Phèdre may be compared, but not their genius. Ristori makes a *tour de force* of what with Rachel was bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. She is noble in it; her reading is beautiful, as it ever is; and some of her points, particularly in the fourth act, are fine; but we do not feel a character. Ristori's large humanity speaks through it all, and we heartily wish that *Phèdre* had never been translated. Rachel was fifteen years in mastering the idea of this wretched daughter of the monster Pasiphaë. How useless, then, to look for an equal work of art from a foreigner, with whom the part is a comparatively recent assumption! Independently of predestined genius, Rachel's figure eminently fitted her for the rendering of Greek tragedy. Drapery hung upon her as it hangs upon no other human being, her very physical defects making her the more exquisitely statuesque. Rachel's effects depended greatly upon her poses, — her poses depended upon her drapery, the management of which had been

one of her profoundest studies. She knew the secrets of every crease in her mantle. Every movement was the result of thoughtful premeditation. A distinguished painter once said to us: "I never studied my art more carefully than I studied Rachel. I watched her before and behind the curtain, and so narrowly, that, while one action was going on, I could see her fingers quietly, and to all appearances unconsciously, making the folds by which she shortly after produced a beautiful effect in what the public considered a spontaneous pose." This is plastic art, and Rachel was mistress of it. Of course, Ristori has little or none of it in *Phèdre*. Impulse is death to it, and no amount of pictorial genius will produce results for which years of practice, as well as of thought, are required. Rachel, too, looked the

"Objet infortuné des vengeances célestes."

Her head was classic; that small, deep-set brown eye burned with a silent intensity. You saw before you the victim of the wrath of Venus, exhausted, burnt out by the fire of a horrible passion; —

"C'est Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée."

Rachel fully realized Phèdre's daring confession to Hippolyte,

J'ai languì, j'ai séché dans les feux, dans les larmes."

She was a Pagan, controlled by influences outside of herself. There was nothing of to-day about her. From first to last, she put three thousand years between the auditorium and the stage. She was a fate: she glided, she did not walk. She held attention by magnetism, not by gesticulation. You saw wonderful art, and were awe-struck. This is the only feeling Phèdre can excite when consummately done. It must be as Rachel did it, or it must not be at all. Yet we have heard a great foreign critic — one whom it is audacious to dispute — deny that Rachel's interpretation was complete as a whole. "Nothing in this world could be greater than her fourth act; but in the first act she gave too much the effect of a dying person to go through with all the succeed-

ing action and emotion, and in the second act there was too much of Potiphar's wife to be in keeping with the Phèdre of Racine." When doctors disagree, who shall decide?

Remembering Alfieri's masterpiece, however, we feel that we have been unjust to Ristori in confining her genius to the picturesque. What *Phèdre* is to the French, *Mirra* is to the Italian stage. The latter is, if possible, more difficult of creation, being the most repulsive of heathen subjects, and written with a frigidity that even Racine never dreamed of. Alfieri materially changes mythology, by making his *Mirra* guilty in thought only. Through four long acts she embodies the one fearful passion of incestuous love for her father, against which she struggles, for which she loathes herself, but to which she is doomed by Venus, under whose curse she lives and dies. Where, in the last act, Ciniro insists upon knowing the cause of his daughter's mysterious suffering, and her vindictive tempter forces a disclosure of her crime in the insinuating words,

"Oh madre mia felice! almen concesso
A lei sarà — di morire — al tuo fianco," —

the expression of Ristori's face and her delivery of these two lines were inexpressibly thrilling; and the gesture with which the dying girl implored Ciniro to conceal from her mother her impious revelation was worthy of being perpetuated in everlasting marble. Ristori triumphed over the wellnigh unattainable. "Tu seras reine!" said Internari, Ristori's great predecessor in this character. Five years later the pupil fulfilled her teacher's prediction, when Paris looked in wonder upon her *Mirra*, and the French government offered her the position at the Théâtre Français which Rachel had resigned on going to America. "I cannot renounce my nationality, nor will honor permit me to accept what belongs by right to a great artist," was Ristori's noble reply. "Notre langue est trop pauvre pour exprimer la valeur de cette femme," declared Lamartine, after witnessing this extraordinary performance. And what

said Rachel herself, who went *incognito* to see her rival? "Cette femme me fait mal! cette femme me fait mal!" and, greatly excited, left the theatre before the conclusion of the tragedy.

Much has been written and more said against the morality of *Mirra*. As Ristori portrays the heroine, it is impossible to take offence. By the purity of her conception, she absolutely excites the sympathy of her audience. You see before you beauty and virtue condemned to sin by destiny, and not until that final glance which *Mirra* expiates in suicidal death does Venus gain the mastery over principle. We have nothing but repugnance to bestow upon both *Phèdre* and *Mirra* as plays, even though they take a high rank as literature; but we most certainly stand in awe of the genius that can personate either *Phèdre* or *Mirra*, and we thoroughly understand why great artists should aspire to this office. Public morals will never be the worse for their representation. Both are fabulous, both are victims, and upon both falls the vengeance of retributive justice. It is the jubilant triumph of *possible* vice, in such plays as too often degrade the modern French stage, at which the public censor would do well to take exception.

Apart from the complete dissimilarity of Rachel and Ristori, and the consequent injustice toward both of regarding one in comparison with the other, it is our faith that Rachel was the greater artist and that Ristori is the greater genius. As has already been stated, Rachel was educated in the purest school of art. With the exception of three years' intercourse with La Marchionni and Vestris, both fine Italian actresses, and a few months of study with Internari, Ristori is indebted to no outside influences for her art. It is then probable that in details Rachel was less faulty than Ristori is. The actress who confines her study to half a dozen characters is far more likely to achieve artistic perfection, than she who, with even greater genius, spreads her time and thought over a larger surface. "Genius is in a certain sense infallible,

and has nothing to learn ; but art is to be learned, and must be acquired, by practice and experience." Rachel held you spellbound : it was the fascination of a snake. She acted with her head. Ristori inspires love, and consequently there is color in all that she does. Rachel froze : Ristori brings tears. One was intense, and the other is passionate. Rachel was French, and Ristori is Italian, — which may also account for the greater art of the one and for the greater genius of the other.

"Ristori!" wrote Jules Janin, — "she is tragedy itself. She is comedy itself. She is the drama." What Shakespeare is among dramatists, Ristori is among actors. Both are universal, both can laugh and weep at will. Reviewing the career of the great players of the world, we can recall none possessed of Ristori's wonderful versatility. Garrick was admirable in both tragedy and comedy, but we have knowledge of no woman who excelled in each. Mrs. Siddons was great in a few characters. Praise was not awarded to her Juliet ; she acted Ophelia but once ; her Rosalind was "totally without archness" ; she was pronounced "too tragic" in Murphy's comedy of "The Way to Keep Him," and "not good" in Lady Townley. William Godwin said of her that she "condescended in comedy" ; Bannister, that her inspiration was too weighty for it ; and George Colman likened her in it to "a frisking Gog." It is impossible for us to conceive of the highest order of dramatic genius without the combination of light and shade, and we believe it was no accident that made jovial Bacchus the god of tragic poets. Setting the classical drama aside, which is pure tragedy, there is always an element of at least high comedy in the most serious dramatic compositions. For ourselves we hold comedy in great respect, and have grave doubts of the truth of acting that can only produce effects in harrowing moments. Togas and doublets may deceive, but frock-coats and blouses come within the comprehension of even the groundlings, and are not to be put

on hastily. "Eh ! eh !" exclaimed Garrick, when Bannister informed him of his intention to renounce tragedy for comedy ; "why, no, don't think of that ; you may humbug the town for some time longer as a tragedian ; but *comedy is a serious thing*, so don't try it !"

In Italy it is exacted of the *prima donna* that she be competent to perform comedy as well as tragedy, and for years Ristori's attention was divided between the two. She is such a *comédienne* as Peg Woffington or Mrs. Jordan must have been. See her in Goldoni, or in the *petite* comedy of *I Gelosi Fortunati*, wherein a husband and wife, both equally and unreasonably jealous, play at cross-purposes, and you would declare that Momus was the only god of her idolatry, and that tragedy would spoil a face whose smile is irresistible, and whose laugh is brimful of merriment. Ristori's manner, too, is so high-bred, and her tone so colloquial, that her acting becomes downright reality.

Leaving Alfieri and Goldoni, and entering upon the romantic, Ristori's genius shines with additional lustre ; and were not our present aim generalization rather than detail, we could find ample material for as many essays as there are characters in her *répertoire*. In Ristori's Elisabetta and Marie Stuart historical characterization has reached its climax. Anathema can with difficulty transcend the solemn power of her malediction in Mosenthal's *Deborah*, and passionate love culminates in her Francesca da Rimini. It is almost impossible to conceive of more marvellous facial expression than that of Ristori in Camma, and poetry can never be more beautifully rendered than by this grand priestess, when, listening to the exquisitely pathetic music of her bard, the gates of Paradise are disclosed in a vision, and she expires with the name of her lover upon her lips. It seems as though her very soul escaped from her body in the passionate ecstasy of that final recognition and exclamation, "Sinato !" There are moments in life and art which transcend language.

This is one of them. It is a thrill of inspiration ; it is a sensation for which there can be no description.

The *Medea* recalls us to Greece, but not to sculpture ; for by her own confession the dread niece of Circe is a creature of impulse and passion, with a pure animal love for her children. In Ristori's *Medea* we see what Balzac would call "an adorable fury," none the less true to character because of the absence of repose. "We are not to suppose," argues Schlegel, "that the Greeks were contented with a cold and spiritless representation of the passions. How could we reconcile such a supposition with the fact, that whole lines of their tragedies are frequently dedicated to inarticulate exclamations of pain, with which we have nothing to correspond in any of our modern languages?" In *Medea* there must be continued action, there must be color ; and perhaps Rachel was right in preferring a lawsuit and its damages to assuming a rôle totally opposed to the school she so faultlessly embodied. "Rachel killed me ; you have restored me to life," wrote Legouvé in Ristori's album.

And Lady Macbeth ! The spirit of Shakespeare has descended upon Ristori, through whom we see one of the grandest characters of dramatic literature. Her Lady Macbeth is powerful in intellect, beautiful in affection, first a woman and then a queen, a "splendid fiend" during the "hurly-burly" of terrible plotting, but a true wife when the foul deed is done. Ristori hails "Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor," with a tenderness of tone we never heard before, and, as soon as the situation will permit, makes you realize why Lady Macbeth exerted so powerful an influence over her husband. You see that she possesses womanly fascinations, that her heart, so far as he is concerned, is as large as her brain, and that, while she is the dearest partner of his greatness, the brightest jewel in her crown is wifely devotion. No gentle counselling could be gentler than Ristori's

"You lack the season of all nature, sleep !"

and the unspeakable pathos which she puts into the simple action of laying Macbeth's hand upon her shoulder, as she leads him from the stage, is never to be forgotten. The entire harmony between the guilty pair is told in this sadly beautiful exit. Ristori's sleep-walking scene is a wonderfully solemn vision of retribution. The twenty-two lines of the dramatist become a five-act tragedy. It is the thrilling, terrible picture of a guilty, heart-broken woman on her way to the grave. There is none of the horrible and conventional gasping, but just sufficient hardness of breathing to denote somnambulism and approaching dissolution ; for Ristori evidently, and we think properly, believes that Lady Macbeth died by no suicidal hand, but of that disease to which none could minister. There never was such a washing of the hands ; there never was queen so quickly transformed into a spirit of Dante's hell ; there never was more fearful remorse, more pitiful heart-rending sighs. And her final exit is the fatal flicker, before the going out of the candle ; it is the summing up of all the horrible past, a concentration of superhuman power into one moment of superb action ! Ignorant of English, with no knowledge of *Macbeth* but what she has obtained from an inferior translation, Ristori has made the part of Lady Macbeth her own. It is the interpretation of Shakespeare's soul.

Italy, the first country of antiquity to bring disgrace upon the profession of acting, has never had a national theatre. It is a just retribution for the brand put upon actors by Julius Cæsar in depriving them of civil rights. What are Alfieri and Goldoni — the one only fitted for the closet, the other superficial and monotonous — compared with the dramatists of England and Spain, or even those of France and Germany ? Confined to the Italian theatre, Ristori's power would, in a great measure, be lost. The great void has been partially filled by translations, but it is sad to think how much greater than she is Ristori might have been, had Italy produced a Shakespeare, or had adequate

translations of our master been put before her at the beginning of her career.

We hear the well-known voice of that "extraordinary man whom nothing can please," Pococurante, saying, "Praise is not criticism. He is no critic that does not find fault. Where are your buts and ifs?" True. Where *are* our buts and ifs? Many years ago, a noble writer of noble English went to see Edmund Kean in *Richard the Third*. Upon returning home he wrote a criticism worthy of both author and actor, and, hearing the approach of this same Pococurante, closed his beautiful tribute with the following burst of generous and righteous indignation:—"It is a low and wicked thing to keep back from merit its due; and I do not know more miserable beings than those who, instead of feeling themselves elevated and made happy by another's excellence, and having a blessed consciousness of belonging to the same race with him, turn envious at his distinction, and feel as if the riches of his intellect made the poverty of theirs.

'O what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!'

I owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Kean for the good which the little I have seen of him has done my mind and heart. Would that what I could say might at all repay him. His genius in his calling has a right to our highest praise;

nor does an ardent enthusiasm of what is great argue such an unhappy want of discrimination as that measured and cold approval which is bestowed alike upon men of mediocrity and those of gifted minds." Would that we were a Dana, to do equal justice to Ristori!

"There is nothing more rare than a truly great player," says the German critic. That phenomenon is now among us. Not to give her a grateful recognition would be to prove ourselves unworthy of a gift with which God so seldom endows humanity. Heartily, then, do we thank Ristori that she was not content to close her artistic career without coming to America. The Drama, when properly directed, is no less a civilizer than the Church. It remains with the public to say whether it shall be reduced to a frivolous amusement, or elevated to the rank of high art. Ristori has proved to us how capable the dramatic profession is of the most exalted influence over mind and heart, and how noble may be its exponents. She has been a missionary of art. We do not assert that she is perfection, we do not say that she is at all times equally great; but, take her for all in all, as a woman and as an artist, we do say, in the words of the message that Charlotte Cushman sends across the Atlantic, "The world does not hold her equal."

A WINTER ADVENTURE ON THE PRAIRIE.

THOSE who have no knowledge of American frontier life except through the journals of the day can have little idea of the unwritten adventure in the vast Western prairie land, as rife with suggestion for the pen of the novelist and poet as are its Pacific circumvallations for the pencil of the artist. The pioneers are familiar with occurrences which would startle the

people of an older civilization into a panic, but which have ceased to be wonderful to them, and pass as merely the ordinary contingencies of every-day life. This, at any rate, was the conclusion to which I came, from experience and observation during a two years' stay in one of our distant Territories.

There was scarcely more than three days' sleighing in the course of these

two winters, and, as would be supposed, everybody took advantage of it, even those Easterners who, like myself, usually regarded sleigh-riding much as Dr. Franklin did.

"Will you ride to the 'Indian Reserve' with me to-day?" asked my friend Alek, one bright January morning. I glanced out, and saw, chafing and champing in the frost, at the door a fine pair of bays, and a sleigh with seats for four and robes in abundance; so I said, "Yes, — and I will be ready in half an hour, if Bessie can make baby ready in that time." Then commenced the running up and down stairs, from nursery to chamber, and chamber to nursery, for little and great blankets, hoods, socks, and veils; and the hundred things requisite for the winter outfit of a three-months-old baby. Maggie held the poor little martyr, while Bessie (baby's mother) and I (the visitor) applied the different layers of flannels and thibets and shawls, until only a half-smothered wail could be heard underneath, — the indistinctness and distance of the tones indicating the sufficiency of wrappers, — and only a faint undulation was perceptible for a movement; then having secured the baby against the cold, we commenced the like process of muffling upon ourselves, were ready, stepped into the sleigh upon the hot soapstones, were duly tucked in, and jingled off for the "Reserve," some fifteen miles north. We rode over bluffs and bottom-lands, winding our prairie way towards our destination, a merry party, and not much troubled because the ascending sun threatened to melt the snow on our track before we had done with it, as the occasional grating of our runners warned.

But those treacherous-looking bridges at the foot of the bluffs, without rail or guard of any kind, over which our horses pranced, pricking their quick, quivering ears, and looking askance at the dark "gulches" below, fearful in depth! — Should we return after nightfall, I questioned myself, over such ways, and on the brink of precipices where a sudden sheer or the

slightest over-pull on that left rein would plunge our precious freight afar down, down, to nobody knows where, but certainly to instant death? Not if I could turn the scale in favor of an early start by sunlight, which it then seemed as if our time would allow, even after dining with our hospitable friend at the "Reserve."

We reached the "Reserve" duly, and, discharging baby's appendages, — mother and Maggie, — my friend Alek proposed a ride for us two some three miles farther, to the Indian "Mission." As there was yet time for it and to spare before the dinner hour, and I had already become, by even my short stay in the region of sunset, pretty effectually imbued with that Western spirit of perpetual motion which animates every man, woman, and child to a degree thoroughly infectious, so long as his face is turned Pacific-ward, I replied with emphasis, "Certainly," and off we whirled again. The snow had been whirled into eddies before us, soon after it fell the previous night, rendering our path very uncertain, which should have warned us to keep our wits concentrated upon the matter in hand; but it did not. As soon as the bays were under full headway, we travelled off as rapidly into the regions of romance, discussing, assorting, and arranging certain love-matters in the neighborhood, which were the topic of the hour, and in which, as the lovers were our special friends, it was but natural we should feel an absorbing interest. After a time I began to awaken to a conviction that we had been over an immense tract of territory in that wonderful realm of romance, and began to question myself how we could have accomplished so much talking during a four miles' ride, and with a pair of such fast horses as Alek, my young friend, had represented these to be. I accordingly made the remark, that either we were very rapid travellers in the region we had been exploring, or his bays were slow, unmistakably declining from the reputation they had before won for themselves.

"Ha—a—a!" There was something so significant in the long, slow, sarcastic rising inflection of that half-laugh of Alek's in reply to my remark, that I felt as if I had been rudely personal.

"Well, then," I asked, rather imperatively, "what *does* it mean, Alek?"

Checking his horses a trifle, as if, for once, he was not quite sure of himself, and looking first over his right shoulder and then over his left, with a somewhat quizzical expression in his eye, he replied, "I'll be hanged if I know."

"Why, look at the sun!" I exclaimed, somewhat reproachfully.

"Well, what of it?" he asked, glancing askance at me with a tantalizing curl on his lip, quite disconcerting in my dilemma.

"What *of* it? It is every second of one o'clock, and it ought not to be more than ten."

Then rang the prairie with the broad, hearty, rich tones of a laugh from Alek, that conveyed to my wide-awake senses the tragic as well as comic side of this adventure; for all our happiness, to my imagination, was involved in an early return. The wind had blown the light snow, as it fell, in every direction, in little rifts and drifts and long levels, utterly obliterating the path, so that our horses had chosen for themselves the easiest way of travel, bearing gradually, and imperceptibly to us, westward, away from the river and with the wind, until it seemed quite impossible, with no well-defined landmarks on the prairie, for us to guess where we were, or where we ought to be.

Alek gave me the reins and started off to mount a bluff not far away, in order to see if he could get any idea, from that inconsiderable elevation, of our bearings; and after peering about, shading his eyes with his hand, and scowling at a hundred little bluffs in sight, all of the same character, with no distinctive peculiarity of outline, form, or size, he walked back to the sleigh with a step of indecision not common with him. However, I expected some expression of opinion which

should either enlighten my bewilderment or shut down in total darkness on what little hope I had before seen within my mental horizon. Yet not a word or a look did he give me; kicking each individual snow-boot with masculine assertion against the sleigh as he stepped impatiently in, he dropped himself silently, like a lump of ice, upon the seat beside me.

Of course I spoke. "What is to be done, Alek, about getting back to the Reserve for dinner, as we promised?"

Such an annihilating look of contempt as he gave me! "Confound the Reserve, dinner, and this whole concern."

"You promised," I retorted, sulkily.

"Confound the promise and the dinner, I say. I believe a woman would remember an engagement to dinner if she were hanging by a cobweb over Vesuvius, in full blast. I started to go to the Mission, and I shall go."

It was my turn to laugh now. The whole idea of our situation, and of my companion's characteristic determination to accomplish what he had started to do, instead of thinking only of a homeward track, struck me as ludicrous in the extreme; and I said, as I laughed, "I do believe a man would have his own way, if he saw that in the effort to do it the whole habitable globe was rolling out from under his feet, and nothing left him to stand on but mist."

Alek tossed his head, and touched the bays with his whip in a manner very suggestive of a condition of things in which the power was all in his own hands, as he replied, "Maybe it would be well enough for us not to quarrel until we know that we shall not be obliged to die here, on the prairie, together; and laughing is quite out of place in our predicament."

Determined to have the last word, if we must die, I retorted, "You laughed, sir, when I thought we were in a predicament."

"Well, pay all your debts before you die, and begin anew in the other world with a clean record. A woman's a woman, by *George*, all the world over."

During our skirmish our horses had been trotting on at a pretty brisk pace, whither I wondered if Alek knew, so in a captious tone I asked him.

He answered that he should try to find his way back if I could give him a chance to think.

Again I laughed as I said, "I should think you had better turn your horses' heads, while you are doing your thinking, if that's your object."

From the sudden expression of blank surprise and wonderment that passed over his face, as he brought his horses up with a vengeance, and turned them in a twinkling, I saw that he had not thought of this, and, as he whipped up in the opposite direction, he could not help smiling at his own confusion.

"A woman's a woman, Alek, all the world over," I said, of course.

We did reach the Mission by a short cut, and even in a brief visit saw how completely self-sacrificing were those noble men and women who had devoted their lives to teaching the Indians, and preaching to them of the Saviour of all. With a few hundred dollars' remuneration, barely enough to keep them comfortably and decently clothed, and earning their daily bread by tilling the few acres attached to the Mission, these men and women, well educated, and many of them sufficiently intellectual to fill lucrative positions in the world, were giving themselves to a cause which, I confess, seemed to me almost hopeless, with an ardor faithful and touching beyond expression. They represented the Indians as apt to learn, and most willing, but lamented that in too many cases after they had graduated,—some earlier and some later, and many by running away,—they applied what had been taught them to all kinds of shrewd machinations against the whites, sometimes on a small scale of petty thieving, &c., and sometimes on a broader one of more fearful depredations.

Permitting the horses to breathe and drink at the Mission, we jumped into the sleigh and were off again, neither of us during our call having alluded to

the time it had taken our fast animals to make the four miles between the Reserve and the Mission,—six mortal hours!

After pursuing our homeward route in silence for about two miles, I, in looking about me for something to say, perceived from the dangling trace that one of our horses did all the pulling, while the other kept even his more moderate pace only because he was obliged by his mate to do so. Whether Alek had discovered it, and kept silence for fear of eliciting an inopportune remark or laugh from me, I was not sure; but I meant to know, so I said, interrogatively, instead of asking outright, which might imply a doubt of my astuteness, "Alek, something is the matter with Toots. He don't draw any."

"Don't croak!" was the gruff reply.

"I think he is swollen; he looks larger than he did when we left home," I urged, with that unaccountable feminine persistency which always provokes a man in a dilemma.

Sarcastically he answered, and in his turn, interrogatively, "Do you think he has grown since we left home?"

Vexed by the slur, I retorted, crisply, "I think he has had time to grow."

By the time we were in sight of the Reserve, Alek let me have it all in my own way, evidently, I thought, alarmed about Toots.

As Alek had implied in his conversation a desire to keep our story prudently to ourselves until we reached home, by much struggling with a reputed total depravity in woman all the world over to tell that which she is enjoined to keep secret, I lived without serious effects from my reticence through the whole of the afternoon, our friends taking it for granted that we had unconsciously prolonged our stay through my interest in matters pertaining to the Mission.

Except at the late dinner, which he did not seem inclined to slight more than I, Alek was missing every moment of the time. A moonlight evening was a part of our programme when

we left home ; and although we had no intention of availing ourselves of it, still, in case of accident or unavoidable detention, it was a bright background to have and to hold in reserve.

Bessie and I began to look anxiously at each other and baby, as we saw the sun fast approaching the horizon, for Alek had not made his appearance to announce himself in readiness for a start homeward. At last, however, he swung very deliberately and magnificently into the room, as if all times and seasons were his own, remarking that, as Toots seemed tired and the moon would be bright after the daylight had waned, he thought we had better not be in a hurry, but take it easy, and we should be home in sufficiently good season.

Here was a chance again for me, a representative woman ; so I took advantage of it by asking how a fast horse looked when he was tired, after taking nearly a day to go twenty miles.

Alek could not abide this reflection on Toots, and answered, just as I expected, "Well, Mrs. B——, if you *will* express the whole truth for me, whether I will or not, *Toots is sick.*"

"Sick ! Has he grown too fast ?"

"He is growing fast enough now," — and off he strode for the stable.

Until seven o'clock, Bessie and I sat still and impassible as marble, only answering our agreeable and lady-like hostess in anxious monosyllables, as we looked into each other's faces deprecatingly, and upon the small baby hopelessly, when Alek's "Whoa !" at the door gave the signal for us to be off. As we turned the sharp curve that led to the road, all at once I discovered that our promised moon was missing, and that pretty thick scuds were flitting over the disk that ought to have "lighted the wanderer on his way."

"Alek, where 's your moon ?"

"Where it ought to be."

"But it is dark, and you bespoke a light evening for just such an emergency as this."

"Well, we have more than we spoke for, — plenty of clouds."

"Do you think we shall get home safely ?"

"I can tell you better about our getting home, to-morrow."

We rode on in silence about an hour, and, tired at last of the monotony, (did you ever know such a woman ?) I began to look about me, as usual, for something to talk about ; when lo ! from the appearance of the surroundings, as I could catch here and there a glimpse, when a few straggling rays of moonlight shot through a thin cloud, I was pretty well assured that we were off the track, and steering west of our true course. "Alek !" I exclaimed, "where *are* you going ?"

"I was just trying to think. I have never travelled this new road before." As he stood up to penetrate the gloom of the night, he said, "Here we are on the brink of a steep bluff. This won't do, anyhow ; we must turn and try to find a better way if we can."

"Look at Toots," I said, "he is twice as large as he was when we started."

"I know it ; he is sick, and if we don't find our way soon, I hardly see how we —"

"Arc to get home ?" I suggested, finishing his sentence for him.

"How we are to get *him* home, I meant."

As the horses were turning, Toots made a sudden lurch to the left, drawing Joe after him, and upsetting us over the bluff, — baby and robes and soapstone and all rolling promiscuously down to the first landing-place. Happily just there it was only a few feet to a friendly knoll, which received and sheltered us at its base, until we could collect our confused senses, and Alek could right his sleigh at the top, and centralize his robes and passengers once more.

Mother-like, Bessie held her baby fast, and Maggie brought up the rear, with baskets and bottles and the whole nursery set-out, while I tugged up over the steep, sharp edge of the bluff, composing a scolding for Alek, and an anathema for men generally. As much of us and ours as we could

collect in the dark, we piled into the sleigh; but, dizzy from the little flight over the bluff, we were more than ever puzzled which way to steer. Before we fairly reached the road, which we did at last, we were turned over into the snow twice more, until, as with everything else, I began to get used to it, and to think it the legitimate way of doing things on the prairies.

After descending into the valley, and mounting the next bluff, I could see, by the fitful and dim light of the moon, that Toots was slackening his pace, preparatory to some new act in our performance; and, determining to try a new part myself this time, I grasped baby from Bessie's arms, and sprang over the back of the sleigh upon the snow, resolving in a twinkling not to risk the rolling process again, by jumping out the legitimate way, over the side, which was already aslant towards the steep bluff slope. Bessie followed, and Maggie after, and down fell Toots as dead as a log. By this time the wind was blowing, and the prairie-wolves were howling; and although we knew the wolves, in ordinary circumstances, to be comparatively harmless, yet it was not easy to say what they might not do, if hungry, and in such a formidable pack as was at our heels, especially as we had no weapon of defence but the whip. We took baby down into the next valley, the better to screen him from the cold winds, — he screaming indignantly at the top of his voice, — and there we sat down forlorn enough upon the snow. It was now more than eleven o'clock at night, and there was no habitation within six miles. Besides, Alek would not leave us alone even to ride Joe that distance for help; and as Joe was a horse not to be trifled with, we were pretty sure there would be no safety in the attempt to drive him with the pole half dangling by the only piece of rope we happened to find in the box. What was to be done? While Bessie and I were contriving how to help Alek out of the difficulty, and while he was disengaging the harness from poor dead Toots, baby's cries had brought

a half-dozen Indians to the spot, which — as they were Sioux, probably on a depredatory reconnoissance in the region of the Omahas — did not tend to lessen our perplexities or our fears. The truth is, we were in a most helpless and fearful condition, for the cold was increasing, and in our last overturn hooks-and-eyes and pins were scattered from our cloaks and shawls; and with no means of fastening them, and with the baby to pacify and keep warm by turns, we were getting pretty thoroughly chilled. The possibility, at least, was that we should all freeze before morning where we were. Woman-like, I began to repent of all the unnecessary anxiety I had tantalizingly added to Alek's responsibilities, and especially was I touched with the spirit of gentleness and unruffled self-possession with which, benumbed as he was from exposure to the cold, he arranged the robes as well as he could about us, and then went about making the most of his appliances for setting Joe in motion.

We finally determined to put our trust in the Indians, and if their camps were anywhere within walking distance, as we thought they might be, we would endeavor to induce them by large offers of reward to let us stay until morning, where we could at least be kept warm. So to this effect Alek addressed them in their own language; but, with that stolid indifference which only an Indian can assume, they affected not to understand us, and, walking away to a distance within sight, commenced a consultation among themselves. Alek, alarmed at this, made a proposition, to which we readily acceded, — to try Joe even in the one-sided position by the pole, securing it as well as he could, and trusting it would not give a sudden swing and frighten Joe into running away. In a few moments we were all in the sleigh again, our teeth chattering, and our hearts beating audibly.

The Indians began hooting, the wolves were howling nearer and nearer; yet how much either clamor meant none of us knew but Alek, and he was

imperturbably silent. What with our fright and the cold, which was steadily increasing, we were chilled to utter powerlessness; for none of us had forgotten that a few days before one of the Sioux was murdered by a wandering detachment of Winnebagoes, carried to their camp, and actually cut up and boiled, for which barbarity the Sioux had sworn vengeance on the whites in the neighborhood, whom they unjustly charged with complicity in the matter.

The snow had melted during the middle of the day so as to leave long stretches of bare ground, while drifts and ice covered the parts of the road in the shade; so that if Joe were inclined to behave, in his rather ignominious use, even as became the stress of the moment, at his best he could make but sorry headway. With an occasional patting, which Alek left his seat in the sleigh to kindly administer, and with coaxing tones when Joe seemed disinclined to make the necessary effort over doubtful places, or offered to jump as the awkward rig of pole and harness gave signs which he did not understand, we did make some considerable progress, until we came to that one fearfulest "gulch" of all, one hundred and thirty feet deep, without rail or protection of any kind on the roadside, which was somewhat sidling at that. In our track was a mixture of ice, bare ground, and snow, but altogether so slippery that in the darkness we dared not risk our feet; and if Joe should take it into his head to do aught but the straightforward thing, we knew too well the consequences! Alek sprang out to lead Joe by the bit. On the glassy and unlevel road, a single slip or misstep now, we knew, would deprive him of his foothold forever, and the slightest lurch or freak of Joe's would precipitate him, if not us, headlong over into black and silent depths. But the sleigh was already too heavily laden for safety without his added weight, and there was no alternative. Maggie comprehended Alek's position, and her weeping was the only sound that broke

the awful stillness of that suspense. For once I could not speak; I could not pray even. We were about a third of the way across, — the whole distance not more than sixty feet, — when the back part of the sleigh, where the load bore the most heavily, began to slide and swing slowly round toward the edge of the precipice, while breathlessly we trembled, lest the least violence of emotion even should accelerate the movement. Luckily, the runner brought up against a small patch of bare ground, just enough to check the motion; and — you will ask — why not then have left the sleigh, and scrambled up the inclination on our feet? It was too slippery for foothold from the frost, even if we could have risked the stir without danger of shaking the sleigh from its uncertain balance, which would of course have been instant death, as we had not an inch of room to spare between us and the abyss below. "O God, save us!" I summoned force enough to utter mentally, — "save us from this terrible hour!"

The sudden and wild yelling of the Indians, who had crept stealthily along up the other side of the opposite bluff, from which they looked down but to exult in our peril, startled Joe, and giving a tremendous spring, and wrenching the bridle from Alek's hand, he brought up triumphantly on a broad level of bare ground. In that moment he had dragged Alek with him a few feet, sufficient to clear the dangers beneath, and slackened his pace somewhat. Alek overtook him, gathered up the reins, and, with renewed confidence in Joe's sagacity and trustworthiness, we drove on at a quicker pace than we had before been able to. The thought of Joe's running away with us after that did not alarm us, but seemed a delightful relief, — let him run, whithersoever he would, away from that ghastly spot.

The wolves by this time were howling and panting pretty near us, and, in our present trembling and half-frozen condition, assumed no doubt an exaggerated importance; but indeed it was quite a different affair from hearing

them—as I often before had done when snug in bed—howling their midnight serenades under my windows.

As we hastened on, after Alek and I were able to speak, and congratulate ourselves upon our escape from the neighborhood of the “gulch” before the wolves neared us, it struck me rather oddly that Maggie had not vouchsafed a word in common with us, in gratitude to Him who had rescued us from death in a horrible form; for her spirit was one of those devotional ones, always overflowing with benedictions, even in positions most adverse to their utterance. I spoke to her, but no reply. “Maggie,” Alek called, “why don’t you answer? Are you faint? Are you very cold?” He instantly checked Joe, while I found her hand and arm beneath the wrappings, all in listless disorder, and she was indeed very cold. Was it the chill of death? No word or stir to persuade us to the contrary. “Good God!” Alek almost groaned aloud, “can it be?”

Yonder, away from the road, was a log-house that we had forgotten in calculating the uninhabited distance, and there a small light was throwing its feeble rays from the four small panes in the window,—more welcome to us now than ever before was the light even of our own dear homes.

As we dragged heavily up to the door, the occupant of the log-cabin, a French Indian, all in a quiver with the spring of the half-breed, bounded from the step, darted by us in the sleigh, to Joe’s head, and, seizing the snaffle before he had fairly stopped, said, with that scintillation of words which expresses a dozen different emotions at once, and which always characterizes the hybrid, “Wild, and cold, and late, and sorry for baby and woman, the door is open, the fire is bright, go quick!”

Again, in another direction which the wolves had taken, their hungry howling rent the silence of midnight. Alek, almost stiffened with exposure to the cold, caught poor little Maggie in his arms, bore her into the shelter, and

with a brotherly gentleness laid her on the husk pallet in one corner of the room. *More* than brotherly we thought, as far as we understood *discrete* degrees in this kind of thing,—for all-the-world-over women as we were, though freezing to death,—we could not suffer to pass unnoticed how tenderly he pressed Maggie’s cold cheek to his. The sight warmed us vicariously; and, impelled by a fresh pulsation about my heart, I rushed back to the sleigh, caught up the one soapstone that had survived our wreck, and throwing it upon the black-walnut coals, all alive upon the hearth, set about loosening Maggie’s raiment, leaving her stagnant blood no possible excuse for not doing its duty.

By the ruddy firelight sat a stranger, sipping a balmy potation from the old family tin dipper. Without a word he finished his tea-drinking, then, rising and pouring a quantity of water from the singing kettle over the fire—dear old tea-kettle! it is always home where thou art—into the dipper, gave it a rinse like a well-bred man, and, emptying it into the corner, poured in a fresh supply; then tipping it toward the blaze of the fire, and peering into it with a scowl, to be sure of the right quantity, he took from his pocket a flask of whiskey, and a bottle of some kind of tincture, and, dropping a few drops of each into the water, filled a small iron spoon with the mixture, and, walking up to Maggie with a very unconscious manner, said, “She had better take this.”

Alek for the first time looked the stranger fairly in the face. “Why, Stevenson, where did you come from?”

“From Dakotah; over the same road you have probably just travelled.”

During the salutation he had taken Maggie’s cold hand, and was making the examination of her pulse with the self-possession of one, I thought, professionally used to the sick-room.

“Is there any pulse?” I dared to ask. “Faint.”

“Is she faint, or is her pulse faint from the chill?”

“She has narrowly escaped freezing, if an escape it shall prove.”

We recommenced the appliances of heated shawls, hot irons, and the solitary soapstone, rubbing, &c. We saw no evidences of her swallowing, and, as she still remained cold, none of her resuscitation.

At last, to our unbounded joy, Maggie swallowed the draught, and the stranger followed it with others, until she really began to show unmistakable signs of a returning glow. Encouraged, we plied our hands with a life-and-death vigor that quickened our own circulation, and made us feel the blessedness of doing good.

It was near dawn when Maggie first essayed to open her eyes; and the weary stranger, assured of her final safety, left her in our care, and, winding himself up in his heavy buffalo, lay down before the fire, where Laselle, his Indian woman, child, and scrubby dog, were sleeping soundly.

"Who *is* that, Alek?" I asked, as soon as I felt that the man was beyond the reach of an undertone.

"That? Why, it 's Stevenson, — Dr. Ben Stevenson."

"Stevenson! I thought he was dead."

"So he was. But you never need be surprised at meeting anybody on these prairies, even if you yourself have attended the man's funeral. I always expect to meet some one of my departed ancestors in every new strike across country, and this is a part of the romance of the prairies. Why, Mrs. B——," Alek continued, "the Indians have good reason for expecting to find their hunting-grounds in the land of the Great Spirit, for they doubtless meet, just as I have met Stevenson, many an old chief on these prairies that they have before *buried* sky-high in some isolated tree-top, or on some upreaching bluff whose altitude the theodolite of civilization has never scanned."

"I believe it all, Alek, and more too, and have no doubt that we are in the same condition, and that we are leaving purgatory behind, and are approaching at last our home; only I am surprised

at the time it has taken, seeing your bays are so *fast*, especially Toots."

"H—m!"

At a moan from poor Bessie, who was doubtless dreaming in uneasy wonder what the dear young husband, far away from home, would say, could he know of the perils we had passed, I turned my head, and found she had made a bed of cloaks and shawls in an uninviting corner, and, with baby in her arms and a buffalo-robe over her, was sleeping her troublous sleep. As Maggie was by this time slumbering quietly, though lightly, at Alek's suggestion I threw one of our sleigh-ropes on the floor beside Bessie, and, folding my water-proof for a pillow, utterly exhausted from excitement, I too went to sleep.

A wonderful neigh from Joe, in the little thatched shed near the window, awakened me, after a few hours of nervous dreaming, to a consciousness that day was breaking. Leaving baby cooing as contentedly as if he were in the nest at home, and Bessie trying to rub her eyes open to a full comprehension of the situation, I staggered diagonally to Maggie, whom I found conscious and comfortable. After, literally, a hasty "dish" of tea and an Indian crust, preparations were immediately made for a conveyance homeward. We borrowed of our half-breed host a rickety, shiftless-looking cart, and an Indian pony, and made a comfortable reclining place in the centre of the cart for Maggie and the rest of us, — Alek, remembering the style in which we had jingled out of town on the previous morning, could not bear to drive, and gave the reins to Laselle, — squatted, savage fashion, around her, as if she were the light of our council fire. Though Joe wore a very injured expression at being forced into ignoble companionship with the pony, he seemed to bear it with a Christian resignation to the "course of human events," and into town we rode, everybody turning out to behold our return.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Book of the Sonnet. Edited by LEIGH HUNT and S. ADAMS LEE. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

WHETHER Leigh Hunt was a man of genius, or only of surpassing talent, is a question which we willingly leave to the critics who find tweedledee different from tweedledum in kind as well as degree. We are content with the fact that he has some virtue which makes us read every book of his we open, and which leaves us more his friend at the end than we were before. Indeed, it would be hard not to love so cheerful and kindly a soul, even if his art were ever less than charming. But literature seems to have always been a gay science with him. We never see his Muse as the harsh step-mother she really was: we are made to think her a gentle liege-lady, served in the ariest spirit of chivalric devotion; and in the Essay in this "Book of the Sonnet" her aspect is as sunny as any the poet has ever shown us.

The Essay is printed for the first time, and it was written in Hunt's old age; but it is full of light-heartedness, and belongs in feeling to a period at least as early as that which produced the "Stories from the Italian Poets." It is one of those studies in which he was always happy, for it keeps him chiefly in Italy; and when it takes him from Italy, it only brings him into the Italian air of English sonnetry, — a sort of soft Devonshire coast, bordering the rugged native poetry on the south.

The essayist seems to renew himself in the draughts he makes from the immortal youth of the Italian sonneteers, — he has so fresh and unalloyed a pleasure in them and their art, he is so generously tender of their artifice, and so quick to all their excellence. He traces the history of the sonnet in its native country, from the time it first received "its right workmanlike treatment" at the hands of Fra Guittone d' Arezzo, through those of Dante, who might have "set the pattern of the sonnet to succeeding ages, and elevated the nature of its demands besides," but preferred to fritter his powers away in the *Divina Commedia*, — through those of Petrarch, who did perfect the sonnet, and set the pattern of it, — through those of Giusti

de Conti, the first imitator of Petrarch, — through those of Ariosto and of Giovanni della Casa, who varied it from the Petrarchan pattern, — through those of Marini, the Neapolitan poet, who corrupted it and everything else in Italian literature for a time, — through those of the many-piping shepherds of the famous poetic Arcadia, who restored the sonnet and the rest of Italian poetry with milk from their own pastures and water carefully bottled at Castaly, — down to those of Alfieri, who seems to have been the first in latter days to turn it to political account. In a tone equally joyous and affectionate the author gives the sonnet's English history, from the time of its introduction by Wyatt up to our own day. The rules which govern this species of composition are lightly but distinctly suggested before its history begins; and throughout it is championed with graceful earnestness.

The Essay, in fine, is one well fitted to convince the lovers of the sonnet of its excellence, and to leave the mass of mankind as incapable of enjoying it as ever. In no language but Italian has any great poet done his best within the sonnet's narrow bounds, and in Italian the greatest of the sonneteers was not the first of the poets. We are far from scorning the sonnet; we suspect it is a difficult thing to make, and we know it is not easy to read, and we honor it, though we cannot love it. We would not have Poesy to be greatly millinered, whatever fashions other ladies may adopt; and when we meet her corseted in the iron framework of the sonnet's rhymes, and crinolined about with the unyielding drape of its fourteen lines, we feel that she is no doubt elegantly dressed, but we long to see her in any other attire she is wont to put on.

We are unable, therefore, to lament, with Mr. S. Adams Lee, the surviving editor (as, with a curious misconception of the facts, he calls himself) of "The Book of the Sonnet," that American poets have so little practised the art of sonnetry; and we should not think at all ill of them on this account, but for the surviving editor's opinion, that our poets generally have neglected the sonnet, because it cannot be "dashed off at a heat." The idle rogues, it seems, prefer to "embody their conceptions in

more obvious and popular forms," — a very gross piece of literary truckling ; for though a man may be forgiven a desire to make his conceptions popular, the design of making them obvious is but a covert purpose of rendering them intelligible. From the comparatively few American poets who have not been so unmindful of the claims of industry, Mr. Lee quotes in his essay, and selects in his half of "The Book of the Sonnet," though as to the selections we are given to know that some of the sonneteers, and nearly all of the sonnetresses, are put in for a kind of ballast to keep the other half of the book trim. Mr. Lee's good sonneteers are not always popular ; and if they are ever obvious, he does what he can to conceal their defective art by printing in Italics any obscure or opaque line he finds in them, and praising it with a luxury of self-satisfaction rare enough in these days of doubting and hesitation. It is plain from the beginning, that he has nothing to say, and we cannot withhold our admiration of his prolonged success in saying it in such neatly rounded periods and elegant language. In fact, Mr. Lee may be declared to have brought the critical platitude to perfection in his essay. He makes "the sense of satisfaction ache" with the faultless flatness of the surfaces presented ; and we can in no way give so just an idea of his powers in this respect, and of the character of his essay throughout, as by supposing him to apply, with a slight change of epithet, to himself as a critic, his praise of Mr. Boker as a sonneteer : —

"Mr. Lee has not pursued a conventional system of finding dead levels from any blind reverence for authority, but because of the evident sincerity of his faith in the ponderosity, insipidity, and impotence of the English dictionary. With those, indeed, who are accustomed to the more prominent absurdities and the more marked forms of twaddle, the monotony of these platitudes may fall as on a dull ear. But to the cultivated taste, and to the secret sense of dullness, apt for the delight of vacuity, we would cheerfully commit almost any one of Mr. Lee's platitudes, without an apprehension that the vastness and equality of its extent would pass unheeded."

The Open Polar Sea : a Narrative of Voyage and Discovery towards the North Pole, in the Schooner United States. By

DR. I. I. HAYES. New York : Hurd and Houghton.

THIS book would have been greater if it had been half as big. Nevertheless, it is extremely interesting, and holds one with a charm that in the end summons all the Polar world about the reader, and makes him sharer in the author's adventures, fears, hopes, and exultations. It is impossible not to admire the enthusiasm and courage which carry him through so many dangers and difficulties, even if one lacks perfect sympathy with the scientific purpose, and doubts if a geographical fact, as yet barren and without apparent promise of fruitfulness, be worth the sacrifices made to ascertain it. Dr. Hayes himself has a sense of what his unscientific reader's conclusion may be in regard to the advantages of further Arctic exploration, and bids him consider how all the benefits of invention and discovery have at first appeared to men as sterile abstractions.

The story of Dr. Hayes's expedition is briefly this. He sailed in the little schooner *United States* from Boston, on the 6th of July, 1860, and after touching at Pröven, in Greenland, proceeded northward to Port Foulke, where he was frozen up, and wintered until July 14, 1861, when he set sail for Boston. In the mean time he made his discovery of the Open Polar Sea by journeying across the ice with sledges and dogs, leaving his ship on the 4th of April, and returning two months later. The interest culminates, of course, in the arrival of Dr. Hayes, with a single companion and one sledge, on the icy shores of the far-sought waters ; but, throughout, the narrative is one of wild and peculiar fascination. Sixty days they journeyed through solitudes where men and beasts and birds failed them in succession ; and they were not warmed by fire, or sheltered, except by huts of snow, during the whole period of their absence from the ship. Going, they carried their provision with them, and hid in the snow a day's rations at the end of each day's journey, that they might rid their sledges of its burden ; and, returning empty, they subsisted on these deposits, as they reached them and dug them out of the drifts. Such was their slender security against starvation ; and with only their activity and determination to save them from freezing, they traversed thirteen hundred miles of utter waste, which opposed every obstacle of drifted snow and broken ice to their course. They

had been stopped in their advance by the rotten ice in the region of the Open Sea at the farthest point northward ever reached, and now, prevented from further explorations by the unseaworthy state of his ship, Dr. Hayes was reluctantly compelled to come home, without revisiting those waters. He had, however, accomplished one great object of his expedition in its discovery, and his winter at Port Foulke had convinced him that it could be colonized and made a centre for indefinite Polar exploration. Game is endlessly abundant, and the Port can be readily reached and provisioned in every way, and easily fitted as a depot for the steamers which should be employed in future Arctic voyages.

We can give here no true idea of the interest inspired by Dr. Hayes's book, — an interest almost entirely personal, for, after all, the sameness of the Polar world and Polar life wearies a little. The icebergs, the wastes of snow, the pallid day, the brilliant night, form this world; the teeming seas, and the myriad sea-birds and seals and walruses of summer, the herds of reindeer and the white hares and foxes of winter, and the squalid Esquimaux of either season, form its life. This world Dr. Hayes brings vividly before us, with a true feeling for its grandeur and splendor; and he has a deep sympathy for the torpid and vanishing race who will within half a century leave it without a human inhabitant. Nothing, we think, could so well convey an idea of the entirely negative character of man's existence in the Arctic world as that fact of Esquimaux life which we believe Dr. Hayes is the first to note. These poor savages know neither hospitality nor its opposite in their relations with each other. They would see one another perish of hunger, cold, or any calamity unmoved; but they never deny any succor that is asked, and rescue with as little emotion as they would abandon. To exist is their utmost life.

Lectures and Annual Reports on Education.

By HORACE MANN. Cambridge: Published for the Editor. 1867.

THIS volume virtually records one of the great historic events of America, the reconstruction of popular education by Horace Mann. Never did a man bring to bear

upon any task more matured and disciplined powers, or pour a greater wealth of resources into one restricted channel. That which he organized in his office, he also proclaimed and expounded before the eyes and ears of all. Upon audiences of country farmers and school-girls he lavished wit, wisdom, and magnetic power, such as listening senates rarely receive; and the end which he sought he invariably gained.

Working in this limited sphere, he doubtless felt its limitations reacting on himself; and Goethe's fatal axiom, that "action animates, but narrows," was exemplified in him. He almost re-created for us the Common School, but to the higher problem of University education he contributed almost nothing; his mind was fixed on the needs of the many, not of the few. It was his mission to work for elementary culture, in the hope that anything beyond that, if really needed, would come in time. This temporary ignoring of higher culture cost him no sacrifice. There was little place in his philosophy for poetry or art. He had chosen his vocation, and was a little impatient of anything that could not be popularized or made practical. His own stern method of thought must be imposed on every one, and he was as unfit to train any boy or girl of an ideal genius, as would be a beaver to educate an oriole. But in the common school he was a king.

This volume contains the record of the very best epoch of his heroic life. Written nearly thirty years ago, these pages are to-day as fresh as this year's almanac, and quite as much needed. Compared with them, the contemporary statements of others appear a little out of date. In the recent discussions on corporal punishment, for instance, there has been hardly a good point made on either side — if one may judge from the newspapers — which may not be found, better stated, in this book. It seems to show that we do not yet employ our very ablest men to educate our children, if, after a quarter of a century, we are still treading in the same circle. There is needed at every post that which Horace Mann had, — a slight overplus of power and resources. In the multiplicity of work to be done in America, almost everything is intrusted to half-trained men. But if a man is not a little too good for his work, he is really not good enough for it.